This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

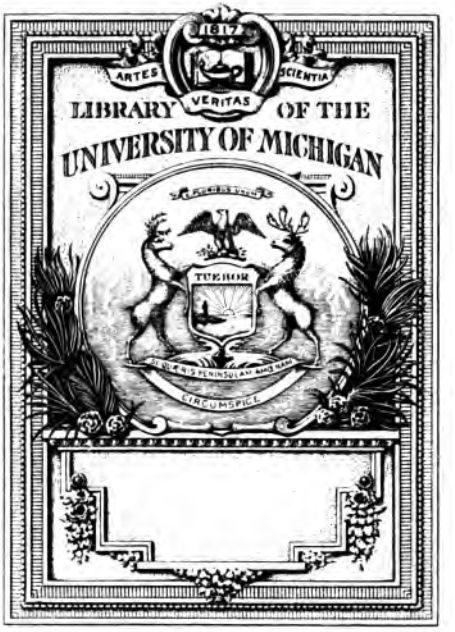
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1817
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

Mr Oliver Grant

the fanatics in the Reign of Car I Cou
condemned the retention of this —
practice, & were such successful —
preachers, as to procure obedience to
the doctrines they taught; that is they
infused greater bigotry into their —
Congregations against Rules, than the
Warmest Enthusiasts of former tim
had been able to propagate for the
observations of times & Seasons. but
as most Contradictions run into
extremes it must be allowed that the
Presbyterians soon grew as Superstitio
as the most high flown Zealots of the
Established Church. King Jas the first
had endeavored to turn Sunday into
Freekly trake by the Book of Sports the
Presbyterians used it often for a fast day.

In the Cot of King Chas Xmas was
a Season of Masques & Revels: under
the Covenant it was still a masquerad
time for devotion may be as much
disguised by hipocritic Sorrow

No 6-8-10-14-&

By Lord Orfo

Harlequin Jackets

* Avery sensible sermon was pub on
occasion, without a name it has been pre
that the Glastonbury thorn blew on Ol
Sevl Adverts were printed pro & con

one of Dr Calamys fast sermons was prea
on Xmas Day 1644 before the House of Lords

Boswell says that Johnson's Opinion was not much higher of this performance than of the Connoisseur the latter wanting matter

THE WORLD.

BY

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

E Moore Author of several plays & Poems

VOLUME THE FIRST.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.
MDCCLXXII.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARL OF

CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,

THAT I preſume to dedicate the firſt volume of the WORLD to your Lordſhip, will I hope be forgiven me. It is not enough that I can flatter myſelf with having been frequently honoured with your correſpondence; I would inſinuate it to the public, that under the ſanction of your Lordſhip's name, I may hope for a more favourable reception from my readers.

IF it ſhould be expected upon this occaſion, that I ſhould point out which

 papers

papers are your Lordſhip's, and which my own, I muſt beg to be excuſed; for while, like the Cuckoo in the fable, I am mixing my note with the Nightingale's, I cannot reſiſt the vanity of crying out, *How ſweetly we Birds ſing!*

If I knew of any great or amiable qualification that your Lordſhip did not really poſſeſs, I would (according to the uſual cuſtom of dedications) beſtow it freely: but till I am otherwiſe inſtructed, I ſhall reſt ſatisfied with paying my moſt grateful acknowledgments to your Lordſhip, and with ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your Lordship's

Obliged, and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

THE WORLD.

NUMB. I. THURSDAY, *January* 4, 1753.

Nihil dulcius eſt, bene quam munita tenere
Edita doctrina ſapientum templa ſerena;
Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ.
Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctеis atque dies niti præſtante labore
Ad ſummas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

LUCRET.

" AT the village of Aronche, in the pro-
" vince of Eſtremadura (ſays an old
" Spaniſh author) lived Gonzales de
" Caſtro, who from the age of twelve to fifty-
" two was deaf, dumb, and blind. His chearful
" ſubmiſſion to ſo deplorable a misfortune, and
" the misfortune itſelf, ſo endeared him to the
" village, that to worſhip the holy virgin, and
" to love and ſerve Gonzales, were conſidered
" as duties of the ſame importance; and to neg-
" lect the latter was to offend the former.

" It happened one day, as he was ſitting at his
" door, and offering up his mental prayers to St.
" Jago, that he found himſelf, on a ſudden, re-

" ſtored to all the privileges he had loſt. The " news ran quickly through the village, and old " and young, rich and poor, the buſy and the " idle, thronged round him with congratula- " tions.

" BUT as if the bleſſings of this life were only " given us for afflictions, he began in a few " weeks to loſe the reliſh of his enjoyments, and " to repine at the poſſeſſion of thoſe faculties, " which ſerved only to diſcover to him the fol- " lies and diſorders of his neighbours, and to " teach him that the intent of ſpeech was too " often to deceive.

" THOUGH the inhabitants of Aronche were " as honeſt as other villagers, yet Gonzales, " who had formed his ideas of men and things " from their natures and uſes, grew offended at " their manners. He ſaw the avarice of age, " the prodigality of youth, the quarrels of bro- " thers, the treachery of friends, the frauds of " lovers, the inſolence of the rich, the knavery " of the poor, and the depravity of all. Theſe, " as he ſaw and heard, he ſpoke of with com- " plaint; and endeavoured by the gentleſt ad- " monitions to excite men to goodneſs."—

FROM this place the ſtory is torn out to the laſt paragraph; which ſays, " That he lived to a " comfortable old age, deſpiſed and hated by his " neighbours for pretending to be wiſer and bet- " ter than themſelves; and that he breathed out " his ſoul in theſe memorable words, that *He* " *who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in* " *the world, ſhould be deaf, dum, and blind to the* " *follies and vices of it.*"

IF candour, humility, and an earneſt deſire of inſtruction and amendment, were not the diſtin-

guiſhing

guiſhing characteriſtics of the preſent times, this ſimple ſtory had ſilenced me as an author. But when every day's experience ſhews me, that our young gentlemen of faſhion are lamenting at every tavern the frailties of their natures, and confeſſing to one another whoſe daughters they have ruined, and whoſe wives they have corrupted; not by way of boaſting, as ſome have ignorantly imagined, but to be reproved and amended by their penitential companions: when I obſerve too, from an almoſt-blameable degree of modeſty, they accuſe themſelves of more vices than they have conſtitutions to commit; I am led by a kind of impulſe to this work; which is indeed to be a public repoſitory for the real frailties of theſe young gentlemen, in order to relieve them from the neceſſity of ſuch private confeſſions.

THE preſent times are no leſs favourable to me in another very material circumſtance. It was the opinion of our anceſtors, that there are few things more difficult, or that required greater ſkill and addreſs, than the ſpeaking properly of one's ſelf. But if by ſpeaking properly be meant ſpeaking ſucceſsfully, the art is now as well known among us as that of printing or of making gunpowder.

WHOEVER is acquainted with the writings of thoſe eminent practitioners in phyſick, who make their appearance either in hand-bills, or in the weekly or daily papers, will ſee clearly that there is a certain and invariable method of ſpeaking of one's ſelf to every body's ſatisfaction. I ſhall therefore introduce my own importance to the public, as near as I can, in the manner and words of thoſe gentlemen; not doubting of the ſame credit, and the ſame advantages.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO be ſpoke with every Thurſday *at Tully's head in Pall-mall,* ADAM FITZ-ADAM; *who after forty years travel through all the parts of the known and unknown world; after having inveſtigated all the ſciences, acquired all languages, and entered into the deepeſt receſſes of nature and the paſſions, is, at laſt, for the emolument and glory of his native country, returned to England; where he undertakes to cure all the diſeaſes of the human mind. He cures lying, cheating, ſwearing, drinking, gaming, avarice, and ambition in the men; and envy, ſlander, coquetry, prudery, vanity, wantonneſs, and inconſtancy in the women. He undertakes, by a ſafe, pleaſant, and ſpeedy method, to get huſbands for young maids, and good-humour for old ones. He inſtructs wives, after the eaſieſt and neweſt faſhion, in the art of pleaſing, and widows in the art of mourning. He gives common ſenſe to philoſophers, candour to diſputants, modeſty to critics, decency to men of faſhion, and frugality to tradeſmen. For farther particulars enquire at the place above-mentioned, or of any of the kings and princes in Europe, Aſia, Africa, or America.*

N. B. *The doctor performs his operations by lenitives and alteratives; never applying corroſives, but when inveterate ill habits have rendered gentler methods ineffectual.*

HAVING thus ſatisfied the public of my amazing abilities, and having, no doubt, raiſed its curioſity to an extraordinary height, I ſhall deſcend, all at once, from my doctorial dignity, to addreſs myſelf to my readers as the author of a weekly paper of amuſement, called THE WORLD.

MY

MY deſign in this paper is to ridicule, with novelty and good-humour, the faſhions, follies, vices, and abſurdities of that part of the human ſpecies which calls itſelf the WORLD, and to trace it through all its buſineſs, pleaſures, and amuſements. But though my ſubjects will chiefly confine me to the town, I do not mean never to make excurſions into the country; on the contrary, when the profits of theſe lucubrations ſhall have enabled me to ſet up a one-horſe chair, I ſhall take frequent occaſions of inviting my reader to a ſeat in it, and of driving him to ſcenes of pure air, tranquillity, and innocence, from ſmoke, hurry, and intrigue.

THERE are only two ſubjects which, as matters ſtand at preſent, I ſhall abſolutely diſclaim touching upon; and theſe are religion and politics. The former of them ſeems to be ſo univerſally practiſed, and the latter ſo generally underſtood, that to enforce the one, or to explain the other, would be to offend the whole body of my readers. To ſay truth, I have ſerious reaſons for avoiding the firſt of theſe ſubjects. A weak advocate may ruin a good cauſe. And if religion can be defended by no better arguments than ſome I have lately ſeen in the public papers and magazines, the wiſeſt way is to ſay nothing about it. In relation to politics, I ſhall only obſerve, that the miniſter is not yet ſo thoroughly acquainted with my abilities as to truſt me with his ſecrets. The moment he throws aſide his reſerve, I ſhall throw aſide mine, and make the public as wiſe as myſelf.

MY readers will, I hope, excuſe me, if hereafter they ſhould find me very ſparing of motto's to theſe eſſays. I know very well that a little

Latin or Greek, to thoſe who underſtand no language but Engliſh, is both ſatisfactory and entertaining. It gives an air of dignity to a paper, and is a convincing proof that the author is a perſon of profound learning and erudition. But in the opinion of thoſe who are in the ſecret of ſuch motto's, the cuſtom is, as Shakeſpear ſays, more honoured in the breach than the obſervance; a motto being generally choſen after the eſſay is written, and hardly ever having affinity to it through two pages together. But the truth is, I have a ſtronger reaſon for declining this cuſtom: it is, that the follies I intend frequently to treat of, and the characters I ſhall from time to time exhibit to my readers, will be ſuch as the Greeks and Romans were entirely unacquainted with.

It may perhaps be expected, before I diſmiſs this paper, that I ſhould take a little notice of my ingenious brother authors, who are obliging the public with their daily and periodical labours. With all theſe gentlemen I deſire to live in peace, friendſhip, and good neighbourhood; or if any one of them ſhall think proper to declare war againſt me unprovoked, I hope he will not inſiſt upon my taking farther notice of him, than only to ſay, as the old ſerjeant did to his enſign who was beating him, *I beſeech your honour not to hurt yourſelf.*

ADVERTISEMENT to the WITS.

WHEREAS it is expected that the title of this paper will occaſion certain quips, cranks, and conceits at the Bedford and other coffee-houſes in this town: this is therefore to give notice, that the words,

words, this is a ſad world, a vain world, a dull world, a wretched world, a trifling world, an ignorant world, a damned world; or that I hate the world, am weary of the world, ſick of the world, or phraſes to the ſame effect, applied to this paper, ſhall be voted, by all that hear them, to be without wit, humour, or pleaſantry, and be treated accordingly.

NUMB. 2. THURSDAY, *January* 11, 1753.

IT is an obſervation of Lord Bacon, "That "the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and the "younger Pliny, had ſcarce laſted to this day, "or at leaſt not ſo freſh, if it had not been "joined with ſome vanity and boaſting in them-"ſelves: for boaſting (continues that great wri-"ter) ſeems to be like varniſh, that not only "makes wood ſhine, but laſt."

How greatly are the moderns obliged to lord Bacon for giving another reaſon for the ſucceſs of the ancients, than ſuperiority of merit! Theſe gentlemen have taken care, it ſeems, to lay on their varniſh ſo extremely thick, that common wood has been miſtaken for ebony, and ebony for enamel.

BUT if the ancients owe all their reputation to their ſkill in varniſhing, as no doubt they do, it appears very wonderful, that while the art remains, it ſhould be ſo totally neglected by modern authors; eſpecially when they experience every day, that for want of this covering, the critics, in the ſhape of worms, have eat into their wood, and crumbled it to powder.

BUT to treat this matter plainly, and without a figure; it is moſt certainly owing to the baſhfulneſs of the moderns that their works are not held in higher eſtimation than thoſe of the ancients. And this, I think, will be as apparent as any other truth, if we conſider for a moment the nature and office of the people called critics. It is the nature of theſe people to be exceedingly dull; and it is their office to pronounce deciſively upon the merit and demerit of all works whatſoever. Thus, chuſing themſelves into the ſaid office, and happening to ſet out without taſte, talents, or judgment, they have no way of gueſſing at the excellency of an author, but from what the ſaid author has been graciouſly pleaſed to ſay of it himſelf: and as moſt of the moderns are afraid of communicating to the public all that paſſes in their hearts on that ſubject, the critics, miſtaking their reſerve for a confeſſion of weakneſs, have pronounced ſentence upon their works, that they are good for nothing. Nor is it matter of wonder that they proceed in this method: for by what rule of reaſon ſhould a man expect the good word of another, who has nothing to ſay in favour of himſelf?

TO avoid therefore the cenſure of the critics, and to engage their approbation, I take this early opportunity of aſſuring them that I have the pleaſure of ſtanding extremely high in my own opinion; and if I do not think proper to ſay with Horace,

Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.

or with Ovid,

Jamque opus incepi, *quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

it

it is becauſe I chuſe to temper vanity with humility; having ſometimes found that a man may be too arrogant, as well as too humble; though it muſt always be acknowledged that in affairs of enterprize, which require ſtrength, genius, or activity, aſſurance will ſucceed where modeſty will fail.

To ſet forth the utility of blending theſe two virtues, and to exemplify in a particular inſtance the ſuperiority of aſſurance, as I began my firſt paper with a tale, I ſhall end this with a fable.

MODESTY, the daughter of knowledge, and ASSURANCE, the offspring of ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardſhips, that they were alike unqualified to purſue their journey alone, they agreed, notwithſtanding the oppoſition in their natures, to lay aſide all animoſities, and, for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; ſo that to their own addreſs, and to the hoſpitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for proviſion and lodging.

ASSURANCE had never failed getting admittance to the houſes of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when ſhe was promiſing herſelf an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to reſt upon. MODESTY had been excluded from all ſuch houſes, and compelled to take ſhelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though ſhe had leave to continue as long as ſhe pleaſed, a truſs of ſtraw had been her uſual bed, and roots or the coarſeſt proviſion her conſtant repaſt. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends

friends and fellow travellers, they entertained hopes of aſſiſting each other, and of ſhortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

ASSURANCE, who was dreſſed lightly in a ſummer ſilk and ſhort petticoats, and who had ſomething commanding in her voice and preſence, found the ſame eaſy acceſs as before to the caſtles and palaces upon the way; while MODESTY, who followed her in a ruſſet gown, ſpeaking low, and caſting her eyes upon the ground, was as uſual puſhed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion; whoſe faſhionable appearance and familiar addreſs got admiſſion for both.

AND now, by the endeavours of each to ſupport the other, their difficulties vaniſhed, and they ſaw themſelves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleaſures, feſtivals, and amuſements. The ſallies of ASSURANCE were continually checked by the delicacy of MODESTY, and the bluſhes of MODESTY were frequently relieved by the vivacity of ASSURANCE; who, though ſhe was ſometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet ſo awed by her preſence, as to ſtop ſhort of offence.

THUS in the company of MODESTY, ASSURANCE gained that reception and eſteem, which ſhe had vainly hoped for in her abſence; while MODESTY, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the beſt company, feaſted upon delicacies, and ſlept in the chambers of ſtate. ASSURANCE, indeed, had in one particular the aſcendancy over her companion: for if any one aſked MODESTY whoſe daughter ſhe was, ſhe bluſhed and made no anſwer; while ASSURANCE took the

advantage of her ſilence, and impoſed herſelf upon the world as the offſpring of Knowledge.

In this manner did the travellers purſue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the ruſticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremoſt through the villages and hamlets, and excuſed the odd behaviour of Assurance, by preſenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having meaſured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a haſty ſwell had waſhed away the bridge that was built over it. As they ſtood upon the bank, caſting their eyes upon the oppoſite ſhore, they ſaw at a little diſtance a magnificent caſtle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who ſtopt at nothing, throwing aſide the covering from her limbs, plunged almoſt naked into the ſtream, and ſwam ſafely to the other ſide. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and diffident of her own ſtrength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other ſide, ſhe unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppreſſed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately diſappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is ſaid, indeed, that ſhe was afterwards taken up alive by a fiſherman upon the Engliſh coaſt, and that ſhortly ſhe will be brought to this metropolis, and ſhewn to the curious of both ſexes with the *ſurpriſing* Oronuto Savage, and the *wonderful* Panther-Mare.

Assurance,

ASSURANCE, not in the leaſt daunted, purſued her journey alone; and though not altogether as ſucceſsfully as with her companion, yet having learnt in particular companies, and upon particular occaſions, to aſſume the air and manner of MODESTY, ſhe was received kindly at every houſe; and at laſt arriving at the end of her travels, ſhe became a very great lady, and roſe to be firſt maid of honour to the queen of the country.

NUMB. 3. THURSDAY, *January* 18, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IF I had inclination and ability to do the cruelest thing upon earth to the man I hated, I would lay him under the neceſſity of borrowing money of a friend.

YOU are to know, ſir, that I am curate of a pariſh within ten miles of town, at forty pounds per annum; that I am five-and-thirty years old, and that I have a wife and two children. My father, who was a clergyman of ſome note in the country, unfortunately died ſoon after I came from college, and left me maſter of ſeventeen hundred pounds. With this ſum, which I thought a very great one, I came up to town, took lodgings in Leiceſter-Fields, put a narrow lace upon my frock, learnt to dance of Denoyer, bought my ſhoes of Tull, my ſword of Becket, my hat of Wagner, and my ſnuff-box of Deard. In ſhort, I entered into the ſpirit of taſte, and

was looked upon as a faſhionable young fellow. I do not mean that I was really ſo, according to the town-acceptation of the term; for I had as great an averſion to infidelity, libertiniſm, gaming, and drunkenneſs, as the moſt unfaſhionable man alive. All that my enemies, or, what is more, all that my friends can ſay againſt me, is, that in my dreſs I rather imitated the coxcomb than the ſloven; that I preferred good company to reading the fathers; that I liked a dinner at the tavern better than one at a private houſe; that I was oftener at the play than at evening prayers; that I uſually went from the play to the tavern again; and that in five years time I ſpent every ſhilling of my fortune. They may alſo add, if they pleaſe, as the climax of my follies, that when I was worth nothing myſelf, I married the moſt amiable woman in the world, without a penny to her fortune, only becauſe we loved each other to diſtraction, and were miſerable aſunder.

To the whole of this charge I plead guilty; and have moſt heartily repented of every article of it, except the laſt: I am, indeed, a little apprehenſive that my wife is my predominant paſſion, and that I ſhall carry it with me to the grave.

I HAD contracted an intimacy at college with a young fellow, whoſe taſte, age, and inclinations were exactly ſuited to my own. Nor did this intimacy end with our ſtudies; we renewed it in town; and as our fortunes were pretty equal, and both of us our own maſters, we lodged in the ſame houſe, dreſſed in the ſame manner, followed the ſame diverſions, ſpent all we had, and were ruined together. My friend, whoſe genius was more enterprizing than mine, ſteered his courſe

courſe to the Weſt-Indies, while I entered into holy orders at home, and was ordained to the curacy above-mentioned.

At the end of two years I married, as I told you before; and being a wit as well as a parſon, I made a ſhift by pamphlets, poems, ſermons, and ſurplice fees, to increaſe my income to about a hundred a year.

I think I ſhall pay a compliment to my wife's œconomy, when I aſſure you, that notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of our fortune, we did not run out above ten pounds a year: for if it be conſidered that we had both been uſed to company and good living; that the largeſt part of our income was precarious, and conſequently if we ſtarved ourſelves we were not ſure of laying up; that as an author I was vain, and as a parſon ambitious; always imagining that my wit would introduce me to the miniſter, or my orthodoxy to the biſhop; and excluſive of theſe circumſtances, if it be alſo conſidered that we were generous in our natures, and charitable to the poor, it will be rather a wonder that we ſpent ſo little.

It is now five years and a quarter ſince our marriage; in all which time I have been running in debt without a poſſibility of helping it. Laſt Chriſtmas I took a ſurvey of my circumſtances, and had the mortification to find that I was fifty-one pounds fifteen ſhillings worſe than nothing. The uneaſineſs I felt upon this diſcovery determined me to ſit down and write a tragedy. I ſoon found a fable to my mind, and was making a conſiderable progreſs in the work, when I received intelligence that my old friend and companion was juſt returned from Jamaica, where

where he had married a planter's widow of immenſe fortune, buried her, and farmed out the eſtate ſhe had left him for two thouſand pounds a year upon the exchange of London.

I REJOICED heartily at this news, and took the firſt opportunity of paying my congratulations upon ſo happy an occaſion. As I was dreſſed for this viſit in very clean canonicals, my friend, who, poſſibly, had connected the idea of a good living with a good caſſock, received me with the utmoſt complaiſance and good humour; and after having teſtified his joy at ſeeing me, deſired to be informed of my fortune and preferment. I gave him a particular account of all that had happened to me ſince our ſeparation; and concluded with a very blunt requeſt, that he would lend me fifty guineas to pay my debts with, and to make me the happieſt curate within the bills of mortality.

As there was ſomething curious in my friend's anſwer to this requeſt, I ſhall give it you word for word, as near as I can remember it; marking the whole ſpeech in italics, that my own interruptions may not be miſtaken.

FIFTY guineas! And ſo you have run yourſelf in debt fifty-two pounds ten ſhillings! Within a very trifle, ſir. *Ay, ay, I mean ſo. Fifty guineas is the ſum you want; and perhaps you would think it hard if I refuſed lending it.* I ſhould indeed. *I knew you would. Let me ſee* (going to the eſcritoire). *Can you change me a hundred pound note?* Who I, ſir? You ſurprize me. *Here, John!* (enters John) *get change for a hundred pound note: I want to lend this gentleman ſome money—Or—no, no; I ſhan't want you* (Exit John). *I believe I have forty guineas in my pocket. You may get*

get the other ten ſomewhere elſe. One, two, three—Ay, there are juſt forty guineas. And pray, ſir, when do you intend to pay me? I had rather be excuſed, ſir, from taking any; I did not expect to be ſo mortified. *Extravagance, ſir, is the ſure road to mortification. I muſt deal plainly with you. He that lends his money has a right to deal plainly. You began the world with about two thouſand pounds in your pocket.*—Seventeen hundred, ſir. *And theſe ſeventeen hundred pounds, I think, laſted you about five years.* True, ſir. *Five times three are fifteen—Ay, you lived at the rate of about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. After this, as you tell me yourſelf, you turned curate; and becauſe forty pounds a year was an immenſe ſum, you very prudently fell in love, and married a beggar. Do you think, ſir, that if I had intended to marry a beggar, I ſhould have ſpent my fortune as I did? No, ſir; I married a woman of fortune, great fortune; and ſo might you—What hindered you? But I ſay nothing againſt your wife. I hope you are both heartily ſorry that you ever ſaw one another's faces. Are your children boys or girls?* Girls, ſir. *And I ſuppoſe I am to portion them? But I muſt tell you once for all, ſir, that this is the laſt ſum you muſt expect from Me. I have proportioned my expences to my eſtate, and will not be made uneaſy by the extravagance of any man living. I have two thouſand a year, and I ſpend two thouſand. If you have but forty, I ſee no occaſion for your ſpending more than forty. I have a ſincere regard for you, and I think my actions have proved it; but a gentleman, who knows you very well, told me yeſterday, that you were an expenſive, thoughtleſs, extravagant young fellow.*

I KNOW not to what length my friend would have

have extended his harangue; but as I had already heard enough, I laid the forty guineas upon the table, and, like lady Townly in the play, taking a great gulp, and ſwallowing a wrong word or two, left the room without ſpeaking a ſyllable.

I HAVE now laid aſide my tragedy, and am writing a comedy called, The FRIEND. I do not know that I have wit enough for ſuch a performance; but if it be damned, it is no more than the author (though a parſon) will conſent to be, if ever he makes a ſecond attempt to borrow money of a friend.

YOUR taking proper notice of this letter will oblige

Your humble ſervant and admirer,

T. H.

To gratify my correſpondent, I have publiſhed his letter in the manner I received it. But I muſt entreat, the next time I have the favour of hearing from him, that he will contrive to be a little more new in his ſubject: for I am fully perſuaded that ninety-nine out of every hundred, as well clergy as laity, who have borrowed money of their friends, have been treated exactly in the ſame manner.

NUMB. 4. THURSDAY, *January* 25, 1753.

TO the entertainment of my fair readers, and to recommend to them an old-faſhioned virtue, called prudence, I ſhall devote this and a following paper. If the ſtory I am going to tell them ſhould deſerve their approbation, they

are

are to thank the huſband and wife from whom I had it; and who are deſirous, this day, of being the readers of their own adventures.

An eminent merchant in the city, whoſe real name I ſhall conceal under that of Wilſon, was married to a lady of conſiderable fortune and more merit. They lived happily together for ſome years, with nothing to diſturb them but the want of children. The huſband, who ſaw himſelf richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather leſſened than increaſed the hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at laſt averſe to his wife. This change in his affections was the heavieſt affliction to her; yet ſo gentle was her diſpoſition, that ſhe reproached him only with her tears; and ſeldom with thoſe, but when upbraidings and ill-uſage made her unable to reſtrain them.

It is a maxim with ſome married philoſophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to waſh away pity from the heart of a huſband. Mr. Wilſon will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among theſe philoſophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the country, at a ſmall diſtance from town, whither he uſually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the perſecutions of his wife.

In this cruel ſeparation, and without complaint, ſhe paſſed away a twelvemonth; ſeldom ſeeing him but when buſineſs required his attendance at home, and never ſleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he ſaw her oftener, and began to ſpeak to her with tenderneſs and compaſſion.

One

ONE morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to paſs the day at his country lodging, ſhe paid a viſit to a friend at the other end of the town; and ſtopping in her way home at a thread-ſhop in a by-ſtreet near St. James's, ſhe ſaw Mr. Wilſon croſſing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel houſe over-againſt her, which was opened by a ſervant in livery, and immediately ſhut, without a word being ſpoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had an acquaintance in the ſtreet, a little alarmed her, ſhe enquired of the ſhop-woman if ſhe knew the gentleman who lived in the oppoſite houſe. "You have juſt "ſeen him go in, madam, replied the woman. "His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gen-"tleman, they ſay, he is. His lady"——At thoſe words Mrs. Wilſon changed colour; and interrupting her——"His lady, madam!——I "thought that——Will you give me a glaſs of "water? This walk has ſo tired me——Pray "give me a glaſs of water——I am quite faint "with fatigue." The good woman of the ſhop ran herſelf for the water, and by the additional help of ſome hartſhorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilſon became, in appearance, tolerably compoſed. She then looked over the threads ſhe wanted, and having deſired a coach might be ſent for, "I believe, ſaid ſhe, you were quite "frightened to ſee me look ſo pale; but I had "walked a great way, and ſhould certainly have "fainted if I had not ſtepped into your ſhop.— "But you were talking of the gentleman over the "way—I fancied I knew him; but his name is "Roberts, you ſay. Is he a married man, pray?" "The happieſt in the world, madam (returned

"the

" the thread-woman) he is wonderfully fond of " children, and to his great joy his lady is now " lying-in of her firſt child, which is to be " chriſtened this evening; and as fine a boy, " they ſay it is, as ever was ſeen." At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the ſaving a ſecond doſe of hartſhorn, the coach that was ſent for came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilſon immediately ſtept, after heſitating an apology for the trouble ſhe had given; and in which coach we ſhall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief which herſelf has told me ſhe was never able to deſcribe.

THE readers of this little hiſtory have been informed that Mr. Wilſon had a country lodging, to which he was ſuppoſed to retire almoſt every evening ſince his diſagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his houſe near St. James's that he conſtantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to ſhun his wife. The occaſion was this.

As he was ſauntering one day through the bird-cage walk in the park, he ſaw a young woman ſitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dreſſed, and whoſe air and manner diſtinguiſhed her from the lower claſs of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and ſaw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the moſt compoſed melancholy that can be imagined. He ſtood looking at her for ſome time; which ſhe at laſt perceiving, ſtarted from her ſeat in ſome confuſion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of loſing her gave him courage to ſpeak to her. He begged pardon for diſturbing her, and excuſed his curioſity by her extreme beauty,

ty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is obſerved by a very wiſe author, whoſe name and book I forget, that a woman's heart is never ſo brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will inſinuate itſelf into a corner of it; and as Wilſon was a handſome fellow, with an eaſy addreſs, the lady was ſoon perſuaded to replace herſelf upon the bench, and to admit him at her ſide. Wilſon, who was really heart-ſtruck, made her a thouſand proteſtations of eſteem and friendſhip; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or ſervices could contribute to her happineſs, and vowing never to leave her, till ſhe made him acquainted with the cauſe of her concern.

Here a ſhort pauſe enſued; and after a deep ſigh and a ſtream of tears, the lady began thus.

"If, ſir, you are the gentleman your appear-
"ance ſpeaks you to be, I ſhall thank heaven
"that I have found you. I am the unfortunate
"widow of an officer who was killed at Dettin-
"gen. As he was only a lieutenant, and his
"commiſſion all his fortune, I married him
"againſt a mother's conſent, for which ſhe has
"diſclaimed me. How I loved him, or he me,
"as he is gone for ever from me, I ſhall forbear
"to mention, though I am unable to forget.
"At my return to England (for I was the con-
"ſtant follower of his fortunes) I obtained,
"with ſome difficulty, the allowance of a ſub-
"altern's widow, and took lodgings at Chelſea.

"In this retirement I wrote to my mother,
"acquainting her with my loſs and poverty, and
"deſiring her forgiveneſs for my diſobedience;
"but the cruel anſwer I received from her

" determined me, at all events, not to trouble " her again.

" I LIVED upon this ſlender allowance with " all imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a " friend of my huſband, diſcovered me at church, " and made me a viſit. To this gentleman's " bounty I have long been indebted for an an- " nuity of twenty pounds, in quarterly pay- " ments. As he was punctual in theſe pay- " ments, which were always made me the " morning they became due, and yeſterday be- " ing quarter-day, I wondered I never ſaw him " nor heard from him. Early this morning I " walked from Chelſea to enquire for him at his " lodgings in Pall-Mall; but how ſhall I tell " you, ſir, the news I learnt there! — This " friend! this generous and diſintereſted friend! " was killed yeſterday in a duel in Hyde-park." She ſtopt here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then proceeded. " I was ſo ſtunned at this " intelligence that I knew not whither to go. " Chance more than choice brought me to this " place; where if I have found a benefactor — " and indeed, ſir, I have need of one — I ſhall " call it the happieſt accident of my life."

THE widow ended her ſtory, which was literally true, in ſo engaging and intereſting a manner, that Wilſon was gone an age in love in a few minutes. He thanked her for the confidence ſhe had placed in him, and ſwore never to deſert her. He then requeſted the honour of attending her home, to which ſhe readily conſented, walking with him to Buckingham gate, where a coach was called, which conveyed them to Chelſea. Wilſon dined with her that day, and

and took lodgings in the ſame houſe, calling himſelf Roberts, and a ſingle man. Theſe were the lodgings I have mentioned before; where, by unbounded generoſity and conſtant aſſiduities, he triumphed in a few weeks over the honour of this fair widow.

I SHALL ſtop a moment here, to caution thoſe virtuous widows who are my readers, againſt too haſty a diſbelief of this event. If they pleaſe to conſider the ſituation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handſome fellow to inflame, they will allow that in a world near ſix thouſand years old, one ſuch inſtance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may poſſibly have happened. But to go on with my ſtory.

THE effects of this intimacy were ſoon viſible in the lady's ſhape; a circumſtance that greatly added to the happineſs of Wilſon. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the houſe near St. James's, where Mrs. Wilſon had ſeen him enter, and where his miſtreſs, who paſſed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay-in.

NUMB. 5. THURSDAY, *February* 1, 1753.

[*Concluſion of the ſtory of* Mrs. WILSON.]

I RETURN now to Mrs. Wilſon, whom we left in a hackney coach, going to her own houſe, in all the miſery of deſpair and jealouſy. It was happy for her that her conſtitution was

good, and her reſolution equal to it; for ſhe has often told me, that ſhe paſſed the night of that day in a condition little better than madneſs.

In the morning her huſband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without ſuſpicions of a diſcovery, he was more than uſually complaiſant to her. She received his civilities with her accuſtomed chearfulneſs; and finding that buſineſs would detain him in the city for ſome hours, ſhe determined, whatever diſtreſs it might occaſion her, to pay an immediate viſit to his miſtreſs, and to wait there till ſhe ſaw him. For this purpoſe ſhe ordered a coach to be called, and in her handſomeſt undreſs, and with the moſt compoſed countenance, ſhe drove directly to the houſe. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being anſwered no, but that he dined at home, ſhe aſked after his lady, and if ſhe was well enough to ſee company; adding, that as ſhe came a great way, and had buſineſs with Mr. Roberts, ſhe ſhould be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The ſervant ran immediately up ſtairs, and as quickly returned with a meſſage from his miſtreſs, that ſhe would be glad to ſee her.

Mrs. Wilson confeſſes that at this moment, notwithſtanding the reſolution ſhe had taken, her ſpirits totally forſook her, and that ſhe followed the ſervant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was ſitting, without remembering on what errand ſhe came; but the ſight of ſo much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herſelf

herſelf into a chair, from which ſhe inſtantly fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

THE whole houſe was alarmed upon this occaſion, and every one buſied in aſſiſting the ſtranger; but moſt of all the miſtreſs, who was indeed of a humane diſpoſition, and who, perhaps, had other thoughts to diſturb her than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes, however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilſon began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at firſt, not recollecting where ſhe was; but ſeeing herſelf ſupported by her rival, to whoſe care ſhe was ſo much obliged, and who in the tendereſt diſtreſs was enquiring how ſhe did, ſhe felt herſelf relapſing into a ſecond fit. It was now that ſhe exerted all the courage ſhe was miſtreſs of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the ſervants were withdrawn) to begin as follows.

"I AM indeed, madam, an unfortunate wo-
"man, and ſubject to theſe fits; but will never
"again be the occaſion of trouble in this houſe.
"You are a lovely woman, and deſerve to be
"happy in the beſt of huſbands. I have a
"huſband too; but his affections are gone from
"me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts,
"though unfortunately I am. It was for his
"advice and aſſiſtance that I made this viſit;
"and not finding him at home, I begged ad-
"mittance to his lady, whom I longed to ſee
"and to converſe with." Me, madam! anſwered Mrs. Roberts, with ſome emotion, "had
"you heard any thing of me? "That you
"were ſuch as I have found you, madam, replied

" the ſtranger, and had made Mr. Roberts hap-
" py in a fine boy. 'May I ſee him, madam?
" I ſhall love him for his father's ſake." His father, madam! returned the miſtreſs of the houſe, his father did you ſay? I am miſtaken then; I thought you had been a ſtranger to him.
" To his perſon, I own, ſaid Mrs. Wilſon, but
" not to his character; and therefore I ſhall be
" fond of the little creature. If it is not too
" much trouble, madam, I beg to be obliged."

THE importunity of this requeſt, the fainting at firſt, and the ſettled concern of this unknown viſitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the moſt alarming fears. She had, however, the preſence of mind to go herſelf for the child, and to watch without witneſſes the behaviour of the ſtranger. Mrs. Wilſon took it in her arms, and burſting into tears, ſaid, " 'Tis a ſweet boy, madam; would
" I had ſuch a boy! Had he been mine, I had
" been happy!" With theſe words, and in an agony of grief and tenderneſs, which ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain, ſhe kiſſed the child, and returned it to its mother.

IT was happy for that lady that ſhe had an excuſe to leave the room. She had ſeen and heard what made her ſhudder for herſelf; and it was not till ſome minutes, after having delivered the infant to its nurſe, that ſhe had reſolution enough to return. They both ſeated themſelves again, and a melancholy ſilence followed for ſome time. At laſt Mrs. Roberts began thus.

" You are unhappy, madam, that you have
" no child; I pray heaven that mine be not a
" grief to me. But I conjure you, by the good-
" neſs that appears in you, to acquaint me with
" your

" your ſtory. Perhaps it concerns Me; I have " a prophetic heart that tells me it does. But " whatever I may ſuffer, or whether I live or " die, I will be juſt to you."

MRS. WILSON was ſo affected with this generoſity, that ſhe poſſibly had diſcovered herſelf, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her huſband into the room, had not prevented her. He was moving towards his miſtreſs with the utmoſt chearfulneſs, when the ſight of her viſitor fixed him to a ſpot, and ſtruck him with an aſtoniſhment not to be deſcribed. The eyes of both ladies were at once rivetted to his, which ſo increaſed his confuſion, that Mrs. Wilſon, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, ſpoke to him as follows: " I do not wonder, ſir, that you are " ſurprized at ſeeing a perfect ſtranger in your " houſe; but my buſineſs is with the maſter of " it; and if you will oblige me with a hear- " ing in another room, it will add to the ci- " vilities which your lady has entertained me " with."

WILSON, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was ſo revived at her prudence, that his powers of motion began to return; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below ſtairs. They were no ſooner entered into this parlour, than the huſband threw himſelf into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while the wife addreſſed him in theſe words.

" How I have diſcovered your ſecret, or how " the diſcovery has tormented me, I need not " tell you. It is enough for you to know that I " am miſerable for ever. My buſineſs with you

" is ſhort; I have only a queſtion to aſk, and " to take a final leave of you in this world. " Tell me truly then, as you ſhall anſwer it " hereafter, if you have ſeduced this lady un- " der falſe appearances, or have fallen into guilt " by the temptations of a wanton?" I ſhall an- ſwer you preſently, ſaid Wilſon; but firſt I have a queſtion for you. Am I diſcovered to her? And does ſhe know it is my wife I am now ſpeaking to? " No, upon my honour, ſhe re- " plied; her looks were ſo amiable, and her be- " haviour to me ſo gentle, that I had no heart to " diſtreſs her. If ſhe has gueſſed at what I am, " it was only from the concern ſhe ſaw me in, " which I could not hide from her." You have acted nobly then, returned Wilſon, and have opened my eyes at laſt to ſee and to admire you. And now, if you have patience to hear me, you ſhall know all.

He then told her of his firſt meeting with this lady, and of every circumſtance that had happened ſince; concluding with his deter- minations to leave her, and with a thouſand promiſes of fidelity to his wife, if ſhe gener- ouſly conſented, after what had happened, to receive him as a huſband. —— " She muſt " conſent," cried Mrs. Roberts, who at that moment opened the door, and burſt into the room; " ſhe muſt conſent. You are her huſ- " band, and may command it. For me, ma- " dam, continued ſhe, turning to Mrs. Wilſon, " he ſhall never ſee me more. I have in- " jured you through ignorance, but will atone " for it to the utmoſt. He is your huſband, " madam, and you muſt receive him. I have

" liſtened

" liſtened to what has paſſed, and am now here " to join my entreaties with his, that you may " be happy for ever."

To relate all that was ſaid upon this occaſion would be to extend my ſtory to another paper. Wilſon was all ſubmiſſion and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal ſeparation. To be as ſhort as poſſible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handſomely provided for, and her child, at the requeſt of Mrs. Wilſon, taken home to her own houſe; where at the end of a year ſhe was ſo happy, after all her diſtreſſes, as to preſent him with a ſiſter, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and, two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his firſt propoſals to her, ſhe related every circumſtance of her ſtory. The boy pays her a viſit every year, and is now with his ſiſter upon one of theſe viſits. Mr. Wilſon is perfectly happy in his wife, and has ſent me, in his own hand, this moral to his ſtory.

" THAT though prudence and generoſity may " not always be ſufficient to hold the heart of a " huſband, yet a conſtant perſeverance in them " will, one time or other, moſt certainly regain " it."

NUMB. 6. THURSDAY, *February* 8, 1753.

Totum mundum agit hiſtrio.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS you have choſen the whole world for your province, one may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the theatre. Moſt of your predeceſſors have beſtowed their favourite pains upon it: the learned and the critics (generally two very diſtinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern ſtage. I ſhall not undertake to decide a queſtion which ſeems to me ſo impoſſible to be determined, as which have moſt merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or ſuch as we every day ſee acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and cuſtoms. The only preference that I ſhall pretend to give to the modern ſtage over Greece and Rome, relates to the ſubject of the preſent letter: I mean the daily progreſs we make towards nature. This will ſtartle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether Juliet's nurſe be a more natural goſſip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the repreſentation of either perſons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to thoſe excellent

cellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furniſhed by the worthy philoſophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art was become ſo perfect that it was neceſſary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a caſcade of real water.*

I KNOW there are perſons of a ſyſtematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely becauſe they are pleaſed with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine caſcade upon the ſtage, and was in raptures laſt year with one of tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: the world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never ſated with ſhow, is ſick of fiction. I foreſee the time approaching, when deluſion will not be ſuffered in any part of the drama: the inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Oſtrich in the Sorcerer, ſhall be replaced by real monſters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly eſcaped being damned, on my lady Maxim's obſerving very judiciouſly, *that the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not ſmell at all like one.*

WHEN this entire caſtigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do juſtice to one of the firſt reformers of the ſtage, Mr. Cibber, who attempted to introduce a taſte for real nature in his Cæſar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real — not ſwans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very perſonable geeſe. The inventor, like

* In the pantomime of the Genii

other original genius's, was treated ill by a barbarous age: yet I can venture to affirm, that a ſtricter adherence to reality would have ſaved even thoſe times from being ſhocked by abſurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myſelf remember, how, much about that æra, the great Seneſino, repreſenting Alexander at the ſiege of Oxydracæ, ſo far forgot himſelf in the heat of conqueſt, as to ſtick his ſword in one of the paſteboard ſtones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach: a puerility ſo renowned a general could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and ſtone.

WILL you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another paſſage that happened in his youth, and to the ſame excellent performer? He was ſtepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading ſhort (as he was more attentive to the accompanyment of the orcheſtra than to the breadth of the ſhore) he fell proſtrate, and lay for ſome time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his ſide. In the preſent ſtate of things, the worſt that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, eſpecially in the ſight of a Britiſh audience!

IF you will allow me to wander a little from the ſtage, I ſhall obſerve that this purſuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one ſhould leaſt expect to meet it, in our faſhions. The fair part of the creation are ſhedding all covering of the head, diſplaying their unveiled charming treſſes, and if I may ſay,

ſo,

ſo, are daily moulting the reſt of their cloathes. What lovely fall of ſhoulders, what ivory necks, what ſnowy breaſts in all the pride of nature, are continually diveſted of art and ornament!

In gardening, the ſame love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, ſtrait canals have been for ſome time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation; but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinſel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a ſect, he puſhed his diſcipline to the deformity of holineſs: not content with baniſhing ſymmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemiſhes, and planted dead trees and mole-hills, in oppoſition to parterres and quincunxes.

The laſt branch of our faſhions into which the cloſe obſervation of nature has been introduced, is our deſſerts; a ſubject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I ſee them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biſcuits, ſugar-plumbs and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chineſe, and ſhepherdeſſes of Saxon china. But theſe, unconnected, and only ſeeming to wander among groves of curled paper and ſilk flowers, were ſoon diſcovered to be too inſipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the ſame brittle materials, ſpread themſelves over the whole table: cottages roſe in ſugar, and temples

* Where thent nature vie for pelham love pope

† In thensington Garden & Carlto

temples in barley-ſugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-ſhells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glaſs, or ſeas of ſilver tiſſue; and at length the whole ſyſtem of Ovid's metamorphoſis ſucceeded to all the transformations which Chloe and other great profeſſors had introduced into the ſcience of hieroglyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china ſhops were the only faſhionable purveyors of the laſt ſtage of polite entertainments. Women of the firſt quality came home from Chenevix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their houſe-keeper. At laſt even theſe puerile puppet ſhows are ſinking into diſuſe, and more manly ways of concluding our repaſts are eſtabliſhed. Gigantic figures ſucceeded to pigmies. And if the preſent taſte continues, Ryſbrack and other neglected ſtatuaries, who might have adorned Grecian ſalons, though not Grecian deſſerts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated confectioner (ſo the architects of our deſſerts ſtill humbly call themſelves) complained, that after having prepared a middle diſh of gods and goddeſſes, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cauſe the cieling of his parlour to be demoliſhed to facilitate their entrée: "*Imaginez vous*, ſaid he, "*que mi lord n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond!*"

I SHALL mention but two inſtances of glorious magnificence and taſte in deſſerts, in which foreigners have ſurpaſſed every thing yet performed in this ſumptuous iſland. The former was a duke of Wirtenburg, who, ſo long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a deſſert, in which was a repreſentation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fire-works over the heads of the com-

pany, during the whole entertainment. The other was the intendant of Gaſcony, who, on the late birth of the duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent feſtivities, treated the nobleſſe of the province with a dinner and a deſſert, the latter of which concluded with a repreſentation, by wax-figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphineſs, and the happy birth of an heir to their monarchy.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

JULIO.

NUMB. 7. THURSDAY, *February* 15, 1753.

THERE are certain follies and impertinences, which people of good ſenſe and good nature are every day guilty of, and which are only conſidered by them as things of courſe, and of too little conſequence for palliation or apology.

WHOEVER is a frequenter of public aſſemblies, or joins in a party at cards in private families, will give evidence to the truth of this complaint. I am, for my own part, a lover of the game of Whiſt, and ſhould oftener be ſeen in thoſe places where it is played for trifles, if I was not offended at the manners of my friends. How common is it with ſome people, at the concluſion of every unſucceſsful hand of cards, to burſt forth into ſallies of fretful complaints of their own amazing ill-fortune, and the conſtant and invariable ſucceſs of their antagoniſts! They have ſuch excellent

lent memories as to be able to recount every game they have loſt for ſix months ſucceſſively, and yet are ſo extremely forgetful at the ſame time, as not to recollect a ſingle game that they have won. Or if you put them in mind of any extraordinary ſucceſs that you have been witneſs to, they acknowledge it with reluctance, and aſſure you upon their honours, that in a whole twelve-month's play, they never roſe winners but that once.

BUT if theſe GROWLERS (a name which I ſhall always call the men of this claſs by) would content themſelves with giving repeated hiſtories of their own ill-fortunes, without making invidious remarks upon the ſucceſſes of others, the evil would not be ſo great. Indeed, I am apt to impute it to their fears, that they ſtop ſhort of the groſſeſt affronts: for I have ſeen in their faces ſuch rancour and inveteracy, that nothing but a lively apprehenſion of conſequences could have reſtrained their tongues.

HAPPY would it be for the ladies if they had the ſame conſequences to apprehend: for, I am ſorry to ſay it, I have met with female — I will not ſay GROWLERS: the word is too harſh for them; let me call them FRETTERS, who with the prettieſt faces, and the livelieſt wit imaginable, have condeſcended to be the jeſt and diſturbance of the whole company.

IN faſhionable life, indeed, where every one is acting behind the maſk of good-breeding, and where nature is never ſeen to peep out but upon very extraordinary occaſions, frequent convulſions of the features, flushings ſucceeded by paleneſs, twiſtings of the body, fits of the fidgets, and

com-

complaints of immoderate heat, are the only ſymptoms of ill-fortune. But if we travel eaſtward from St. James's, and viſit the territories of my good lord-mayor, we ſhall ſee nature ſtript of her maſquerade, and hear gentlemen and ladies ſpeaking the language of the heart.

FOR the entertainment of polite life, and becauſe polite life is ſometimes a little in want of entertainment, I ſhall ſet down a converſation that paſſed a few nights ago, at an Aſſemblée in Thames-ſtreet, between two FRETTERS at a Whiſt-table; one of which had a beautiful daughter of eighteen years of age, leaning upon her mother's chair.

"FIVE trumps, two honours, and loſe four "by cards! But I believe, madam, you never "loſt a game in the whole courſe of your life.

"Now and then, madam.

"NOT in the memory of your daughter, I "believe: and miſs is not ſo extremely young "neither. Clubs are trumps — Well! if ever "I play again! —— You are three by cards, "madam —

"AND two by honours. I had them in my "own hand.

"I BEG your pardon, madam; I had really "forgot whoſe deal it was. But I thought the "cloven-footed gentleman had left off teaching. "Pray, madam, will he expect more than one's "ſoul for half a dozen leſſons?

"YOU are pleaſed to be ſevere, madam; but "you know I am not eaſily put out of temper. "What's the trump?"

I WAS extremely pleaſed with the cool behaviour of this lady, and could not help whiſpering

to

to her daughter, "You have a ſweet-tempered "mamma, miſs. How happy would it be if "every lady of her acquaintance was ſo amiably "diſpoſed!" I obſerved that miſs bluſhed and looked down; but I was ignorant of the reaſon, till all at once her mamma's good fortune changed, and her adverſary, by holding the four honours in her own hand, and by the aſſiſtance of her partner, won the game at a deal.

"And now, madam, cried the patient lady, "is it you or I who have bargained with the "devil? I declare it upon my honour, I never "won a game againſt you in my life. Indeed, "I ſhould wonder if I had, unleſs there had "been a curtain between you and your partner. "But one has a fine time on't indeed! to be al-"ways loſing, and yet always to be baited for "winning; I defy any one to ſay, that I ever "roſe a winner in my born days. There was laſt "ſummer at Tunbridge! Did any human crea-"ture ſee me ſo much as win a game? And aſk "Mr. A, and Sir Richard B, and dean C, and "lord and lady D, and all the company at Bath "this winter, if I did not loſe two or three gui-"neas every night at half-crown Whiſt, for two "months together. But I did not ſit and talk "of the devil, madam; no, madam; nor did I "trouble the company with my loſings, nor play "the after-game, nor ſay provoking things —— "No, madam; I leave ſuch behaviour to ladies "that ——

"Lord! my dear, how you heat yourſelf! "You are abſolutely in a paſſion. Come, let "us cut for partners."

Which

WHICH they immediately did; and happening to get together, and to win the next game, they were the beſt company, and the civileſt people, I ever ſaw.

MANY of my readers may be too ready to conceive an ill opinion of theſe ladies; but I have the pleaſure of aſſuring them, from undoubted authority, that they are in all other reſpects very excellent people, and ſo remarkable for patience and good-humour, that one of them has been known to loſe her huſband, and both of them their reputations, without the leaſt emotion or concern.

To be ſerious on this occaſion, I have many acquaintance of both ſexes, who, though really good-natured and worthy people, are violating every day the laws of decency and politeneſs by theſe outrageous ſallies of petulance and impertinence.

I KNOW of no other reaſon for a man's troubling his friends with a hiſtory of his misfortunes, but either to receive comfort from their pity, or advantage from their charity. If the GROWLER will tell me that he reaps either of theſe benefits by diſturbing all about him; if he will aſſure me of his having raiſed compaſſion in a ſingle breaſt, or that he has once induced his adverſary to change hands with him out of charity, I ſhall allow that he acts upon principles of prudence, and that he is not a moſt teazing, ridiculous, and contemptible animal.

I WOULD not be underſtood to hint at gaming in this paper. I am glad to find that deſtructive paſſion attacked from the ſtage, and wiſh ſucceſs to the attempt. Nor do I condemn the cuſtom of playing at cards for ſmall ſums, in thoſe whoſe tempers

tempers and circumſtances are unhurt by what they loſe. On the contrary, I look upon cards as an innocent and uſeful amuſement; calculated to interrupt the formal converſations and private cabals of large companies, and to give a man ſomething to do, who has nothing to ſay. My deſign at preſent is to ſignify to theſe GROWLERS and FRETTERS, that they are public as well as private nuiſances; and to caution all quiet and civilized perſons againſt cutting in with them at the ſame tables, or replying to their complaints but by a laugh of contempt.

I SHALL conclude this paper with acquainting my readers, that in imitation of the great Mr. Hoyle, I am preparing a book for the preſs, entitled Rules of BEHAVIOUR for the game of Whiſt; ſhewing, through an almoſt-infinite variety of good and bad hands, in what degree the muſcles of the face are to be contracted or extended; and how often a lady may be permitted to change colour, or a gentleman to bite his lips, in the courſe of the game. To which will be added, for the benefit of all cool and diſpaſſionate players, an exact calculation of the odds againſt GROWLERS and FRETTERS.

NUMB. 8. THURSDAY, *February* 22, 1753.

by Lord Orford *Date obolum Beliſario.*

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with ſerious reflection will be ſtruck with nothing in it more than its viciſſitudes.

ciſſitudes. If he has lived any time, he muſt have had ample opportunities of exerciſing his meditations on the vanity of all ſublunary conditions. The changes of empires, the fall of miniſters, the exaltation of obſcure perſons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the firſt paſſages in hiſtory which made an impreſſion upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionyſius, who, from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach ſchool at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cauſe of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppreſſion, and to be taught to know one's ſelf) I could not help feeling that ſort of ſuperſtitious pity which always attends royalty in diſtreſs. Who ever peruſed the ſtories of Edward the ſecond, Richard the ſecond, or Charles the firſt, but forgot their exceſſes, and ſighed for their cataſtrophe? In this free-ſpirited iſland there are not more hands ready to puniſh tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common caſe: we are Romans in reſiſting oppreſſion, very women in reſiſting oppreſſors!

If (and I think it cannot be conteſted) there is generoſity in theſe ſenſations, ought we not doubly to feel ſuch emotions, in caſes where regal virtue is become the ſport of fortune? This iſland ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majeſty, as it has been the ſcourge of offending majeſty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an aſylum for the martyrs of ſo bad a cauſe, Britain ought to ſhelter ſuch princes as have been victims for liberty — whenever ſo great a curioſity is ſeen, as a prince contending on the honeſt ſide.

How

How muſt I bluſh then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually ſuffered to languiſh for debt in one of the common priſons of this city! A monarch, whoſe courage raiſed him to a throne, not by a ſucceſſion of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon reſolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE, king of Corſica? A man, whoſe claim to royalty is as indiſputable, as the moſt ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his ſubjects; the only kind of title, allowed in the excellent Gothic conſtitutions, from whence we derive our own; the ſame kind of title, which endears the preſent Royal Family to Engliſhmen; and the only kind of title, againſt which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

THIS prince (on whoſe hiſtory I ſhall not at preſent enlarge) after having bravely expoſed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his ſubjects, miſcarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he ſtruggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or ſolicitation of ſuccours could attempt, to recover his crown. At laſt, when he had diſcharged his duty to his ſubjects and himſelf, he choſe this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious eaſe, but to enjoy the participation of thoſe bleſſings, which he had ſo vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corſicans. Here for ſome months he bore with more philoſophic dignity the loſs of his crown, than Charles the fifth, Caſimir of Poland, or any

of

of thoſe viſionaries, who wantonly reſigned theirs, to partake the ſluggiſh indolence, and at length the diſquiets, of a cloiſter. THEODORE, though reſigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almoſt lifted our James the ſecond to the ſupreme honour of monkiſh ſainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers at St. Germain, he wiſhed for a ſpeedy peace between France and Great Britain, "*for then*, ſaid he, *we ſhall get Engliſh* "*horſes eaſily.*"

THE veracity of an hiſtorian obliges me not to diſguiſe the ſituation of his Corſican majeſty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a priſoner for debt in the King's-Bench; and ſo cruelly has fortune exerciſed her rigours upon him, that laſt ſeſſion of parliament he was examined before a committee of the houſe of commons, on the hardſhips to which the priſoners in that gaol had been ſubject. Yet let not ill-nature make ſport with theſe misfortunes! His majeſty had nothing to bluſh at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his diſtreſſes. The debts on his civil liſt were owing to no miſapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his miniſters, no indulgence to favourites or miſtreſſes. His diet was philoſophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to ſupply an eſtabliſhment, which had no demeſnes to ſupport it, no taxes to maintain it, no exciſes, no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A NATION ſo generous, ſo renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cauſe of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed king, to grant him its protection and compaſſion. If political reaſons forbid the open eſpouſal of his cauſe, pity commands the aſſiſtance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at preſent that our gallant youth ſhould offer themſelves as volunteers in his ſervice, nor do I expect to have a ſmall fleet fitted out at the expence of particular perſons to convey him and his hopes to Corſica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen, in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majeſty to accept of ſuch a ſupply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raiſing a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age; nor would Aſiatic monarchs have bluſhed to receive a tribute from genius and art. Let it be ſaid, that the fame humane and polite age raiſed a monument to Shakeſpear, a fortune for Milton's grand-daughter, and a ſubſidy for a captive-king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. That incomparable actor who ſo exquiſitely touches the paſſions and diſtreſſes of ſelf-dethroned Lear (a play which from ſome ſimilitude of circumſtances, I ſhould recommend for the benefit) will, I dare ſay, willingly exert his irreſiſtible talents in behalf of fallen majeſty, and be a competitor with Louis le grand for the fame which reſults from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's-Bench as renowned for Garrick's generoſity to king

THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the third's treatment of king John of France.

IN the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to ſo narrow a ſphere as the theatre, I muſt acquaint my readers, that a ſubſcription for a ſubſidy for the uſe of his Corſican majeſty, is opened at Tully's head in Pall-Mall, where all the Generous and the Fair are deſired to pay in their contributions to Robert Dodſley, who is appointed high-treaſurer and grand librarian of the iſland of Corſica for life—poſts, which, give me leave to ſay, Mr. Dodſley would have diſdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles.

A bookſeller of Rome, while Rome ſurviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treaſ'rer to a king.

I AM under ſome apprehenſions that the intended ſubſcription will not be ſo univerſal as for the honour of my country I wiſh it. I foreſee that the partizans of indefeaſible hereditary right will with-hold their contributions. The number of them is indeed but ſmall and inconſiderable: yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I ſhall recommend one ſhort argument to their conſideration; I think I may ſay, to their own conviction. Let them but conſider, that though THEODORE had ſuch a flaw (in their eſtimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoeſe had been the ſovereigns of Corſica, theſe

and fifty thouſand in ready money; who never was known to lend a guinea in his life, without making the borrower more miſerable by the benefit than he had been before by his wants. But it is the peculiar talent of this gentleman to wound himſelf by proxy, or (in the ſportſman's phraſe) to knock himſelf down by the recoiling of his own gun. I remember he told me ſome time ago, after having harangued very learnedly upon the deteſtable ſin of avarice, "That the common "people of a certain county in England, were "the moſt covetous and brutal in the whole "world. I will give you an inſtance, ſays he. "About three years ago, by a very odd accident, "I fell into a well in that county, and was ab"ſolutely within a few minutes of periſhing, be"fore I could prevail on an unconſcionable dog "of a labourer, who happened to be within hear"ing of my cries, to help me out for half a "crown. The fellow was ſo rapacious as to "inſiſt upon a crown for above a quarter of an "hour; and I verily believe he would not have "abated me a ſingle farthing, if he had not ſeen "me at the laſt gaſp, and determined to die ra"ther than ſubmit to his extortion."

But to return to my ſubject. If there are objections to general ſatire, ſomething may alſo be ſaid againſt perſonal abuſe; which, though it is a kind of writing that requires a ſmaller portion of parts, and is ſure of having almoſt as many admirers as readers, is nevertheleſs ſubject to great difficulties; it being abſolutely neceſſary, that the author who undertakes it ſhould have no feeling of certain evils, common to humanity, which are known by the names of pain and ſhame.

ſhame. In other words, he muſt be inſenſible to a good kicking, and have no memory of it afterwards. Now though a great many authors have found it an eaſy matter to arrive at this excellence, with me the taſk would be attended with great labour and difficulty; as it is my misfortune to have contracted, either by the prejudice of education, or by ſome other means, an invincible averſion to pain and diſhonour. I am very ſenſible that I may hurt myſelf as a writer by this confeſſion; but it was never any pleaſure of mine to raiſe expectations with a deſign to diſappoint them: and though it ſhould loſe me the major part of my readers, I hereby declare, that I never will indulge them with any perſonal abuſe; nor will I ſo much as attack any of thoſe fine gentlemen, or fine ladies, who have the honour of being ſingle in any one character, be it ever ſo ridiculous.

But if I had every requiſite for this kind of writing, there are certain people in town, whom it would be ingratitude in me to attack. The maſters of both the theatres are my good friends; for which reaſon I forbear to ſay, that half the comedies in their catalogue ought to be damned for wickedneſs and indecency. But I not only keep this to myſelf, but have alſo been at great trouble and pains to ſuppreſs a paſſage bearing very hard againſt them in a book, which will ſpeedily be publiſhed, called the PROGRESS OF WIT. The author of this book, who, luckily for the theatres, happens to be a particular friend of mine, is a very great joker; and, as I often tell him, does a vaſt deal of miſchief, without ſeeming to intend it. The paſſage which I prevailed with him

to ſuppreſs, ſtood at the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of this book, and was exactly as follows.

" As it was now clear to all people of fa-
" ſhion that men had no ſouls, the buſineſs of
" life was pleaſure and amuſement; and he that
" could beſt adminiſter to theſe two, was the
" moſt uſeful member to ſociety. From hence
" aroſe thoſe numerous places of reſort and re-
" creation, which men of narrow and ſplenetic
" minds have called the peſts of the public.
" The moſt conſiderable of which places, and
" which are at this day in the higheſt reputation,
" were the BAGNIO's and the THEATRES. The
" BAGNIO's were conſtantly under the direction
" of diſcreet and venerable matrons, who had
" paſſed their youths in the practice of thoſe ex-
" erciſes which they were now preaching to
" their daughters: while the management of
" the THEATRES was the province of the men.
" The natural connection between theſe houſes
" made it convenient that they ſhould be erected
" in the neighbourhood of each other; and in-
" deed the harmony ſubſiſting between them
" inclined many people to think that the profits
" of both were divided equally by each. But
" I have always conſidered them as only playing
" into one another's hands, without any nearer
" affinity than that of the ſchools of Weſtmin-
" ſter and Eton, to the univerſities of Oxford
" and Cambridge. At the PLAY-HOUSE young
" gentlemen and ladies were inſtructed by an
" Etheridge, a Wycherley, a Congreve, and a
" Vanbrugh, in the rudiments of that ſcience,
" which they were to perfect at the BAGNIO,
" under

"under a Needham, a Haywood, a Haddock, "and a Roberts."

THUS much had my friend, in his PROGRESS OF WIT, thought proper to obſerve upon the looſeneſs of the ſtage. But as the whole paſſage is ſuppreſſed, the managers will have nothing to fear from the publication of that performance.

IT were to be wiſhed, indeed, that thoſe gentlemen would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and reſolve at once to entertain the town only with PANTOMIME. That great advantages would accrue from it, is beyond diſpute; people of taſte and faſhion having already given ſufficient proof that they think it the higheſt entertainment the ſtage is capable of affording: the moſt innocent, we are ſure it is; for where nothing is ſaid, and nothing meant, very little harm can be done. Mr. Garrick, perhaps, may ſtart a few objections to this propoſal; but with thoſe univerſal talents, which he ſo highly poſſeſſes, it is not to be doubted but he will, in time, be able to handle the wooden ſword with as much dignity and dexterity, as his brother Lun. He will alſo reap another advantage from this kind of acting; as he will have fewer enemies by being the fineſt Harlequin of the age, than he has at preſent, by being the greateſt Actor of any age or country.

TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEREAS ſome gentlemen have doubted whether the ſubſcription for the uſe of king THEODORE, *was really intended to be carried on, I am ordered to acquaint the Public, that Mr.*

FITZ-ADAM *was not only in earneſt in promoting ſuch a contribution, but has already received ſome noble benefactions for that purpoſe; and he will take care to apply the ſubſidy in the moſt uncorrupt manner to the uſes for which it was deſigned, and to the honour and dignity of the crown of* CORSICA.

ROBERT DODSLEY.

NUMB. 10. THURSDAY, *March* 8, 1753.

By Lord Orford

THE great men, who introduced the reformation into theſe kingdoms, were ſo ſenſible of the neceſſity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by ſome external objects, by ſomewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of viſionary ſaints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preſerved the holy faſtivals, which had been conſecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid proper obſervance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice and mourn at the diſcretion of the almanack.

IN ſo enlightened an age as the preſent, I ſhall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the obſervation of certain feſtivals is ſomething more than a mere political inſtitution. I cannot, however, help thinking that even nature itſelf concurs to confirm my ſentiment. Philoſophers and free-thinkers tell us that a general ſyſtem was laid

laid down at firſt, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any ſubſequent events, or to favour and authorize any human inſtitutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great diſguſt of many worthy perſons, who urged how great the harmony was, in the old eſtabliſhment, between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them ſo) and what a confuſion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for inſtance, was not to be celebrated when ſtubble geeſe are in their higheſt perfection; it was replied, that ſuch a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be loſt of itſelf, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were ſuffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce ſuch a variation, that we ſhould be mourning for good king Charles on a falſe thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our anceſtors uſed to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park, in honour of Whitſontide; and at length by chooſing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London prentice at Bartholomew fair.

COGENT as theſe reaſons may ſeem, yet I think I can confute them from the teſtimony of a ſtanding miracle, which not having ſubmitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be ſaid to put a ſupernatural negative on the wiſdom of this world. My readers, no doubt, are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glaſtonbury, which, tho' hitherto regarded as a trunk of popiſh impoſture, has notably exerted itſelf as the moſt proteſtant plant in the univerſe. It is well known that

the correction of the calendar was enacted by pope Gregory the thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper ſpirit of oppoſition adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæſar, who was by no means a papiſt. Near two years ago the popiſh calendar was brought in (I hope by perſons well affected!) certain it is, that the Glaſtonbury thorn has preſerved its inflexibility, and obſerved its old anniverſary. Many thouſand ſpectators viſited it on the parliamentary Chriſtmas day.——Not a bud was there to be ſeen!——On the true nativity it was covered with bloſſoms. One muſt be an infidel indeed to ſpurn at ſuch authority. Had I been conſulted, (and mathematical ſtudies have not been the moſt inconſiderable of my ſpeculations) inſtead of turning the calendar topſy-turvy, by fantaſtic calculations, I ſhould have propoſed to regulate the year by the infallible Somerſetſhire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Chriſtmas-day, which ſhould always have been kept as the Glaſtonbury thorn ſhould blow.

MANY inconveniencies, to be ſure, would follow from this ſyſtem; but as holy things ought to be the firſt conſideration of a religious nation, the inconveniences ſhould be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Chriſtmas-day; and conſequently, the apprehenſion of the year's becoming inverted by ſticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the courſe of the ſun varies, aſtronomers may find out ſome way to adjuſt that: but it is prepoſterous, not to ſay preſumptuous, to be celebrating Chriſtmas-day, when the Glaſtonbury thorn, which certainly

muſt know times and ſeaſons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be hereſy.

NOR is Chriſtmas-day the only jubile which will be morally diſturbed by this innovation. There is another anniverſary of no leſs celebrity among Engliſhmen, equally marked by a marvellous concomitance of circumſtances, and which I venture to prognoſticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the preſent ſyſtem. The day I mean is the firſt of April. The oldeſt tradition affirms that ſuch an infatuation attends the firſt day of that month, as no foreſight can eſcape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is ſucceſsful on that day out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; uſurers have lent their money on bad ſecurity; experienced matrons have married very diſappointing young fellows; mathematicians have miſſed the longitude; alchymiſts the philoſopher's ſtone; and politicians preferment on that day.

WHAT confuſion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are diſappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly diſturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Eaſter; and no wiſe man will tell me that it is not as reaſonable to fall out for the obſervance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits ariſing from a regular calendar make amends for any occaſion of new ſects? How many warm men may reſent an attempt to play them off on a falſe firſt of April, who would have ſubmitted to the cuſtom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniverſary, we may well expect all the miſchiefs attendant on religious wars; and we ſhall have

reaſon to wiſh that the Glaſtonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Chriſtmas.

THERE are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with thoſe I have mentioned. I ſhall only hint at a whole ſyſtem overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no proviſion, that I have heard of, made by the legiſlature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which beſtows ſuch ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is aſtoniſhing that the late act of parliament ſhould have overlooked that uſeful branch of our poetry, which conſiſts in couplets, ſaws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and ſeaſons. Why was not a new ſet of diſtichs provided by the late reformers? Or at leaſt a clauſe inſerted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat, or ſome beneficial genius, to prepare and new-caſt the eſtabliſhed rhimes for public uſe? Were our aſtronomers ſo ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would ſerve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that St. Swithin would accommodate his rainy planet to the convenience of their calculation? Who that hears the following verſes, but muſt grieve for the ſhepherd and huſbandman, who may have all their prognoſtics confounded, and be at a loſs to know beforehand the fate of their markets.

Ancient ſages ſung,

If St. Paul *be fare and clear,*
Then will betide a happy year,
But if it either ſnow or rain,
Then will be dear all kind of grain:
And if the wind doth blow aloft,
Then wars will vex the realm full oft.

I HAVE declared againſt meddling with politics, and therefore ſhall ſay nothing of the important hints contained in the laſt lines: yet if certain ill-boding appearances abroad ſhould have an ugly end, I cannot help ſaying that I ſhall aſcribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled aſleep by reſting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended converſion of St. Paul; whereas it was very bluſtering on that feſtival according to the good old account, as I honeſtly, though vainly, endeavoured to convince a great miniſter of ſtate, whom I do not think proper to mention.

BUT to return to April-fool-day: I muſt beg my readers and admirers to be very particular in their obſervations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will tranſmit to me or my ſecretary, Mr. Dodſley, a faithful and atteſted account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of thoſe days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miſcarry in attempts to ſurprize, or baffle any ſnares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the balance of folly lies greatly on the ſide of the old firſt of April; nay, I much queſtion whether infatuation will have any force on

on what I call the falſe April-fool-day. I ſhould take it very kind, if any of my friends, who may happen to be ſharpers, would try their ſucceſs on the fictitious feſtival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myſelf that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to diſcountenance good old practices and venerable ſuperſtitions.

NUMB. 11. THURSDAY, *March* 15, 1753.

IF we are to believe, univerſally, that virtue leads directly to happineſs, and vice to puniſhment in this world, I am afraid we ſhall form very erroneous opinions of the people we converſe with; as every melancholy face will appear to be produced by a bad heart, and every chearful face by a good one. But it will be no diſcouragement to virtue to ſay, that the reverſe of this is much oftener the caſe; nay, ſo obſtinate am I in this opinion, that I ſeldom ſee a countenance of ſincere and ſettled grief, without concluding it to be the effect of ſome eminent degree of virtue.

IF ſickneſs and bodily pain were, indeed, all the misfortunes incident to our natures, it might be ſaid with ſome colour of truth, that virtue was generally its own immediate reward, as every one will allow, that temperance and abſtemiouſneſs lead more directly to health and eaſe than riot and debauchery. But while we have affections that

that ſteal us from our own happineſs, to involve us in the miſery of thoſe about us, they who have the beſt hearts, will be oftenеſt made uneaſy.

THE good man conſiders the whole human race as his own family; and as ſuch a perſon, in a world like this, is liable to more diſappointments than one who has only himſelf to care for, his troubles and mortifications will aſſuredly be greater.

THE friends of virtue ſhould therefore be cautious of promiſing what they are not ſure will be performed; leſt, by a failure in the end, they bring diſcredit upon the means. It will be always ſufficient to ſay of virtue, that its reward is certain, while it can be ſaid of that reward, that it is happineſs eternal.

THE following allegory, which is a literal tranſlation from the ſame old Spaniſh author, from whom the ſtory of Gonzales de Caſtro in my firſt paper was taken, ſuppoſes the good man to be unhappy upon earth, only becauſe his goodneſs is imperfect. I inſert it here (though not exactly applicable to my ſubject) as the moſt inſtructive entertainment I am able to give my readers at this ſeaſon.

IF the ladies ſhould happen to conceive any diſlike to ſome little ſeverities in it, they are deſired to take notice that the author was a Spaniard, and that he wrote at a time, when it appears by the concurrent teſtimony of all hiſtorians, that the ſex was not abſolutely without fault.

JUPITER, when he made Man, brought with him from heaven a nymph called FELICIA, or Happineſs, to be his companion. The better to engage

engage them to each other, he furniſhed Man with thoſe paſſions and affections which were to feed the mind with perpetual wiſhes, with a guide called Reaſon to reſtrain their violence; and to the Nymph he gave immortal beauty, together with a certain degree of coyneſs, which is always ſure to engage purſuit and endear poſſeſſion.

BUT as if ſome other power had a malicious deſign to ſet this pair at variance, notwithſtanding the ſeeming deſire of Jupiter to unite them, FELICIA became inſenſible to every thing but virtue, while the Paſſions of Man generally hurried him in a purſuit of her by the means of vice. With this difference in their natures it was impoſſible for them to agree; and in a ſhort time they became almoſt ſtrangers to each other. Reaſon would have gone over to the ſide of FELICIA, but ſome particular Paſſion always oppoſed him; for, what was almoſt incredible, though Reaſon was a ſufficient match for the whole body of Paſſions united, he was ſure to be ſubdued, if ſingly encountered.

JUPITER laughed at the folly of Man, and gave him Woman. But as her frame was too delicately compoſed to endure the perpetual ſtrife of Reaſon and the Paſſions, he confined the former to Man, and gave up Woman to the government of the latter without controul.

FELICIA, upon this new creation, grew again acquainted with Man. She made him a viſit of a month, and at his entreaty would have ſettled with him for ever, if the jealouſy of Woman had not driven her from his roof.

FROM this time the Nymph has led a wandering life, without any ſettled habitation. As the world

world grew peopled, ſhe paid her viſits to every corner of it; but though millions pretended to love her, not a ſingle mortal had conſtancy to deſerve her. Ceremony drove her from court, avarice from the city, and want from the cottage. Her delight, however, was in the laſt of theſe places, and there it was that ſhe was moſt frequently to be found.

JUPITER ſaw with pity the wanderings of FELICIA, and in a fortunate hour cauſed a mortal to be born, whoſe name was BONARIO, or Goodneſs. He endowed him with all the graces of mind and body; and at an age when the ſoul becomes ſenſible of deſires, he breathed into him a paſſion for the beautiful FELICIA. BONARIO had frequently ſeen her in his early viſits to Wiſdom and Devotion; but as lightneſs of belief and an over-fondneſs of mankind were failings inſeparable to him, he often ſuffered himſelf to be led aſtray from FELICIA, till Reflection, the common friend of both, would ſet him right, and reconduct him to her company.

THOUGH FELICIA was a virgin of ſome thouſand years old, her coyneſs was rather found to increaſe than to diminiſh. This, perhaps, to mortal old maids may be matter of wonder; but the true reaſon was, that the beauty of FELICIA was incapable of decay. From hence it was, that the fickleneſs of BONARIO made her leſs and leſs eaſy of acceſs. Yet ſuch was his frailty, that he continually ſuffered himſelf to be enticed from her, till at laſt ſhe totally withdrew herſelf. Reflection came only to upbraid him. Her words, however, were of ſervice, as by ſhewing him how he had loſt FELICIA, they gave him hopes

hopes that a contrary behaviour might, in time, regain her.

THE loſs of happineſs inſtructs us how to value it. And now it was that BONARIO began in earneſt to love FELICIA, and to devote his whole time to a purſuit of her. He inquired for her among the Great, but they knew her not. He bribed the Poor for intelligence, but they were ſtrangers to her. He ſought her of Knowledge, but ſhe was ignorant of her; of Pleaſure, but ſhe miſled him. Temperance knew only the path ſhe had taken; Virtue had ſeen her upon the way; but Religion aſſured him of her retreat, and ſent Conſtancy to conduct him to her.

IT was in a village far from town, that BONARIO again ſaw his FELICIA; and here he was in hopes of poſſeſſing her for ever. The coyneſs with which ſhe treated him in his days of folly, time, and the amendment it had wrought in him, began to ſoften. He paſſed whole days in her ſociety, and was rarely denied acceſs to her, but when Paſſion had miſguided him.

FELICIA lived in this retreat, with the daughter of a ſimple villager, called Innocence. To this amiable ruſtic did BONARIO apply for interceſſion, upon every new offence againſt FELICIA; but too impatient to delay, and out of humour with his advocate, he renewed his acquaintance with a court lady, called Vice, who was there upon a viſit, and engaged her to ſollicit for him. This behaviour ſo enraged FELICIA, that ſhe again withdrew herſelf; and in the warmth of her reſentment, ſent up a petition to Jupiter, to be recalled to heaven.

JUPITER, upon this petition, called a council of

of the gods; in which it was decreed, that while BONARIO continued upon earth, FELICIA ſhould not totally depart from it; but as the nature of BONARIO was fickle and imperfect, his admiſſion to her ſociety ſhould be only occaſional and tranſient. That their nuptials ſhould be deferred till the nature of BONARIO ſhould be changed by death, and that afterwards they ſhould be inſeparably united in the regions of immortality.

NUMB. 12. THURSDAY, *March* 22, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is a great abuſe of language, according to Mr. Locke, to make uſe of words to which we have no fixed and determinate ideas. There is a ſtill greater, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which is the almoſt-continually uſing words to which we have no ideas at all. I ſhall only inſtance in the poor monoſyllable TASTE. Who has not heard it frequently pronounced by the loveliest mouths in the world, when it has evidently meant nothing?

I WOULD not be thought to require, like an ill-bred logician, that every pretty woman, or even every pretty man, who makes uſe of the word TASTE, would define what they mean by it; that would be too cruel; but I ſhould rather chuſe, when they are really conſcious to themſelves that they are going to utter it without any idea

idea annexed, that they would be ſo good as to change it for the word WHIM. However, as my recommendation will, I am ſure, have no weight, unleſs it ſhould be backed by your cenſorial authority, I ſhall leave them at preſent in the full poſſeſſion of their favourite word, and proceed to the ſubject of my letter.

YOU rallied very humourouſly, a few weeks ago, ſome of the reigning follies of this various iſland, under the name of our approaches to nature. I hope you have likewiſe taken notice how deſirous we are of returning to our primæval ignorance, under the notion of TASTE: a name which we are fond of giving to every new folly which ſtarts up, and to every old exploded abſurdity which we are charitably pleaſed to revive. Let but that commanding word go forth, and no camelion catches his colours quicker than we are ready to imbibe follies from each other. Whereas TASTE, in my opinion, ought to be applied to nothing but what has as ſtrict rules annexed to it, though perhaps imperceptible by the vulgar, as Ariſtotle, among the critics, would require, or Domenichino, among the painters, practiſe. People may have whims, freaks, caprices, perſuaſions, and even ſecond ſights if they pleaſe; but they can have no TASTE which has not its foundation in nature, and which, conſequently, may be accounted for.

FROM a thouſand inſtances of our imitative inclinations I ſhall ſelect one or two, which have been, and ſtill are, notorious and general. A few years ago every thing was Gothic; our houſes, our beds, our book-caſes, and our couches, were all copied for ſome parts or other

of

of our old cathedrals. The Grecian architecture, where, as Dryden ſays,

Firm Doric *pillars found the lower baſe,*
The gay Corinthian *holds the higher ſpace,*
And all below is ſtrength, and all above is grace.

that architecture, which was taught by nature and poliſhed by the graces, was totally neglected. Tricks and conceits got poſſeſſion every where. Clumſy buttreſſes were to ſhock you with diſproportion; or little pillars were to ſupport vaſt weights; while ignorant people, who knew nothing of centers of gravity, were to tremble at their entrance into every building, leſt the roofs ſhould fall upon their heads. This, however odd it might ſeem, and however unworthy of the name of TASTE, was cultivated, was admired, and ſtill has its profeſſors in different parts of England. There is ſomething, they ſay, in it congenial to our old Gothic conſtitution; I ſhould rather think to our modern idea of liberty, which allows every one the privilege of playing the fool, and of making himſelf ridiculous in whatever way he pleaſes.

ACCORDING to the preſent prevailing whim, every thing is Chineſe, or in the Chineſe taſte: or, as it is ſometimes more modeſtly expreſſed, *partly after the Chineſe manner*. Chairs, tables, chimney-pieces, frames for looking-glaſſes, and even our moſt vulgar utenſils, are all reduced to this new-fangled ſtandard; and without-doors ſo univerſally has it ſpread, that every gate to a

cow-yard is in T's and Z's and every hovel for the cows has bells hanging at the corners.

THE good people in the city are, I perceive, ſtruck with this novelty; and though ſome of them ſtill retain the laſt faſhion, the Gothic, yet others have begun to ornament the doors and windows of their ſhops with the more modern improvements.

HAD this taſte prevailed in the latter end of queen Anne's time, the new churches themſelves had doubtleſs been pagoda's; nay, it is expected at preſent that the Something which is riſing on the building at the horſe-guards, if ever it ſhould come to a concluſion, will terminate at laſt *partly after the Chineſe manner*.

I WOULD beg leave, however, to propoſe, if our large public buildings are to be executed after Chineſe models, that we ſhould purſue the uſual methods on ſuch occaſions. The inoculation for the ſmall-pox, and other ſuch hazardous experiments, were firſt executed upon condemned criminals. And, in my opinion, an experiment of this kind ſhould firſt be tried on an hoſpital, or a county work-houſe. I know it will be ſaid in anſwer to this, that conveniency is chiefly to be ſtudied in edifices of charity. But is convenience to give way to TASTE? Is the honour of a nation to be leſs conſidered than the particular exigencies of private perſons? It is a thouſand pities that the hoſpitals of Chelſea and of Greenwich are already built; their ſituations are the very ſpots one would have choſen for a trial of this ſort. What numbers of little lakes might have been let in from the Thames to wander among

among the pavilions? And how commodiouſly might we have paſſed from ward to ward by bridges adorned with triumphal arches?

THE encouragement of this taſte may be worthy of the conſideration of thoſe gentlemen who have great poſſeſſions in the iſle of Ely, or the fens of Lincolnſhire. A Chineſe town, happily ſituated, may attract inhabitants, and make eſtates in thoſe countries extremely deſirable. Marſhy grounds, which are now avoided, will become by this means the moſt ſought after of any; and we may live to ſee the hundreds of Eſſex crowded with villa's. But I only hint theſe things to thoſe whom they concern, and whoſe intereſt it may be to purſue them farther. My intention, you perceive, is to make TASTE uſeful to ſomebody at leaſt, and to aſſign proper places for the exerciſe of our improved talents.

BUT while I am promoting the intereſt and entertainment of ſome of his majeſty's ſubjects, I would not wilfully offend others, who may be a little infatuated through their zeal to their country. Many good patriots have been greatly alarmed at the ſpreading of the French language and the French faſhions ſo univerſally over Europe; and have apprehended, perhaps too juſtly, that their modes of religion and government might inſinuate themſelves in their turns. If any pious Engliſhman ſhould have the ſame fears with regard to the Chineſe cuſtoms and manners, I have the ſatisfaction to inform him, that nothing of that kind can reaſonably be dreaded. We may reſt ſecure that our firm faith will never be ſtaggered by the tenets of Fohi, nor our practice vitiated by the morals of Confucius; at leaſt

we

we may be certain that the preſent innovations are by no means adequate to ſuch an effect: for on a moderate computation, not one in a thouſand of all the ſtiles, gates, rails, pales, chairs, temples, chimney-pieces, &c. &c. &c. which are called Chineſe, has the leaſt reſemblance to any thing that China ever ſaw; nor would an Engliſh church be a leſs uncommon ſight to a travelling mandarin, than an Engliſh pagoda. I think it neceſſary to ſay thus much, in order to quiet the ſcruples of conſcientious perſons, who will doubtleſs be more at eaſe when they conſider that our Chineſe ornaments are not only of our own manufacture, like our French ſilks and our French wines, but, what has ſeldom been attributed to the Engliſh, of our own invention.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

H. S.

To the PUBLIC.

WHEREAS a ſubſcription for a ſubſidy for the uſe of king THEODORE *was opened at* Tully's Head *in* Pall-mall *the twenty-ſecond of laſt month, This is to give notice that by order of Mr.* FITZ-ADAM, *the ſaid ſubſcription will be cloſed on* Tueſday *the twenty-ſeventh of this inſtant* March; *at which time the ſubſidy will be paid in.*

ROBERT DODSLEY.

NUMB.

NUMB. 13. THURSDAY, *March* 29, 1753.

I SHALL make no apology for the following letters, or my own anſwers to them; having been always of opinion that works of criticiſm are the chief ſtrength and ornament of a public paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH you ſet out with a good grace in the WORLD, I cannot help thinking that a paper now-and-then upon religion might be very entertaining. I am an officer in country quarters, and as the chaplain to the regiment happens to live altogether in town, I have no opportunity of knowing any thing of that affair, but from what I hear at church.

I am, &c.

A. Z.

To Mr. A. Z.

SIR,

THAT no officer in quarters may be under the neceſſity of going to church, the WORLD, for the future, ſhall be a religious one.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BELONG to a club of very ſerious clergymen; and am glad (ſo is every one of us) that you do

not intend to meddle with religion in your paper. It is certainly a ſubject of too much dignity and importance to be treated of in eſſays, which ſeem devoted to humour and the ridicule of folly. In the name of the whole club,

I am, &c.

J. C.

To Mr. J. C.

SIR,

As it will be always my ambition to ſtand well with the clergy, they may aſſure themſelves that the WORLD ſhall have no religion in it.

I am, &c.

A. FITZ-ADAM.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I CANNOT help being offended at your want of correctneſs in a paper, which, in other reſpects, deſerves approbation. In number I. you ſay, WARN *men to goodneſs*. The verb *warn* is unwarrantable in this place: we are warned *by* or *from*, but not *to* — The word ſhould be *incite*; and ſo I have corrected it in my own paper. In number III. Line 2. you have the colloquial barbariſm of doing a thing *by* a man inſtead of *to*. I cannot expreſs how much I am hurt at ſo vulgar an impropriety. In number VI. pag. 34. the verb *diſplay* is uſed inſtead of its participle *diſplaying*. Perhaps it is only an error of the preſs: pray be careful for the future. I am willing to hope that theſe groſs miſtakes are only owing to inadvertency. If ſo, I reſt

Your admirer, PHILOLOGOS.

To

To Philologos.

Sir,

I shall be very careful of miſtakes for the future; and do aſſure you, upon my veracity, that they have hitherto proceeded from nothing but inadvertency. I am, Sir,

Your obliged ſervant,

A. Fitz-Adam.

To Adam Fitz-Adam, Eſq:

Dear Fitz,

Lord * * * * and I laid hold of a d——d prig of a univerſity fellow yeſterday, and carried him to our club; where, when the claret began to mount, your paper of the World happened to come upon the tapis. "That ſame Mr. Fitz-"Adam (ſays he) is a very inaccurate writer; "peradventure I ſhall take an opportunity of "telling him ſo in a ſhort time." But, dear Fitz, if the prig ſhould really ſend you a letter, ſmoke the parſon and be witty. Your inaccuracies, as he calls them, are the characteriſtics of a polite writer: by theſe alone our club is ſure that you are a man of faſhion. Away with pedantry and the grammar! Write like a gentleman, and with Pope, in his eſſay upon critics,

Snatch a grace beyond the reach of nature.

Your's A. B.

A Monſieur FITZ-ADAM.

JE ſuis enchanté, mon cher monſieur, de votre MONDE. Depuis deux ans que je ſuis à Londres, j'ai appris aſſez d'Anglois pour l'entendre parfaitement, mais je ne ſuis pas ſi habile que Voltaire, pour l'ecrire. Vous avez ſaiſi tout à fait l'eſprit François; tant d'enjouement, de legereté, et de vivacité! — Parbleu c'eſt charmant! Donnez nous de temps en temps un vaudeville, ou quelque petite chanſon à boire, et je me croirai à Paris. Le ſeul petit defaut que vous avez, c'eſt que vous ſentez trop le MONDE ſage, il ne vous manque qu'un peu du MONDE fou, pour plaire à tout le MONDE, et ſurtout à celui qui a l'honneur d'etre, monſieur,

Votre tres humble et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
DOURILLAC.

A Monſieur DOURILLAC.

VOUS pouvez conter, monſieur, qu'il n'y a rien au monde que je ne faſſe pour captiver la bien-veillance d'un ſi amiable homme. Tout ce qu'il a de gai, de volatile, et meme evaporé coulera deſormais de ma plume. J'ai l'honneur d'etre, monſieur,

Votre tres humble et tres obeiſſant ſerviteur,
FITZ-ADAM.

I HAVE many more letters written in the ſame ſpirit of criticiſm, and conſequently many more opinions of my own; but as theſe may be thought ſufficient at one time, I ſhall borrow an old fable, and conclude this paper.

AN

An old man and a little boy were driving an aſs to the next market to ſell. What a fool is this fellow (ſays a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his ſon, that his aſs may go light! The old man, hearing this, ſet his boy upon the aſs, and went whiſtling by the ſide of him. Why, ſirrah! (cries a ſecond man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the aſs, and mounted himſelf. Do you ſee (ſays a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beaſt, while his poor little boy is almoſt crippled with walking? The old man no ſooner heard this, than he took up his ſon behind him. Pray, honeſt friend, (ſays a fourth) is that aſs your own? Yes, ſays the man. One would not have thought ſo, replied the other, by your loading him ſo unmercifully. You and your ſon are better able to carry the poor beaſt than he you. Any thing to pleaſe, ſays the owner; and alighting with his ſon, they tied the legs of the aſs together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their ſhoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was ſo entertaining a ſight that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the aſs, conceiving a diſlike to the over-complaiſance of his maſter, burſt aſunder the cords that tied him, ſlipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the beſt of his way home, aſhamed and vexed that by endeavouring to pleaſe every body, he had pleaſed nobody, and loſt his aſs into the bargain.

her footman, the ſignora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy, her houſekeeper; and in another, addreſſed to the ſame Mrs. Lucy, ſhe ſays, "If Livia will not "be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her "till her fleſh be black and blue, and the blood "run down to her heels." To be ſure this ſounds a little oddly to Engliſh ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

SEVERAL worthy perſons have laid down rules for the compoſition of letters; but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of thoſe books (as it was written by a German) there was a ſtrict injunction not to mention yourſelf before you had introduced the perſon of your correſpondent; that is, you muſt not uſe the monoſyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have ſtated expreſſions, to be uſed by different ranks of men, and know exactly when to ſubſcribe themſelves the devoted, or the moſt devoted ſlave of the illuſtrious or moſt eminent perſons to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country, they have ſo clogged correſpondence with forms and civilities, that they ſeldom make uſe of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

AMONG many inſtances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our ſex, I ſhall ſelect two, which are very ſingular in their kind. The compariſon, to be ſure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention ſome particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal leſs abſurdity, than ſeem.

ſeem to have met in one head, which had ſeen ſo much of the world, which pretended ſo much to literature, and which had worn ſo long one of the firſt crowns in Europe. This perſonage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather to Charles the Vth. His reign was long, ſometimes ſhining, often unproſperous, very often ignominious. His fickleneſs, prodigality, and indigence, were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *pennyleſs*; a quality no more habitual to him, than his propenſity to repair his ſhattered fortunes by the moſt unbecoming means. He ſerved under our Henry the eighth, as a common ſoldier, at the ſiege of Terouenne, for a hundred crowns a day: he was bribed to the attempt againſt Piſa, and bribed to give it over. In ſhort, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty, without firſt offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be deſcribed by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be deſcribed at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verſe. There was another book of his compoſition in a different way, which does not reflect much more luſtre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a regiſter of ſeventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the firſt opportunity. After a variety of ſhifts, breach of promiſes, alliances, and treaties, he almoſt duped his vain cotemporary Henry the eighth, with a propoſal of reſigning the empire to him, while himſelf was meditating, what he thought, an acceſſion of

the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with ſigning himſelf *future Pope*.

As a contraſt to this ſcrap of imperial folly, I ſhall preſent my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorſet and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom ſhe wrote) and heireſs of the great houſe of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reverſions, ſhe enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joſeph Williamſon, ſecretary of ſtate to Charles the ſecond, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: the brave counteſs, with all the ſpirit of her anceſtors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic anſwer.

"I HAVE been bullied by an uſurper, I have "been neglected by a court, but I will not be "dictated to by a ſubject; your man ſhan't "ſtand.

"ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE, "*and* MONTGOMERY."

NUMB. 15. THURSDAY, *April* 12, 1753.

IT has been imagined, that if an ancient inhabitant of this iſland, ſome old Saxon for example, or even in later times, a ſubject of one of our Harry's or our Edward's, could riſe from his grave and take a ſurvey of the preſent generation, he would never ſuſpect us to be the deſcendants of his cotemporaries, but would ſtare about with ſurprize, and be apt to fancy himſelf among a nation

tion of foreigners, if not among a race of animals of a different ſpecies. I have ſometimes thought that ſuch a perſon would be no leſs puzzled to know his country again, than his countrymen; ſuch a change would he find in the natural face of England, as well as in the manners of its inhabitants. The great increaſe of public and private buildings, the difference of architecture, the frequent navigation of rivers, and above all, the introduction and whimſical variations of GARDENING, have contributed ſo effectually to new-dreſs our iſland, which before was covered with rude foreſts and extended marſhes, that it would require ſome time and pains to diſcover her ancient features under ſo total a diſguiſe. This is more particularly the caſe with the counties adjacent to London, over which the Genius of GARDENING exerciſes his power ſo often and ſo wantonly, that they are uſually new-created once in twenty or thirty years, and no traces left of their former condition. Nor is this to be wondered at; for GARDENING, being the dreſs of nature, is as liable to the caprices of faſhion, as are the dreſſes of the human body; and there is a certain mode of it in every age, which grows antiquated, and becomes obſolete and ridiculous in the next. So that were any man of taſte now to lay out his ground in the ſtyle which prevailed leſs than half a century ago, it would occaſion as much aſtoniſhment and laughter, as if a modern beau ſhould appear in the drawing-room in red ſtockings, or introduce himſelf into a polite aſſembly in one of my lord Foppington's periwigs.

WHAT

WHAT was the prevailing mode in Milton's days, may be gueſſed from a paſſage in his IL-PENSEROSO, where he deſcribes RETIRED LEISURE taking his delight in *trim gardens*. The practice, it ſeems, was to embroider and flouriſh over the ground with *curious knots and flowers*, as the ſame poet calls them in another part of his works; and in this there was ſomething of chearfulneſs and gaiety at leaſt, though the judicious eye could not help being diſpleaſed with the fantaſtic quaintneſs of the deſign.

JAMES the ſecond was depoſed, and the immortal king William came to the crown of theſe kingdoms; an æra as remarkable in the annals of GARDENING as in thoſe of government; but far leſs auſpicious in the former inſtance. The mournful family of Yews came over with the houſe of Orange; the ſombre taſte of Holland grew into vogue; and ſtrait canals, rectilineal walks, and rows of clipt evergreens were all the mode. It was the compliment which England paid her new ſovereign, to wear the dreſs of a Dutch moraſs. The royal gardens of Kenſington, Hampton-court and Richmond ſet the ſame example; and good whigs diſtinguiſhed their loyalty by fetching their plans from the ſame country, which had the honour of producing their king; a country never greatly celebrated for taſte in any inſtance, and leaſt of all in the article now under conſideration. But ſuch were the errors of the times; our connoiſſeurs in their zeal all became mynheers; and it would probably have been then eſtabliſhed as a great mark of diſaffection to have laid out ground different from the

true

true Belgic model, as it would be now to wear a white roſe on the tenth of June.

THIS Dutch abſurdity, like all other follies, had its run, and in time expired. The great Kent appeared at length in behalf of nature, declared war againſt the taſte in faſhion, and laid the axe to the root of artificial ever-greens. Gardens were no longer filled with yews in the ſhape of giants, Noah's ark cut in holly, St. George and the dragon in box, cypreſs lovers, lauruſtine bears, and all that race of root-bound monſters, which flouriſhed ſo long and looked ſo tremendous round the edges of every graſs-plat. At the ſame time the dull uniformity of deſigning was baniſhed; high walls, excluding the country, were thrown down; and it was no longer thought neceſſary that every grove ſhould nod at a rival, and every walk be paired with a twin-brother. The great maſter above-mentioned, truly the diſciple of nature, imitated her in the agreeable wildneſs and beautiful irregularity of her plans, of which there are ſome noble examples ſtill remaining, that abundantly ſhew the power of his creative genius.

BUT it is our misfortune that we always run beyond the goal, and are never contented to reſt at that point where perfection ends, and exceſs and abſurdity begin. Thus our preſent artiſts in GARDENING far exceed the wildneſs of nature; and pretending to improve on the plans of Kent, diſtort their ground into irregularities the moſt offenſive that can be imagined. A great comic painter has proved, I am told, in a piece every day expected, that the line of beauty is an S: I take this to be the unanimous opinion of all our profeſſors

profeſſors of horticulture, who ſeem to have the moſt idolatrous veneration for that crooked letter at the tail of the alphabet. Their land, their water, muſt be ſurpentine; and becauſe the formality of the laſt age ran too much into right lines and parallels, a ſpirit of oppoſition carries the preſent univerſally into curves and mazes.

It was queſtioned of ſome old mathematician, a great bigot to his favourite ſcience, whether he would conſent to go to heaven in any path that was not triangular? It may, I think, with equal propriety be queſtioned of a modern GARDENER, whether he would conſent to go thither in any path that is not ſerpentine? Nothing on earth, at leaſt, can pleaſe out of that model; and there is reaſon to believe, that paradiſe itſelf would have no charms for one of theſe gentlemen, unleſs its walks be diſpoſed into labyrinth and mæander. In ſerious truth, the vaſt multitude of groteſque little villas, which grow up every ſummer, within a certain diſtance of London, and ſwarm more eſpecially on the banks of the Thames, are fatal proofs of the degeneracy of our national taſte. With a deſcription of one of theſe whimſical nothings, and with a few previous remarks upon the owner of it, I ſhall conclude this paper.

SQUIRE Muſhroom, the preſent worthy poſſeſſor of Block-hill, was born at a little dirty village in Hertfordſhire, and received the rudiments of his education behind a writing deſk, under the eye of his father, who was an attorney at law. It is not material to relate by what means he broke looſe from the bondage of parchment, or by what ſteps he roſe from primæval meanneſs and obſcurity

rity to his preſent ſtation in life. Let it be ſufficient to ſay, that at the age of forty he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a conſiderable fortune. Being thus enriched, he grew ambitious of introducing himſelf to the world as a man of taſte and pleaſure; for which purpoſe he put an edging of ſilver lace on his ſervants waiſtcoats, took into keeping a brace of whores, and reſolved to have a VILLA. Full of this pleaſing idea, he purchaſed an old farm-houſe, not far diſtant from the place of his nativity, and fell to building and planting with all the rage of taſte. The old manſion immediately ſhot up into Gothic ſpires, and was plaſtered over with ſtucco: the walls were notched into battlements; uncouth animals were ſet grinning at one another over the gate-poſts, and the hall was fortified with ruſty ſwords and piſtols, and a Meduſa's head ſtaring tremendous over the chimney. When he had proceeded thus far, he diſcovered in good time that his houſe was not habitable; which obliged him to add two rooms entirely new, and entirely incoherent with the reſt of the building. Thus while one half is deſigned to give you an old Gothic edifice, the other half preſents to your view Venetian windows, ſlices of pilaſter, baluſtrades, and other parts of Italian architecture.

A LIBRARY of books, as it is eſteemed an eſſential ornament in a modiſh VILLA, was the next object of the ſquire's ambition. I was conducted into this apartment, ſoon after its completion, and could not help obſerving with ſome ſurprize that all the volumes on the ſhelves were in duodecimo: at which expreſſing a curioſity, I received the following anſwer, verbatim: "Why,

" ſir,

"ſir, I'll inform you how that matter came to "paſs; I ordered my carpenter to *tickle me up* a "neat faſhionable ſet of caſes for the reception "of books, and the d——d blundering booby "made all the ſhelves, as you ſee, of a ſize, "only to hold your duodecimo's, as they call "them; ſo I was obliged, you know, to pur-"chaſe books of *a proper dimenſion*, and ſuch as "would fit the places they were to ſtand in."

BUT the triumph of his genius was ſeen in the diſpoſition of his gardens, which contain every thing in leſs than two acres of ground. At your firſt entrance, the eye is ſaluted with a yellow ſerpentine river, ſtagnating through a beautiful valley, which extends near twenty yards in length. Over the river is thrown a bridge, *partly in the Chineſe manner*, and a little ſhip, with ſails ſpread and ſtreamers flying, floats in the midſt of it. When you have paſſed this bridge, you enter into a grove perplexed with errors and crooked walks; where having trod the ſame ground over and over again, through a labyrinth of horn-beam hedges, you are led into an old hermitage built with roots of trees, which the ſquire is pleaſed to call St. Auſtin's cave. Here he deſires you to repoſe yourſelf, and expects encomiums on his taſte; after which a ſecond ramble begins through another maze of walks, and the laſt error is much worſe than the firſt. At length, when you almoſt deſpair of ever viſiting daylight any more, you emerge on a ſudden in an open and circular area, richly chequered with beds of flowers, and embelliſhed with a little fountain playing in the center of it. As every folly muſt have a name, the ſquire informs you, that *by way*

of

of whim he has chriſtened this place *little Maribon*; at the upper end of which you are conducted into a pompous, clumſy, and gilded building, ſaid to be a temple, and conſecrated to Venus; for no other reaſon which I could learn, but becauſe the ſquire riots here ſometimes in vulgar love with a couple of orange-wenches, taken from the purlieus of the play-houſe.

To conclude, if one wiſhed to ſee a coxcomb expoſe himſelf in the moſt effectual manner, one would adviſe him to build a VILLA; which is the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern impertinence, and the moſt conſpicuous ſtage which Folly can poſſibly mount to diſplay herſelf to the world.

****

NUMB. 16. THURSDAY, *April* 19, 1753.

IT was very well ſaid by Montaigne, "That "all external acquiſitions receive taſte and co-"lour from the internal conſtitution; as clothes "give warmth, not from their own heat, but by "covering and keeping cloſe the heat that is in "ourſelves."

EVERY man's experience will prove the truth of this obſervation; as it will teach him, both from what he feels in himſelf, and obſerves in others, that without a diſpoſition for happineſs, the benefits and bleſſings of life are beſtowed upon him in vain; and that with it, even a bare exemption from poverty and pain is almoſt happineſs enough.

I AM led to this thought by the following letter,

ter, which I received near two years ago from a very valuable friend. The reader will perceive that it was not written with a view of publication; but as it preſents us with a very natural picture of domeſtic happineſs, and inſtructs us how an elegant little family may live charitably and within bounds upon an income of only fifty pounds a year, I ſhall give it to the public exactly as I received it. Thoſe who have feeling hearts will call it an entertainment; to the reſt it is not written.

York, June the 14th, 1751.

DEAR SIR,

THE reaſon that you have not heard from me for theſe laſt five weeks is, that the people where I have been, have engroſſed all my time and attention. Perhaps you will be ſurprized to hear, that I have lived a complete month with our old friend, the rector of South-Green, and his honeſt wife.

YOU know with what compaſſion we uſed to think of them: that a man who had mixed a good deal with the world, and who had always entertained hopes of making a figure in it, ſhould fooliſhly, and at an age when people generally grow wiſe, throw away his affections upon a girl worth nothing: and that ſhe, one of the livelieſt of women, as well as the fineſt, ſhould refuſe the many advantageous offers which were made her, and follow a poor parſon to his living of fifty pounds a year, in a remote corner of the kingdom. But I have learnt from experience that we have been pitying the happieſt couple of

our acquaintance. I am impatient to tell you all I know of them.

THE pariſh of South-Green is about ſeventeen miles from this place, and is in my opinion the moſt pleaſing ſpot of ground in all Yorkſhire——. I ſhould have firſt told you, that our friend, by the death of a relation, was enabled to carry his wife from London with a neat two hundred and fifty guineas in his pocket; with which ſum he has converted the old parſonage houſe into a little palace, and fourteen acres of glebe into a farm and garden, that even a PELHAM or a SOUTHCOTE might look upon with pleaſure.

The houſe ſtands upon an eminence within the bending of a river, with about half an acre of kitchen-garden, fenced in with a good old wall, well planted with fruit trees. The river that almoſt ſurrounds this little ſpot, affords them fiſh at all ſeaſons. They catch trout there, and plenty of them, from two to five pounds weight. Before the houſe is a little lawn with trees planted in clumps; and behind it a yard well ſtocked with poultry, with a barn, cow-houſe, and dairy. At the end of the garden a draw-bridge leads you to a ſmall piece of ground, where three or four pigs are kept. Here they are fattened for pork or bacon; the latter they cure for themſelves; and in all my life I never eat better.

IN the ſeven years of this retirement, they have ſo planted their little ſpot, that you can hardly conceive any thing more beautiful. The fields lie all together, with paſture-ground enough for two horſes and as many cows, and the reſt arable. Every thing thrives under their hands. The hedges, all of their own planting, are the thickeſt

eſt of any in the country, and within every one of them is a ſand-walk between a double row of flowering ſhrubs, hardly ever out of bloſſom. The produce of theſe fields ſupplies them abundantly with the means of bread and beer, and with a ſurplus yearly for the poor, to whom they are the beſt benefactors of any in the neighbourhood. The huſband brews, and the wife bakes; he manages the farm, and ſhe the dairy; and both with ſuch ſkill and induſtry, that you would think them educated to nothing elſe.

THEIR houſe conſiſts of two parlours and a kitchen below, and two bedchambers and a ſervant's room above. Their maid is a poor woman's daughter in the pariſh, whom they took at eleven years old, and have made the handieſt girl imaginable. She is extremely pretty, and might marry herſelf to advantage, but ſhe loves her miſtreſs ſo ſincerely, that no temptation is ſtrong enough to prevail upon her to leave her.

IN this ſweet retirement they have a boy and a girl; the boy ſix years old, and the girl four; both of them the prettieſt little things that ever were born. The girl is the very picture of her mother, with the ſame ſoftneſs of heart and temper. The boy is a jolly dog, and loves miſchief; but if you tell him an intereſting ſtory, he will cry for an hour together. The huſband and wife conſtantly go to bed at ten; and riſe at ſix. The buſineſs of the day is commonly finiſhed by dinner-time; and all after is amuſement and pleaſure, without any ſet forms. They are almoſt worſhiped by the pariſhioners, to whom the doctor is not only the ſpiritual director, but the phyſician, the ſurgeon, the apothecary, the lawyer, the

the ſteward, the friend and the chearful companion. The beſt people in the country are fond of viſiting them; they call it going to ſee the wonders of Yorkſhire, and ſay that they never eat ſo heartily as of the parſon's bacon and greens.

I TOLD you at the beginning of this letter that they were the happieſt couple of our acquaintance; and now I will tell you why they are ſo. In the firſt place, they love and are delighted with each other. A ſeven years marriage, inſtead of leſſening their affections, has increaſed them. They wiſh for nothing more than what their little income affords them; and even of that little they lay up. Our friend ſhewed me his account of expences, or rather his wife's account; by which it appears that they have ſaved yearly from fifteen ſhillings to a guinea, excluſive of about the ſame ſum, which they diſtribute among the poor, beſides barley, wheat, and twenty other things. Their only article of luxury is tea; but the doctor ſays he would forbid that, if his wife could forget her London education. However, they ſeldom offer it but to the beſt company, and leſs than a pound will laſt them a twelvemonth. Wine they have none, nor will they receive it as a preſent. Their conſtant drink is ſmall beer and ale, both of which they brew in the higheſt perfection. Exerciſe and temperance keep them in perpetual health and good-humour. All the ſtrife between them is who ſhall pleaſe and oblige moſt. Their favourite amuſement is reading: now-and-then, indeed, our friend ſcribbles a little; but his performances reach no farther than a ſhort ſermon, or a paper of verſes in praiſe of his wife. Every birth-day of the lady is conſtantly

celebrated in this manner; and though you do not read a Swift to his Stella, yet there is ſomething ſo ſincere and tender in theſe little pieces, that I could never read any of them without tears. In the fine afternoons and evenings, they are walking arm and arm, with their boy and girl, about their grounds; but how chearful, how happy! is not to be told you. Their children are hardly ſo much children as themſelves. But though they love one another even to dotage, their fondneſs never appears before company. I never ſaw either of them ſo much as playing with the other's hand—I mean only when they have known I was within ſight of them; I have ſtolen upon them unawares indeed, and have been witneſs to ſuch words and looks as have quite melted me.

WITH this couple, and in this retirement, I have paſſed my time ſince you heard from me. How happily I need not ſay: come and be a judge yourſelf; they invite you moſt heartily.

ONE thing I had forgot to tell you of them. It makes no part of their happineſs that they can compare themſelves with the reſt of the world, who want minds to enjoy themſelves as they do. It rather leſſens than increaſes it. Their own happineſs is from their own hearts. They have every thing they wiſh for in this fifty pounds a year and one another. They make no boaſt of themſelves, nor find fault with any body. They are ſorry I am not as happy as they; but are far from adviſing me to retire as they have done. I left a bank note of twenty pounds behind me in my room, incloſed in a letter of thanks for their civilities to me; but it was returned me this morn-

morning to York, in a manner that pleaſed me more than all the reſt of their behaviour. Our friend thanked me for the favour I intended him; but told me I could beſtow it better among the poor. That his wife and he had been looking over the family accounts of laſt month, and that they found me only a few ſhillings in their debt. That if I did not think they were a thouſand times over-paid by the pleaſure I had given them, they would be obliged to me for a pound of tea, and a little of Hardham's ſnuff when I got to London.

I HOPE ſoon to ſee you, and to entertain you by the week with the particulars of the parſon and his wife. Till then,

I am, &c.

NUMB. 17. THURSDAY, *April* 26, 1753.

TWICE in every year are ſolemnized thoſe grand diverſions, with which our nobility, gentry, and others, entertain themſelves at Newmarket; and as this is the vernal ſeaſon for the celebration of thoſe curious ſports and feſtivals, and as they are, at this time, likely to be held with the utmoſt ſplendor and magnificence, I think it may not be improper to amuſe my town readers with one ſingle paper upon the ſubject.

IN this I will endeavour to ſet forth the uſefulneſs of theſe anniverſary meetings, deſcribing the manner and method of exhibiting ſuch games; and then ſhew what benefit may ariſe to the

kingdom, by horſe-races in general, on the one hand; and what detriment may happen from them to the public, on the other, by their ſpreading too widely over the whole kingdom.

I READ in one of the news-papers of laſt week, the following article: "'Tis ſaid that garrets at "New-market are let at four guineas each, for the "time of the meeting." What! ſaid I to myſelf, are our principal nobility content to lie in garrets, at ſuch an exorbitant price, for the ſake of ſuch amuſements? Or are our jockey-gentry, and tradeſmen, extravagant enough to throw away their looſe corn (as I may properly call it on this occaſion) ſo idly and ridiculouſly? To be ſure there is not a more noble diverſion than this. In its original, it was of royal inſtitution, and carried on in the beginning with much honour and integrity; but as the beſt conſtitution will always degenerate, I am fearful this may be grown too much into ſcience, wherein the adepts may have carried matters to a nicety, not altogether reconcileable to the ſtricteſt notions of integrity; and which may by degrees, by their affecting to become notable in the profeſſion, corrupt the morals of our young nobility. The language of the place is generally to be underſtood by the rule of contraries. If any one ſays his horſe is a pretty good one, but as ſlow as a *town-top* (for ſimilies are much in uſe) you may conclude him to be an exceeding ſpeedy one, but not ſo good at *bottom*. If he mentions his deſign of throwing a particular horſe ſoon out of *training*, you may be aſſured he has a mind to match that horſe as ſoon as he can; and ſo it is in every thing elſe they throw out. Foreigners who come here for curioſity,

curioſity, cannot be ſhewn a finer ſight than theſe races, which are almoſt peculiar to this country: but I muſt confeſs that I have been ſometimes put a little to the bluſh at incidents that are pretty pregnant in the place. Every body is dreſſed ſo perfectly alike, that it is extremely difficult to diſtinguiſh between his GRACE and his GROOM. I have heard a ſtranger aſk a man of quality how often he dreſſed, and watered his horſes? how much corn, and bread, and hay, he gave them? how many miles he thought he could run in ſuch a number of minutes? and how long he had lived with his maſter? Thoſe who have been at the place will not be ſurprized at theſe miſtakes; for a pair of boots, and buckſkin breeches, a fuſtian frock, with a leather belt about it, and a black velvet cap, is the common covering of the whole town: ſo that if the inſide does not differ, the outſide of my lord and his rider are exactly the ſame. There is another moſt remarkable affectation, which is this. Thoſe who are known to have the moſt, and perhaps beſt horſes of the place, always appear themſelves on the very worſt, and go to the turf on ſome ordinary ſcrub tit, ſcarce worth five pounds. From perſons thus mounted and accoutred, what a ſurpriſe muſt it be to hear a bett offered of an hundred pounds to fifty, and ſometimes three hundred to two, when you would imagine the rider to be ſcarce worth a groat! In that circular convention before the race begins, at the Devil's Ditch, all are hail fellows well met, and every one is at liberty, taylor, diſtiller, or otherwiſe, to offer and take ſuch betts, as he thinks proper; and many thouſand pounds are uſually laid on a ſide. When

the horſes are in ſight, and come near Choak-Jade, immediately the company all diſperſe, as if the devil roſe out of his ditch and drove them, to get to the turning of the ſands, the reſt poſt, or ſome other ſtation, they chuſe, for ſeeing the puſh made. Now the contention becomes animating. 'Tis delightful to ſee two, or ſometimes more, of the moſt beautiful animals of the creation, ſtruggling for ſuperiority, ſtretching every muſcle and ſinew to obtain the prize, and reach the goal! to obſerve the ſkill and addreſs of the riders, who are all diſtinguiſhed by different colours, of white, blue, green, red, and yellow, ſometimes ſpurring or whipping, ſometimes checking or pulling, to give freſh breath and courage! and it is often obſerved that the race is won, as much by the dexterity of the rider, as by the vigour and fleetneſs of the animal.

When the ſport is over, the company ſaunter away towards the Warren-Hill, before the other horſes, left at the ſeveral ſtables in the town, are rode out to take their evening exerciſe and their water. On this delightful ſpot you may ſee, at once, above a hundred of the moſt beautiful horſes in the univerſe, all led out in ſtrings, with the grooms and boys upon them, in their ſeveral liveries, diſtinguiſhing each perſon of rank they belong to. This is indeed a noble ſight; it is a piece of grandeur, and an expenſive one too, which no nation can boaſt of, but our own. To this the crown contributes, not only by a very handſome allowance for keeping horſes, but alſo by giving plates to be run for by horſes and mares at different ages, in order to encourage the breed, by keeping up the price of them, and to make the

the breeders extremely careful of their race and genealogy.

THE pedigree of theſe horſes is more ſtrictly regarded and carefully looked into, than that of a knight of Malta. They muſt have no blemiſhed quarter in the family on either ſide for many generations; their blood muſt have run pure and untainted, from the great, great, five times great grandfather and grandam, to be atteſted in the moſt authentic and ſolemn manner by the hand of the breeder. It is this care of the breed, and particularly with an eye to their ſtrength, that makes all the world ſo fond of our horſes. Many thouſands are carried out of England every year; ſo that it is become a trade of great conſequence, and brings a vaſt balance of money to this country annually. The French monarch rides no other horſes but ours, in his favourite diverſion of hunting. You may at any time ſee two or three hundred beautiful Engliſh geldings in thoſe great and noble ſtables at Chantilli. Moſt of the German princes, and many of their nobility, are deſirous of having Engliſh horſes; and, I dare ſay, his preſent M——y of P—a, however military his genius may be, had rather mount an Engliſh horſe at a *review* of his troops, than a *breach* at any ſiege in Europe.

THE country races over the whole kingdom, are what I confeſs give me ſome little diſreliſh to the ſport. Every county, and almoſt the whole of it, is mad during the time of the races. Many ſubſtantial farmers go to them with thirty or forty pounds in their pockets, and return without one ſingle farthing. Here they drink, and learn to be vicious, and the whole time is ſpent

in riot and diſorder. An honeſt butcher, that is taken in at a horſe-race, is tempted perhaps, in his return, to borrow an ox, or a few ſheep of his neighbour, to make up his loſſes. An induſtrious tradeſman, or a good farmer, has ſometimes turned highwayman, to be even with the rogue that bubbled him at the races. Upon the whole, if I conſider only how much time is loſt to all the labouring men in this kingdom, by county races, the damage they occaſion is immenſe. Let us ſuppoſe it but a week's labour all over England; and (if we conſider the number of plates in the different metropolis's, beſides the leſſer country plates) this muſt be allowed a very moderate computation: and then let thoſe two ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Pond and Mr. Heber, however they may be at variance with each other, join to compute how much the loſs muſt be to the whole kingdom. I dare anſwer for it, that it muſt amount to many hundred thouſands of pounds. But as my paper was principally deſigned in honour of horſes, I will not be led to urge any thing againſt them. Horſes of all kinds have ever been held in the higheſt eſteem. Darius was choſen king of Perſia by the neighing of his horſe. I queſtion if Alexander himſelf had puſhed his conqueſts half ſo far, if Bucephalus had not ſtooped to take him on his back. An emperor of Rome made his horſe a conſul; and it will be readily owned that the dignity was as properly conferred upon the beaſt, as the imperial diadem upon his maſter.

I SHALL conclude this paper with a ſhort extract from Churchill's collection of voyages.

" IN

" In Morocco the natives have a great reſpect " for horſes that have been the pilgrimage of " Mecca, where Mahomet was born; they are " called Hadgis, or ſaints. Such horſes have " their necks adorned with ſtrings of beads, and " relicks, being writings wrapt up in cloth of " gold or ſilk, containing the names of their " prophet: and when theſe horſes die, they are " buried with as much ceremony, as the neareſt " relations of their owners. The king of Mo- " rocco has one of them, whom he cauſes to be " led before him when he goes abroad, very " richly accoutred, and covered with theſe writ- " ings; his tail being held up by a chriſtian ſlave, " carrying in one hand a pot and a towel, to " receive the dung and wipe the poſteriors."

NUMB. 18. THURSDAY, *May* 3, 1753.

THE following letter had appeared earlier in the WORLD, if its length, or (what at preſent happens to be the ſame thing) its merit had not been ſo great. I have been trying to ſhorten it, without robbing it of beauties; but after many unſucceſsful attempts, I find that the ſpirit of it is (as the human ſoul is imagined to be by ſome ancient philoſophers) *totus in toto, et totus in qualibet parte.* I have, therefore, changed the form of my paper, chuſing rather to preſent my readers with an extraordinary half-ſheet, than to keep from them any longer what was ſent me for their inſtruction. At the ſame time I muſt beg leave to ſay, that I ſhall never think myſelf obliged to repeat my complaiſance, but to thoſe

of my correſpondents, who, like the writer of this letter, can inform me of their grievances with all the elegance of wit.

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

Sir,

I consider you as ſupplemental to the law of the land. I take your authority to begin, where the power of the law ends. The law is intended to ſtop the progreſs of crimes by puniſhing them; your paper ſeems calculated to check the courſe of follies by expoſing them. May you be more ſucceſsful in the latter than the law is in the former.

Upon this principle I ſhall lay my caſe plainly before you, and deſire your publication of it as a warning to others. Though it may ſeem ridiculous to many of your readers, I can aſſure you, ſir, that it is a very ſerious one to me; notwithſtanding the ill-natured comfort which I might have, of thinking it of late a very common one.

I am a gentleman of a reaſonable paternal eſtate in my county, and ſerve as knight of the ſhire for it. Having what is called a very good family-intereſt, my election incumbered my eſtate with a mortgage of only five thouſand pounds; which I have not been able to clear, being obliged by a good place which I have got ſince, to live in town, and in all the beſt company, nine months in the year. I married ſuitable to my circumſtances. My wife wanted neither fortune, beauty, nor underſtanding. Diſcretion and good-humour on her part, joined to good-nature

and

and good-manners on mine, made us live comfortably together for eighteen years. One ſon and one daughter were our only children. We complied with cuſtom in the education of both. My daughter learned ſome French and ſome dancing; and my ſon paſſed nine years at Weſtminſter ſchool in learning the words of two languages, long ſince dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from ſchool, I reſolved to ſend him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myſelf. My wife approved of my deſign, but tacked a propoſal of her own to it, which ſhe urged with ſome earneſtneſs. "My dear, ſaid ſhe, I think you do very right "to ſend George abroad, for I love a foreign "education, though I ſhall not ſee the poor boy "a great while: but ſince we are to part for ſo "long a time, why ſhould we not take that op-"portunity of carrying him ourſelves as far as "Paris? The journey is nothing; very little "farther than to our own houſe in the north; "we ſhall ſave money by it; for every thing is "very cheap in France; it will form the girl, "who is of a right age for it; and a couple of "months with a good French and dancing "maſter will perfect her in both, and give her "an air and manner that will help her off in "theſe days, when huſbands are not plenty, "eſpecially for girls with only five thouſand "pounds to their fortunes. Several of my ac-"quaintance, who have lately taken trips to "Paris, have told me, that to be ſure we ſhould "take this opportunity of going there. Beſides, "my dear, as neither you nor I have ever been "abroad, this little jaunt will amuſe and even

" improve us; for it is the eaſieſt thing in the " world to get into all the beſt company at " Paris."

My wife had no ſooner ended her ſpeech (which I eaſily perceived to be the reſult of meditation) than my daughter exerted all her little eloquence in ſeconding her mother's motion. " Ay, dear papa, ſaid ſhe, let us go with brother " to Paris; it will be the charmingeſt thing in " the world; we ſhall ſee all the neweſt fa- " ſhions there; I ſhall learn to dance of Mar- " ſeille; in ſhort, I ſhall be quite another crea- " ture after it. You ſee how my couſin Kitty " was improved by going to Paris laſt year; I " hardly knew her again when ſhe came back; " do, dear papa, let us go."

The abſurdity of the propoſal ſtruck me at firſt, and I foreſaw a thouſand inconveniencies in it, though not half ſo many as I have ſince felt. However, knowing that direct contradiction, though ſupported by the beſt arguments, was not the likelieſt method to convert a female diſputant, I ſeemed a little to doubt, and contented myſelf with ſaying, " That I was not, at firſt " ſight at leaſt, ſenſible of the many advantages " which they had enumerated; but that on the " contrary I apprehended a great deal of trouble " in the journey, and many inconveniencies in " conſequence of it. That I had not obſerved " many men of my age conſiderably improved " by their travels; but that I had lately ſeen " many women of hers, become very ridiculous " by theirs; and that for my daughter, as ſhe " had not a fine fortune, I ſaw no neceſſity of " her being a fine lady." Here the girl interrupted

rupted me, with ſaying, "For that very reaſon, "papa, I ſhould be a fine lady. Being in fa- "ſhion is often as good as being a fortune; and "I have known air, dreſs, and accompliſhments "ſtand many a woman in ſtead of a fortune." "Nay, to be ſure, added, my wife, the girl is in "the right in that; and if with her figure ſhe "gets a certain air and manner, I cannot ſee "why ſhe may not reaſonably hope to be as ad- "vantageouſly married, as lady Betty Townly, "or the two miſs Bellairs, who had none of "them ſuch good fortunes." I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were ſtrongly infected with that migrating diſtemper, which has of late been ſo epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries ſuch numbers of our private families to Paris, to expoſe themſelves there as Engliſh, and here, after their return, as French. Inſomuch that I am aſſured that the French call thoſe ſwarms of Engliſh which now, in a manner, over-run France, a ſecond incurſion of the Goths and Vandals.

I ENDEAVOURED as well as I could to avert this impending folly, by delays and gentle perſuaſions, but in vain; the attacks upon me were daily repeated, and ſometimes enforced by tears. At laſt I yielded, from mere good nature, to the joint importunities of a wife and daughter whom I loved; not to mention the love of eaſe and domeſtic quiet, which is, much oftener than we care to own, the true motive of many things that we either do or omit.

MY conſent being thus extorted, our ſetting out was preſſed. The journey wanted no preparations;

rations; we ſhould find every thing in France. My daughter, who ſpoke ſome French, and my ſon's governor, who was a Swiſs, were to be our interpreters upon the road; and when we came to Paris, a French ſervant or two would make all eaſy.

BUT, as if Providence had a mind to puniſh our folly, our whole journey was a ſeries of diſtreſſes. We had not ſailed a league from Dover, before a violent ſtorm aroſe, in which we had like to have been loſt. Nothing could equal our fears but our ſickneſs, which perhaps leſſened them: at laſt we got into Calais, where the inexorable cuſtom-houſe officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us. We hired ſome chaiſes, which proved to be old and ſhattered ones, and broke down with us at leaſt every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and ſome of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the ſixth day, we got to Paris, where our banker had provided a very good lodging for us; that is, very good rooms, very well furniſhed, and very dirty. Here the great ſcene opens. My wife and daughter, who had been a good deal diſheartened by our diſtreſſes, recovered their ſpirits, and grew extremely impatient for a conſultation of the neceſſary trades-people, when luckily our banker and his lady, informed of our arrival, came to make us a viſit. He graciouſly brought me five thouſand livres, which he aſſured me was not more than what would be neceſſary for our firſt ſetting out, as he called it; while his wife was pointing out to mine the moſt compendious method of ſpending three times as much. I told him that I hoped

I hoped that ſum would be very near ſufficient for the whole time; to which he anſwered coolly, "No, ſir, nor ſix times that ſum, if you propoſe, "as to be ſure you do, to appear here *honête-* "*ment.*" This I confeſs ſtartled me a good deal; and I called out to my wife, "Do you hear "that, child?" She replied, unmoved, "Yes, "my dear; but now that we are here, there is "no help for it; it is but once, upon an extra- "ordinary occaſion; and one would not care to "appear among ſtrangers like ſcrubs." I made no anſwer to this ſolid reaſoning, but reſolved within myſelf to ſhorten our ſtay, and leſſen our follies as much as I could. My banker, after having charged himſelf with the care of procuring me a *caroſſe de remiſe* and a *valet de place* for the next day, which in plain Engliſh is a hired coach and a footman, invited us to paſs all the next day at his houſe, where he aſſured us that we ſhould not meet with bad company. He was to carry me and my ſon before dinner to ſee the public buildings, and his lady was to call upon my wife and daughter to carry them to the genteeleſt ſhops, in order to fit them out to appear *honnêtement*. The next morning I amuſed myſelf very well with ſeeing, while my wife and daughter amuſed themſelves ſtill better by preparing themſelves for being ſeen, till we met at dinner at our banker's; who, by way of ſample of the excellent company to which he was to introduce us, preſented to us an Iriſh abbé, and an Iriſh captain of Clare's; two attainted Scotch fugitives, and a young Scotch ſurgeon who ſtudied midwifry at the *Hotel Dieu*. It is true, he lamented that ſir Harbottle Bumper and ſir Clotworthy

worthy Guzzledown with their families, whom he had invited to meet us, happened unfortunately to have been engaged to go and drink brandy at Nucilly. Though this company ſounds but indifferently, and though we ſhould have been very ſorry to have kept it in London, I can aſſure you, ſir, that it was the beſt we kept the whole time we were at Paris.

I WILL omit many circumſtances which gave me uneaſineſs, though they would probably afford ſome entertainment to your readers, that I may haſten to the moſt material ones.

IN about three days the ſeveral mechanics, who were charged with the care of diſguiſing my wife and daughter, brought home their reſpective parts of this transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not ſit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at laſt into the eating room, where I had waited for them at leaſt two hours, I was ſo ſtruck with their tranſformation, that I could neither conceal nor expreſs my aſtoniſhment. "Now, my dear, ſaid "my wife, we can appear a little like chriſtians." "And ſtrollers too, replied I; for ſuch have I "ſeen, at Southwark-fair, the reſpectable Syſi-"gambis, and the lovely Pariſatis. This can-"not ſurely be ſerious!" "Very ſerious, de-"pend upon it, my dear, ſaid my wife; and pray, "by the way, what may there be ridiculous in "it? No ſuch Syſigambis neither, continued ſhe; Betty is but ſixteen, and you know I had her at four-and-twenty." As I found that the name of Syſigambis, carrying an idea of age along

along with it, was offenſive to my wife, I waved the parallel; and addreſſing myſelf in common to my wife and daughter, I told them, "I perceiv-"ed that there was a painter now at Paris, who "coloured much higher than Rigault, though he "did not paint near ſo like; for that I could "hardly have gueſſed them to be the pictures of "themſelves." To this they both anſwered at once; "That red was not paint; that no co-"lour in the world was *fard* but white, of "which they proteſted they had none." "But "how do you like my *pompon*, papa! continued "my daughter; is it not a charming one? I "think it is prettier than mamma's." "It may, "child, for any thing that I know; becauſe I "do not know what part of all this frippery thy "*pompon* is." "It is this, papa," replied the girl, putting up her hand to her head, and ſhewing me in the middle of her hair a com-plication of ſhreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribbands, ſtuck with falſe ſtones of a thou-ſand colours, and placed awry. "But what "haſt thou done to thy hair, child! ſaid I; "is it blue? Is that painted too by the ſame "eminent hand that coloured thy cheeks?" "Indeed, papa, anſwered the girl, as I told you "before, there is no painting in the caſe; but "what gives my hair that bluiſh caſt is the grey "powder, which has always that effect upon "dark-coloured hair, and ſets off the complexion "wonderfully." "Grey powder, child! ſaid "I, with ſome ſurprize: Grey hairs, I knew were "venerable; but till this moment I never knew "that they were genteel." "Extremely ſo, "with ſome complexions, ſaid my wife; but it "does not ſuit with mine, and I never uſe it."

"You

" You are much in the right, my dear, replied " I, not to play with edge-tools. Leave it to " the girl." This, which perhaps was too haſtily ſaid, and ſeemed to be a ſecond part of the Syſigambis, was not kindly taken; my wife was ſilent all dinner time, and I vainly hoped, aſhamed. My daughter, drunk with dreſs and ſixteen, kept up the converſation with herſelf, till the long-wiſhed-for moment of the opera came, which ſeparated us, and left me time to reflect upon the extravagances which I had already ſeen, and upon the ſtill greater which I had but too much reaſon to dread.

FROM this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced ſome new and ſhining folly, and ſome improper expence. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer underſtand, or am underſtood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French valet de chambre, who I am told is an excellent ſervant and fit for every thing, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a deſſert*, as they call it, and occaſionally to *announce viſits*. A very flatternly, dirty, but at the ſame time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the uſe of my daughter. My meat too is as much diſguiſed in the dreſſing by a French cook, as my wife and my daughter are by their red, their pompons, their ſcraps of dirty gauze, flimſy ſattins, and black callicoes; not to mention their affected broken Engliſh, and mangled French, which jumbled together compoſe their preſent language. My French and Engliſh ſervants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuſe one another. My wife is become

come ridiculous by being tranſlated into French, and the verſion of my daughter will, I dare ſay, hinder many a worthy Engliſh gentleman from attempting to read her. My expence (and conſequently my debt) increaſes; and I am made more unhappy by follies, than moſt other people are by crimes.

SHOULD you think fit to publiſh this my caſe, together with ſome obſervations of your own upon it, I hope it may prove a uſeful Pharos, to deter private Engliſh families from the coaſts of France. I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

R. D.

MY correſpondent has ſaid enough to caution Engliſh gentlemen againſt carrying their wives and daughters to Paris; but I ſhall add a few words of my own, to diſſuade the ladies themſelves from any inclination to ſuch a vagary. In the firſt place, I aſſure them that of all French ragouts there is none to which an Engliſhman has ſo little appetite as an Engliſh lady ſerved up to him *à la Françoiſe*. Next I beg leave to inform them, that the French taſte in beauty is ſo different from ours, that a prety Engliſh woman at Paris, inſtead of meeting with that admiration which her vanity hopes for, is conſidered only as a handſome corpſe; and if, to put a little life into her, ſome of her compaſſionate friends there ſhould perſuade her to lay on a great deal of *rouge*, in Engliſh called paint, ſhe muſt continue to wear it to extreme old age; unleſs ſhe prefers a ſpot of real yellow (the certain conſequence of paint) to an artificial one of red. And laſtly, I propoſe

propoſe it to their conſideration, whether the delicacy of an Engliſh lady's mind may not partake of the nature of ſome high-flavoured wines, which will not admit of being carried abroad, though, under right management, they are admirable at home.

NUMB. 19. THURSDAY, *May* 10, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE preſent age is over-run with romances, and yet ſo ſtrong does the appetite for them continue, that, as Otway ſays on a leſs delicate occaſion,

—— every rank fool goes down.

I AM not ſurprized that any ſketch of human nature, howſoever imperfect, ſhould attract the attention of the generality of readers. We are eaſily delighted with pictures of ourſelves, and are ſometimes apt to fancy a ſtrong likeneſs where there is not even the leaſt reſemblance. Thoſe great maſters of every movement of the human mind, Homer and Shakeſpear, knew well this propenſity of our diſpoſitions. The latter, from the nature of his writings, had more frequent opportunities of opening the moſt minute avenues of the heart. The former, though his province was more confined, has let no occaſion paſs of exerting this affecting talent. He has not only contraſted

contraſted a vaſt variety of characters, and given all the paſſions their full play, but even in the ſtiller parts of his work, the ſimilies and deſcriptions, every thing is full of human life. It is the Carian woman who ſtains the ivory; if a torrent deſcends from the mountains, ſome cottager trembles at the ſound of it; and the fine broken landſkip of rocks and woods by moon-light, has a ſhepherd to gaze at and admire it.

BUT it is not with ſuch painters as theſe that I am at preſent concerned. They drew really from nature; and ages have felt and applauded the truth of their deſigns. Whereas our modern artiſts (if we may gueſs from the motley repreſentations they give us of our ſpecies) are ſo far from having ſtudied the natures of other people, that they ſeldom ſeem to have the leaſt acquaintance with themſelves.

THE writers of heroic romance, or the lovers of Philodoxus and Urania, profeſſedly ſoar *above nature*. They introduce into their deſcriptions trees, water, air, &c. like common mortals; but then all their rivers are clearer than cryſtal, and every breeze is impregnated with the ſpices of Arabia. The manners of their perſonages ſeem full as extraordinary to our groſs ideas. We are apt to ſuſpect the virtue of two young people who are rapturouſly in love with each other, and who travel whole years in one another's company; though we are expreſsly told, that at the cloſe of every evening, when they retire to reſt, the hero leans his head againſt a knotted oak, whilſt the heroine ſeeks the friendly ſhelter of a diſtant myrtle. This, I ſay, ſeems to us a little unnatural; however, it is not of dangerous example. There

can

can no harm follow if unexperienced perſons ſhould endeavour to imitate what may be thought inimitable. Should our virgins arrive but half way towards the chaſtity of a Parthenia, it will be ſomething gained; and we, who have had learned educations, know the power of early prejudices; ſome of us having emulated the public ſpirit, and other obſolete virtues of the old Grecians and Romans to the age of fifteen or ſixteen, ſome of us later, even to twenty or one-and-twenty.

BUT peace be to the manes of ſuch authors. They have long enjoyed that elyſium which they ſo frequently deſcribed on earth. The preſent race of romance-writers, run univerſally into a different extreme. They ſpend the little art they are maſters of in weaving into intricacies the more familiar and more comical adventures of a Jack Slap, or a Betty Sallet. Theſe, though they endeavour to copy after a very great original, I chuſe to call our writers *below nature*; becauſe very few of them have as yet found out their maſter's peculiar art of writing upon low ſubjects without writing in a low manner. Romances, judiciouſly conducted, are a very pleaſing way of conveying inſtruction to all parts of life. But to dwell eternally upon orphan-beggars, and *ſerving-men of low degree*, is certainly what I have called it, writing *below nature*; and is ſo far from conveying inſtruction, that it does not even afford amuſement.

THE writers *below nature* have one advantage in common with the writers above it, that the originals they would ſeem to draw from are no where to be found. The heroes and heroines of

the former are undoubtedly children of the imagination; and thoſe of the latter, if they are not all of them incapable of *reading* their own adventures, are at leaſt unable to inform us by *writing* whether the repreſentations of them are juſt, and whether people in their ſtation did ever think or act in the manner they are deſcribed to have done. Yet the authors, even in this particular, are not quite ſo ſecure as they imagine; for when, towards the end of the third or fourth volume, the He or She of the piece (as is uſually the cuſtom) emerges into what they call genteel life, the whole cheat is frequently diſcovered. From ſeeing their total ignorance of what they are then deſcribing, we on good grounds conclude that they were equally unacquainted with the inferior parts of life, though we are not able to detect the falſhood. Bath, one ſhould imagine, the eaſieſt place in the world to get a thorough knowledge of: and yet I have obſerved in books of this kind, ſeveral repreſentations of it ſo exceſſively erroneous, that they not only ſhewed the authors to be entirely ignorant of the manners of living there, but of the geography of the town.

BUT it is not the ignorance of theſe writers which I would principally complain of; though of that, as a cenſor, you ought to take notice, and ſhould aſſure our young men and young women that they may read fifty volumes of this ſort of traſh, and yet, according to the phraſe which is perpetually in their mouths, *know nothing of life*. The thing I chiefly find fault with is their extreme indecency. There are certain vices which the vulgar call fun, and the people of faſhion gallantry; but the middle rank, and thoſe of

of the gentry who continue to go to church, ſtill ſtigmatize them by the opprobrious names of fornication and adultery. Theſe are confeſſed to be in ſome meaſure detrimental to ſociety, even by thoſe who practiſe them moſt; at leaſt, they are allowed to be ſo in all but themſelves. This being the caſe, why ſhould our novel-writers take ſo much pains to ſpread theſe enormities? It is not enough to ſay in excuſe that they write nonſenſe upon theſe ſubjects as well as others; for nonſenſe itſelf is dangerous here. The moſt abſurd ballads in the ſtreets, without the leaſt glimmering of meaning, recommend themſelves every day both to the great and ſmall vulgar only by obſcene expreſſions. Here therefore, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you ſhould interpoſe your authority, and forbid your readers (whom I will ſuppoſe to be all perſons who can read) even to attempt to open any novel, or romance, unlicenſed by you; unleſs it ſhould happen to be ſtamped RICHARDSON or FIELDING.

YOUR power ſhould extend likewiſe to that inundation of obſcenity which is daily pouring in from France; and which has too frequently the wit and humour of a Crebillon to ſupport it. The gentlemen, who never read any thing elſe, will I know be at a loſs for amuſement, and feel their half-hour of morning hang rather too heavy on their hands. But ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, when they conſider the good of their country (and all of them have that at heart) they will conſent to meet a little ſooner at the hazard-table, or while away the tedious interval in ſtudying new chances upon the cards.

IF

If it be ſaid that the heroic romances, which I have recommended for their virtue, are themſelves too full of paſſionate breathings upon ſome occaſions, I allow the charge; but am of opinion that theſe can do little more harm to the minds of young ladies, than certain books of devotion, which are put into their hands by aunts and grandmothers; the writers of which, from having ſuffered the ſofter paſſions to mix too ſtrongly with their zeal for religion, are now generally known by the name of the *amorous divines*.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

I. T.

NUMB. 20. THURSDAY, *May* 17, 1753.

THOUGH the following letter came a little out of time for this week's publication, yet in compliment to the ſubject, as well as in reſpect to the writer, I ordered that a very elaborate eſſay of my own, already at the preſs, ſhould withdraw and give place to it.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

It is either an obſervation of my own, or of ſome very wiſe man, whoſe name I forget, That where true LEARNING is, true VIRTUE cannot be far off. The rigid and exemplary life which every individual in our LEARNED PROFESSIONS is ſo well known to lead, might be ſufficient to

evince the truth of this obſervation, if I could content myſelf with a ſingle argument, where many are at hand. To deſcend a little lower than the learned profeſſions, why are all pariſh-clerks orthodox chriſtians, all apothecaries communicative men, or all juſtices of the peace upright men, but as their profeſſions are in ſome degree a-kin to divinity, phyſic, and the law?

If we carry our enquiries into the city, we ſhall find thoſe vocations, where moſt knowledge is required, to be moſt productive of the civilities of life. Thus the merchant, who writes his letters in French, is a better bred man than his neighbour the ſhopkeeper, who underſtands no language but his own; while the ſhopkeeper, who is able to read and write and keep his accounts in a book, is a more civilized perſon than his landlord at the horns, who ſcores only in chalk.

We ſhall be more and more of this opinion if we look a little into the lives and manners of thoſe people who have no pretenſions to literature. Who drinks or ſwears more than a country ſquire? Who (according to his own confeſſion) has been the ruin of ſo many innocents as a fine gentleman? Why (according to Pope) is every woman a rake in her heart, or why (according to truth) is almoſt every woman of faſhion a rake in practice, but from the deplorable misfortune of an unlearned education?

But the laſt and beſt argument to prove that LEARNING and VIRTUE are cauſe and effect remains ſtill to be produced. And here let me aſk if, from the beginning of time to this preſent May one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-three,

it has been once known that an AUTHOR was an immoral man? On the contrary, is it not univerſally allowed that he is the moſt virtuous of mankind? To deny that he is the moſt learned, would be a greater degree of abſurdity than I can conceive any perſon to be guilty of; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to his virtues. What the apoſtle ſays of CHARITY, may as truly be ſaid of an AUTHOR; *He ſuffereth long, and is kind; he beareth all things; hopeth all things; endureth all things.* How ignorant is he of the ways of men! How ready to give praiſe even to the leaſt deſerving! How diſtant from that ſource of evil, money! How humble in his apparel! How moderate in his pleaſures! And above all, how abſtemious in diet, and how temperate in wine! It is to the ſocial virtues of an AUTHOR that the preſent age is indebted for a paper called the WORLD, which it is not doubted will do more good to theſe nations, than all the volumes, except the ſacred ones, which have hitherto been written.

I AM not hinting to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that LEARNING is at preſent in a declining ſtate, and that conſequently there is leſs VIRTUE among us than in former times; on the contrary, when were there more AUTHORS than at preſent? I challenge any age to produce half the number. From hence it appears that LEARNING is in a very flouriſhing condition: for though the GREAT have thought proper long ago to withdraw their patronage from it, it has pleaſed Heaven to raiſe up very able and zealous perſons, who are applying all their time and pains to the advancement of it, and to whom its profeſſors

may have *weekly* acceſs, and be aſſured of encouragement and reward in proportion to their merits. Your readers will be, no doubt, beforehand with me in naming theſe patrons of LEARNING, who, it is very well known, are the honourable and worſhipful the fraternity of BOOKSELLERS.

BUT though I have the greateſt veneration for theſe gentlemen, I cannot help being of opinion, that if the old patrons, the GREAT, were to unite their endeavours with the new patrons, the BOOKSELLERS, it might accelerate the progreſs of VIRTUE through this iſland. Every body knows the effect which a ſmile, a nod, a ſhake of the hand, or even a promiſe from a great man, has upon the inventive faculties of an author. In all probability he would ſit with more ſerenity, and loll with more grace in a NOBLEMAN'S chariot than in his BOOKSELLER'S eaſy chair; not to mention that three courſes by a French COOK, a deſſert, and a bottle of champaigne, are more apt to exhilarate the ſpirits than one or two plain Engliſh diſhes and proſaic port. Provided (as indeed it ought always to be provided) that the ſervants of his noble patron will condeſcend to hear him now-and-then, when he happens to be in want of any thing that is in the province of the ſideboard.

WHO is there among us ſo ignorant as not to know, that the two favourite amuſements of gaming and adultery would never have found ſuch univerſal admiſſion, if they had not been honoured with the patronage of people of faſhion? The numbers of dreſt-up monkies and dancing-dogs, which have lately contributed ſo much to our public

public entertainments, are another proof of what people of faſhion may bring about, if they determine to be active. But as a certain great perſonage, well known in the polite world, was pleaſed of old time to obſerve of Job (though the accuſation was a falſe one) *That he did not ſerve God for nought*; ſo may it be ſuggeſted that the GREAT of this generation will expect to be paid either in pleaſure or profit for their ſervices to mankind. It is ſhrewdly ſuſpected of the BOOKSELLERS, that they have ſome intereſted views in their encouragement of LEARNING; and it is my own opinion, that our nobility and people of faſhion are only encouragers of vice and folly, as they happen to be paid for it in pleaſure: My deſign therefore in this letter is to convince the ſaid people of faſhion, that they are loſing a great deal of pleaſure by ſhutting their doors againſt men of learning.

IN the article of EATING, for inſtance (that noble pleaſure!) who is there ſo proper to adviſe with as one who is acquainted with the kitchens of an Apicius or an Heliogabalus? For though I have a very high opinion of our preſent taſte, I cannot help thinking that the ancients were our maſters in expenſive dinners. Their cooks had an art amongſt them, which I do not find that any of ours are arrived at. Trimalchus's cook could make a turbut or an ortolan out of hog's fleſh. Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, when he was three hundred miles from ſea, longed for a John-dory, and was ſupplied with a freſh one by his cook the ſame hour. I dare ſay there are men learned enough in this kingdom, under proper encouragement, to reſtore to us this invaluable ſecret.

In building and furniture, a man of learning might inſtruct our nobility in the Roman art of expence. Marcus Æmilius Scaurus, the coal-merchant, had eight hundred thouſand pounds worth of furniture burnt in the left wing of his country houſe. In the article of running in debt, we are people of no ſpirit; a man of learning will tell us that Milo, a Roman of faſhion, owed to his tradeſmen and others half a million of money.

THE ladies will have equal benefit with the men from their encouragement of LEARNING. It will be told them, that Lollia Paulina, a young lady of diſtinction at Rome, wore at a ſubſcription maſquerade four hundred thouſand pounds worth of jewels. It is ſaid of the ſame young lady, that ſhe wore jewels to half that amount, if ſhe went only in her nightgown to drink tea at her mantuamaker's. Thoſe ladies of faſhion who have the cleareſt ſkins, and who, of courſe are enemies to concealment, may be inſtructed by men of learning in the thin ſilk gauze worn by the ladies of Rome, called the naked drapery. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who was fond of appearing in this naked drapery, preſerved the beautiful poliſh of her ſkin by uſing a warm bath of aſſes milk. In ſhort, a man of learning, if properly encouraged, might inſtruct our people of faſhion in all the pleaſures of luxury, which at preſent they are only imitating, without abilities to equal.

I HAVE the pleaſure of hearing that the gentlemen at White's are at this very time laying their heads together for the advancement of LEARNING; and that they are likely to ſit very late

late upon it for many nights. Their ſcheme, which is a very deep one, is to alienate their eſtates; by which alienation it is preſumed that the next generation of people of faſhion will of neceſſity be tradeſmen; and as the buſineſs of a BOOKSELLER is ſuppoſed to be of a genteeler and more lucrative nature than that of a haberdaſher or a paſtry-cook, it is imagined that the moſt honourable families will become BOOKSELLERS, and, of courſe, patrons of LEARNING.

I KNOW but one objection to this ſcheme, which is, that the children of people of faſhion are apt to contract ſo early an averſion to books, that they will hardly be prevailed upon, even by neceſſity itſelf, to make them the buſineſs of their lives. I am,

SIR,

Your reader and moſt

humble ſervant,

H. M.

NUMB. 21. THURSDAY, *May* 24, 1753.

I SHALL only obſerve upon the following letters, that the firſt relates chiefly to myſelf, that the ſecond has a very ſerious meaning, and that the third contains a hint to the ladies, which I hope will not be thrown away upon them.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

As it is poſſible I may one time or other be a correſpondent of yours, and may now-and-then perhaps have a ſtrong impulſe to pay you a compliment, I am willing to know how far I may go without giving offence; and whether, by the advertiſement at the end of your firſt number, you mean to exclude all alluſions to the expreſſion, THE WORLD, even though the turn of them ſhould be ſuch, as would be rather treating you with civility than otherwiſe! As for inſtance;

WHEN a man is juſt upon the point of committing a vicious action, may he check himſelf by this thought, "What will the WORLD ſay "of me?" May a man be threatened that if he does ſuch a thing "The WORLD ſhall know it?" May it be ſaid, "That the WORLD eſteems a "man of merit?" In ſhort, may the praiſe and cenſure of the WORLD be made uſe of without offence, as arguments to promote virtue, and reſtrain vice?

I AM entirely unacquainted with your ſituation in life; but if you are a married man, I take the liberty to give you one piece of advice. There are certain places of public entertainment, which, though they may chance to be tolerated by law, it were to be wiſhed, for prudential reaſons, were more diſcouraged, and leſs frequented. Example, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is very prevalent; and the advice I would give you is, that whenever you think proper to go to any ſuch places for your own amuſement, you would leave your lady

lady at home; for there is nothing gives greater encouragement than to have it ſaid, "There was "all THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE;" from whence it is concluded that all THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE will be there again the next time.

I am, SIR,

Your admirer and humble ſervant.

COSMOPHILOS.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I COULD wiſh with all my heart that you and I were a little acquainted, that I might invite you to come and take a Sunday's dinner with me. I name Sunday, becauſe I want you to be witneſs of an evil on that day, which poſſibly, by a conſtant and ſober reſidence in town, you may not be acquainted with.

IT is my misfortune to live in, what is called a pleaſant village upon one of the great roads within ſeven miles of London, where I am almoſt ſuffocated with duſt every Sunday in the ſummer, occaſioned by thoſe crowds of prentice boys who are whipping their hired hacks to death, or driving their crazy one-horſe chairs againſt each other, to the great diſmay of women with child, and the mortal havock of young children. It is a plain caſe that neither the fathers nor maſters of theſe young men have any authority over them; if they had, we ſhould find them in their compting-houſes, according to the cuſtom of ſober citizens on that day, poſting their books, and balancing the accounts of the former week. But in my humble opinion, even this is a cuſtom better broke through than continued; for though induſtry is a very valuable quality, and is com-

monly the means of making, what is called in the city, a GOOD MAN of a very knaviſh one, it may be puſhed too far; as it moſt certainly is, when it defeats the end and intention of Sunday, which was ordained and inſtituted for a day of reſt.

I CAN juſt remember, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that before chriſtianity was entirely reaſoned out of theſe kingdoms, it was a mighty cuſtom for young folks to go to church on that day; and indeed I ſhould have thought there was no manner of harm in it, if it had not been plainly proved, as well by people of faſhion as others, that going to church was the moſt tireſome thing in the world; and that conſequently it was notoriouſly perverting a day ſet apart ſolely for reſt.

BUT while almoſt every one, in ſpeculation, is averſe to labour on a Sunday, how ſtrange is it to ſee a lethargic citizen drudging at his books, a decrepid old country couple fatiguing themſelves to death by walking to church, and their children and grand-children venturing their necks and haraſſing their bodies by running races upon the road! I am for the ſtrict obſervance of all inſtitutions; and as we have happily got rid of the religious prejudices of our forefathers, I know but one way of keeping Sunday as it ought to be kept; but unleſs what I have to propoſe be backed by your cenſorial authority, I ſee no probability of its taking effect: I could wiſh therefore that you would earneſtly recommend to both ſexes, of every rank and condition, the lying in bed all that day. This will indeed be making it a day of reſt, provided that all ſingle perſons be directed

directed to lie alone, and that permiſſion be given to thoſe who cannot ſleep in their beds, to go to church and ſleep there. If this can be brought about, our churches may ſtill be kept open, and the roads cleared of thoſe noiſy and diſſolute young fellows, who finding in themſelves no inclination to lie ſtill, are diſturbing the reſt of all other people.

YOUR taking this matter into conſideration will oblige all ſober obſervers of Sunday, and particularly, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,
JOHN SOFTLY.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IT is an old ſaying, but a true one, that a good huſband commonly makes a good wife. If it was as true, that a good wife commonly made a good huſband, I am inclined to think that Hymen would wear a much brighter countenance among us than we generally ſee him with.

IN all families, where I have been an intimate, I have taken particular notice of every occurrence that has tended to the diſturbance of the matrimonial tranquillity; and upon tracing thoſe occurrences to their ſource, I have commonly diſcovered that the fault was principally in the huſband.

I HAVE now in my poſſeſſion a calculation of Demoivre, made a few years ago, with great labour and accuracy, which proves that the good wives, within the weekly bills, have a majority upon the good huſbands of three to one; and I

am humbly of opinion, that if the calculation was to be extended to the towns and counties remote from London, we ſhould find the majority at leaſt five times as great. But to thoſe huſbands who have never thought of ſuch a calculation, and who have little or no acquaintance with their wives, a majority of three to one may be as much as they will care to ſwallow; eſpecially if it be conſidered how many FINE LADIES there are at St. James's, how many NOTABLE WIVES in the city, and how many LANDLADIES at Wapping; all of which, as a friend of mine very juſtly obſerves, are exactly the ſame character.

BUT though I am convinced of the truth of this calculation, I am not ſo partial to the ladies, particularly the unmarried ones, as to imagine them without fault; on the contrary, I am going to accuſe them of a very great one, which if not put a ſtop to before the warm weather comes in, no mortal can tell to what lengths it may be carried. You have already hinted at this fault in the ſex, under the genteel appellation of moulting their dreſs. If necks, ſhoulders, &c. have begun to ſhed their covering in winter, what a general diſplay of nature are we to expect this ſummer, when the excuſe of heat may be alledged in favour of ſuch a diſplay? I called ſome time ago upon a friend of mine near St. James's, who, upon my aſking where his ſiſter was, told me, "At her toilette, UNDRESSING for the ri-" dotto." That the expreſſion may be intelligible to every one of your readers, I beg leave to inform them, that it is the faſhion for a lady to UNDRESS herſelf to go abroad, and to DRESS only

only when ſhe ſtays at home and ſees no company.

IT may be urged, perhaps, that the nakedneſs in faſhion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the preſent generation of young ladies; as we read of our firſt mother, before the fall, that *ſhe was naked and not aſhamed*; but I cannot help thinking that her daughters of theſe times ſhould convince us that they are entirely free from original ſin, as well as actual tranſgreſſion, or elſe be *aſhamed* of their NAKEDNESS.

I WOULD aſk any pretty miſs about town, if ſhe ever went a ſecond time to ſee the wax-work, or the lions, or even the dogs and the monkies, with the ſame delight as at firſt? Certain it is, that the fineſt ſhow in the world excites but little curioſity in thoſe who have ſeen it before. "That was a very fine picture, ſays my "lord, *but I had ſeen it before.*" "'Twas a "ſweet ſong of the Galli's, ſays my lady, *but I* "*had heard it before.*" "A very fine poem, "ſays the critic, *but I had read it before.*" Let every lady therefore take care, that while ſhe is diſplaying in public a boſom whiter than ſnow, the men do not look as if they were ſaying, "'Tis very pretty, *but we have ſeen it before.*"

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

S. L.

NUMB.

NUMB. 22. THURSDAY, *May* 31, 1753.

Eton School, May 12, 1753.

——*Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem—— JUVEN.

SIR,

YOU will be ſurprized, perhaps, at my preſumption in ſuppoſing that you will pay any regard to the production of a puerile pen, or that out of the mouth of *babes and ſucklings* the public will deign to receive either inſtruction or amuſement; but however that may be, I cannot forbear acknowledging the obligations I owe you, if it be only to convince you, that gratitude is ſtill a ſchool-boy's virtue. You muſt know then that ever ſince you made your firſt appearance, I have conſtantly appropriated the ſum of two-pence, out of my ſlender allowance of a ſhilling a week, for the purchaſe of your paper; and have often, while my ſchool-fellows were harping on the old thread-bare ſubjects of Greece and Rome, enriched my exerciſe from your treaſure with ſome lively ſtrokes on modern manners; but never ſo much to my honour as laſt week, when the ſcrap of Juvenal prefixed to this letter was our theme. The general topic was declaiming againſt that old-faſhioned pedantic language called Greek, which you may imagine was the moſt popular turn that could be given to the ſubject here; but for my part, I choſe to conſider.

ſider rather the ſpirit than the letter of my author, and to turn my ſatire againſt France, the Greece of our days; in which view I had an opportunity of introducing the deſcription of the tour of Paris, which is touched with ſuch an inimitable ſpirit of ridicule by your laſt week's correſpondent. Standard wit, like ſtandard gold, will bear a great deal of alloy without being totally debaſed; and the proof of it is, that notwithſtanding the diſadvantage of appearing under the diſguiſe of my Latin poetry, the tour to Paris *went for the play*. This expreſſion, ſir, will be jargon to the town in general; but thoſe of your readers who have been educated here will know that it means the higheſt mark of diſtinction that an Eton boy is capable of receiving; when a whole holiday is granted to the ſchool in conſideration of the merit of that copy of verſes which is judged the beſt, and to which the panegyric that Horace beſtows on poetry in general, when he ſtiles it *laborum dulce lenimen*, is peculiarly applicable. Imagine what exultation of mind the young hero of ſuch a day muſt feel; the conſcious benefactor of all his little fellow-citizens, who ſhare with gratitude the happineſs derived to him from the ſucceſs of his talents! The verſes too are read, tranſcribed, repeated; the homage of admiration and of envy is paid him, and the firſt emotions of youthful vanity and ambition are fully gratified. In ſhort, not Herodotus, reciting that exerciſe of imagination which we call his hiſtory, whilſt all Greece, aſſembled in the *playing-fields* at Elis on the *whole holiday* of the olympic games, liſtened with ſilent applauſe;

no-

no, nor (to illuſtrate my idea by a ſtill ſublimer image) the great duke of Marlborough himſelf, on the thankſgiving day for Blenheim, could taſte a purer and more exalted rapture.

FORGIVE this ſally, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and let me join with your witty correſpondent in lamenting the deficiency of our laws, which do not extend to the prevention of the evil he expoſes; though I cannot concur in thinking that ridicule will on this occaſion ſupply the place of wholeſome regulations.

WHETHER the remedy I am going to propoſe will be effectual for this purpoſe, I will not pretend to determine; but I confeſs it appears, to me at leaſt, ſo obvious, that I am amazed it never occurred to any one before. Give me leave to make one or two previous obſervations, and I will keep you no longer in ſuſpence.

I HAVE often heard it remarked, that a great ſchool is a miniature of the great world, and that men are nothing elſe but children of a larger ſize. If this be true, which every day's experience ſeems to juſtify, can there be any danger of fallacy in arguing, that the ſame engines of government which ſerve to eſtabliſh order in a ſchool, may be transferred for ſimilar purpoſes, with great probability of ſucceſs, to the uſe of the ſtate? Now I appeal to common ſenſe, whether rambling abroad, and running out of bounds, are not exactly the ſame offences; only that the one is committed by the great children, the other by the little ones; and if the diſcipline of birch is found effectual to reſtrain it in the latter, why ſhould not the experiment be tried at leaſt with the former?

mer? The rod, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the rod is the thing, which, if well adminiſtred, would ſerve to deter many a man-child from expoſing himſelf as a rambler, whoſe callous ſenſations the laſh of ridicule could make no impreſſion upon. In recommending this, I am ſorry to ſay I have the authority of experience to ſupport me, having had the misfortune to feel, in my own proper perſon, how efficacious the ſmart of a little flagellation is to correct an inordinate paſſion for travelling: for the rage of travel, ſir, prevails in our little ſociety as in your larger one, and has formerly, when this argument *a poſteriori* was not ſo frequently uſed to diſcourage it, manifeſted itſelf in perpetual exeurſions to *foreign parts*; ſuch as Cluer, Datchet, Windſor, &c. at every ſhort interval between ſchool-times, juſt as the grown children of faſhion run over to Paris during a reeeſs of parliament. But the ceremony of an inſtallation was equivalent to a jubilee, and uſed to occaſion almoſt a total emigration, which I aſſure you was prevented the laſt time by this ſalutary terror; a terror which operates ſo ſtrongly, that though there is now-and-then a clandeſtine excurſion made by ſome daring genius, yet it is but ſeldom, and attended with ſuch trepidation when it happens, as to juſtify the picture which the ſweeteſt of our elegiac poets has drawn of us;

Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

In

IT may poſſibly be objected, that our men-children are too big to be whipt like ſchool-boys; but if the deſcription be juſt, which I heard a gentleman at my father's give laſt holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they would or not. "Strolling over Europe (theſe were his words) and ſtaring about "with a ſtrange mixture of raw admiration and "rude contempt; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Inſolently deſpiſing "foreign manners and cuſtoms, merely becauſe "they are foreign, which yet for the ſame reaſon they would fain copy, though aukwardly "and without diſtinction. Untinctured with "any ſound principles of compariſon; unreaſonably vain, and, by turns, aſhamed of their "native country; trifling, ſheepiſh, and riotous." What are theſe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but ſchool-boys out of bounds? And ſhall they not be whipt, ſeverely whipt, when they return? It is beneath the dignity of government to inflict a more ſerious puniſhment, and contrary to its wiſdom to connive at the offence.

THERE is a bill, I am told, depending in parliament, the idea of which, if I am rightly informed, is plainly borrowed from our cuſtom of *calling abſence*; that is, calling over the liſt of names, to which each boy is expected to appear and anſwer; I mean the regiſter bill, which it ſeems eſtabliſhes an *abſence* to be called annually throughout the kingdom: an admirable inſtitution, calculated, I ſuppoſe, as among us, for the detection of theſe very offenders. Let thoſe patriots then, who have condeſcended to copy one

inſtitution

inſtitution of ſchool-policy, adopt the whole plan; for ſurely to detect without puniſhing, would be ſtopping ſhort of the mark. Suppoſe then that a bill was to be prepared, intituled *An act againſt rambling*, which may be conſidered as a proper ſupplement to the vagrant act; by which a board ſhould be conſtituted, and called the *home board*; the preſident and principal members of which are to be choſen out of the laudable ſociety of Anti-Gallicans; to whom the proper officers appointed to *call abſence*, purſuant to the regiſter act, ſhall tranſmit annually complete liſts of abſentees in foreign parts, who on their return home ſhall be liable to be ſummoned and examined in a ſummary way before the board, whoſe ſentence ſhall be final. That all going into foreign parts ſhall not be deemed *rambling*; but that the legiſlature may in its wiſdom define the offence, and ſpecify certain tokens by which it may be aſcertained; ſuch, for inſtance, as debaſing the purity of the Engliſh language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phraſes; all impertinent and unmeaning ſhrugs, grimaces and geſticulations; the frequent uſe of the word *canaille*, and the leaſt contempt wantonly caſt on the roaſt-beef of Old England. Theſe ſhould be deemed ſufficient evidence to convict an offender againſt this ſtatute, who ſhall be immediately brought to condign puniſhment, which is to be by *flagellation* after the manner of the ſchools: for which purpoſe a block, faſhioned like ours, may be erected on the parade, and an additional ſalary given to the uſher of the black rod, to provide a ſufficient ſtore of birch, and able-bodied depu-

To Mr. Fitz-Adam.

SIR,

To gratify the curioſity of a country friend, I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam; a place which I ſhould not otherwiſe have viſited, as the diſtreſſes of my fellow-creatures affect me too much to incline me to be a ſpectator of them. I was extremely moved at the variety of wretches, who appeared either ſullen or outrageous, melancholy or chearful, according to their different diſpoſitions; and who ſeemed to retain, though inconſiſtently, the ſame paſſions and affections, as when in poſſeſſion of their reaſon. In one cell ſat a wretch upon his ſtraw, looking ſtedfaſtly upon the ground in ſilent deſpair. In another the ſpirit of ambition flaſhed from the eyes of an emperor, who ſtrutted the happy lord of the creation. Here a fearful miſer, having in fancy converted his rags to gold, ſat counting out his wealth, and trembling at all who ſaw him. There the prodigal was hurrying up and down his ward, and giving fortunes to thouſands. On one ſide a ſtraw-crowned king was delivering laws to his people, and on the other a huſband, mad indeed, was dictating to a wife that had undone him. Sudden fits of raving interrupted the ſolemn walk of the melancholy muſician, and ſettled deſpair ſat upon the pallid countenance of the love-ſick maid.

To thoſe who have feeling minds, there is nothing ſo affecting as ſights like theſe; nor can a better leſſon be taught us in any part of the globe than in this ſchool of miſery. Here we may ſee the

the mighty reaſoners of the earth, below even the inſects that crawl upon it; and from ſo humbling a ſight we may learn to moderate our pride, and to keep thoſe paſſions within bounds, which if too much indulged, would drive reaſon from her ſeat, and level us with the wretches of this unhappy manſion. But I am ſorry to ſay it, curioſity and wantonneſs, more than a deſire of inſtruction, carry the majority of ſpectators to this diſmal place. It was in the Eaſter-week that I attended my friend there; when, to my great ſurprize, I found a hundred people at leaſt, who, having paid their two-pence a-piece, were ſuffered unattended to run rioting up and down the wards, making ſport and diverſion of the miſerable inhabitants; a cruelty which one would think human nature hardly capable of! Surely if the utmoſt miſery of mankind is to be made a ſight of for gain, thoſe who are the governors of this hoſpital ſhould take care that proper perſons are appointed to attend the ſpectators; and not ſuffer indecencies to be committed, which would ſhock the humanity of the ſavage Indians. I ſaw ſome of the poor wretches provoked by the inſults of this holiday mob into furies of rage; and I ſaw the poorer wretches, the ſpectators, in a loud laugh of triumph at the ravings they had occaſioned.

In a country where chriſtianity is, at leaſt, profeſſed, it is ſtrange that humanity ſhould, in this inſtance, ſo totally have abandoned us: for however trifling this may appear to ſome particular perſons, I cannot help looking upon it as a reflection upon the nation, and worthy the conſideration of all good men. I know it is a hard

taſk

taſk to alter the wanton diſpoſitions of mankind; but it is not hard for men in power to hinder people from venting thoſe diſpoſitions on the unhappy objects in queſtion, of whom every governor is the guardian, and therefore bound to protect them from ſo cruel an outrage, which is not only injurious to the poor wretches themſelves, but is alſo an inſult upon human nature. I hope therefore that for the future the governors of this noble charity will think themſelves obliged, in conſcience and honour, to rectify an abuſe which is ſo great a diſcredit to it: or if they continue regardleſs of it, that you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, will pronounce every individual of them to be an accomplice in the barbarity.

And now, ſir, that I am upon the ſubject of madneſs, give me leave to hint to you an opinion which I have often entertained, and which my late viſit to Bedlam has again revived, that the maddeſt people in this kingdom are not *in*, but *out* of Bedlam. I have frequently compared in my own mind the actions of certain perſons whom we daily meet with in the world, with thoſe of the inhabitants of Bedlam, who, properly ſpeaking, may be ſaid to be out of it; and I know of no other difference between them, than that the former are mad with their reaſon about them, and the latter ſo from the misfortune of having loſt it. But what is extraordinary in this age, when, to its honour be it ſpoken, charity is become faſhionable, theſe unhappy wretches are ſuffered to run looſe about the town, raiſing riots in public aſſemblies, beating conſtables, breaking lamps, damning parſons, affronting modeſty, diſturbing families, and deſtroying

ſtroying their own fortunes and conſtitutions: and all this without any proviſion being made for them, or the leaſt attempt to cure them of this madneſs in their blood.

THE miſerable objects I am ſpeaking of, are divided into two claſſes; the MEN OF SPIRIT ABOUT TOWN, and the BUCKS: the MEN OF SPIRIT have ſome glimmerings of underſtanding; the BUCKS none: the former are demoniacs, or people poſſeſſed; the latter are uniformly and incurably mad. For the reception and confinement of both theſe claſſes, I would humbly propoſe that two very ſpacious buildings be erected, the one called the hoſpital for MEN OF SPIRIT, or demoniacs: and the other the hoſpital for BUCKS, or incurables. Of theſe hoſpitals I would have the keepers of our Bridewells appointed governors, with full powers of conſtituting ſuch deputies or ſub-governors, as to their wiſdom ſhould ſeem meet. That after ſuch hoſpitals are built, proper officers appointed, and doctors, ſurgeons, apothecaries and mad nurſes provided, all young noblemen and others within the bills of mortality, having common ſenſe, who ſhall be found offending againſt the rules of decency, either in the caſes above-mentioned, or in others of a ſimilar nature, ſhall immediately be conducted to the hoſpital for demoniacs, there to be exorciſed, phyſicked, and diſciplined into a proper uſe of their ſenſes; and that full liberty be granted to all perſons whatſoever to viſit, laugh at, and make ſport of theſe demoniacs, without lett or moleſtation from any of the keepers, according to the preſent cuſtom of Bedlam. To the BUCK hoſpital for incurables, I would have

all ſuch perſons conveyed that are mad through folly, ignorance, or conceit; there to be ſhut up for life, not only to be prevented from doing miſchief, but from expoſing in their own perſons, the weakneſſes and miſeries of mankind. Theſe incurables, on no pretence whatſoever, to be viſited or ridiculed; as it would be altogether as inhuman to inſult the unhappy wretches who never were poſſeſſed of their ſenſes, as it is to make a jeſt of thoſe who have unfortunately loſt them.

THE building and endowing theſe hoſpitals I leave to the projectors of ways and means; contenting myſelf with having communicated a ſcheme, which, if carried into execution, will ſecure us from thoſe ſwarms of madmen which are at preſent ſo much the dread and diſturbance of all public places.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader, and
moſt humble ſervant,

P. P.

NUMB. 24. THURSDAY, *June* 14, 1753.

I SHALL not at preſent enter into the great queſtion between the ancients and the moderns; much leſs ſhall I preſume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the ſubject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for theſe laſt ſixteen centuries; but at the ſame time I will do juſtice to my co-

temporaries,

temporaries, and give them their due ſhare of praiſe, where they have either ſtruck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I ſhall now mention.

THE moſt zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to diſpute the infinite ſuperiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates, Celſus, and Galen, had no ſpecifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretended to cure. As for the aſtoniſhing cures of Æſculapius, I do not put them into the account: they are to be aſcribed to his power, not to his ſkill: he was a god, and his divinity was his NOSTRUM. But how prodigiouſly have my ingenious cotemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What noſtrums, what ſpecifics have they not diſcovered! Collectively conſidered, they inſure not only perfect health, but, by a neceſſary conſequence, immortality; inſomuch that I am aſtoniſhed, when I ſtill read in the weekly bills the great number of people who chuſe to die of ſuch and ſuch diſtempers, for every one of which there are infallible and ſpecific cures, not only advertiſed but atteſted in all the news-papers.

WHEN the lower ſort of Iriſh, in the moſt uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceaſed friend or neighbour, before they give the laſt parting howl, they expoſtulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithſtanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, ſeven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all theſe, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a ſtate of perfect health, they cannot, as I appre-

hend, be looked upon as preventive either of ſickneſs or of death; but with how much more reaſon may we expoſtulate with, and cenſure thoſe of our cotemporaries, who, either from obſtinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only all diſtempers, but even old age and death itſelf! The RENOVATING ELIXIR *infallibly reſtores priſtine youth and vigour, be the patient ever ſo old and decayed*; and that without loſs of time or buſineſs; whereas the ſame operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

THE moſt inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the firſt diſcharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

OUGHT not every man of great birth and eſtate, who for many years has been afflicted with the POSTEROMANIA, or rage of having poſterity, a diſtemper very common among perſons of that ſort; ought he not, I ſay, to be aſhamed of having no iſſue male to perpetuate his illuſtrious name and title, when for ſo ſmall a ſum as three-and-ſix-pence, he and his lady might be ſupplied with a ſufficient quantity of the VIVIFYING DROPS, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and barrenneſs in women, though of never ſo long ſtanding?

ANOTHER very great diſcovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's evil, though never ſo inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful king, the right heir of Adam: for that is eſſentially neceſſary. The ancients

ancients were unacquainted with this ineſtimable ſecret: and even Solomon the ſon of David, the wiſeſt of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our Britiſh Solomon, king James the firſt, a ſon of David alſo, was no ſtranger to it, and practiſed it with ſucceſs. This fact is ſufficiently proved by experience; but if it wanted any corroborating teſtimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who, in his incomparable hiſtory of England, aſſerts (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew SOMEBODY, who was radically cured of a moſt obſtinate king's evil, by the touch of SOMEBODY. As our ſagacious hiſtorian does not even intimate that this SOMEBODY took any thing of the other SOMEBODY for the cure, it were to be wiſhed that he had named this SOMEBODY, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor, who are now reduced, and at ſome expence, to have recourſe to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Beſides, I fairly confeſs myſelf to be perſonally intereſted in this inquiry, ſince this SOMEBODY muſt neceſſarily be the right heir of Adam, and conſequently I muſt have the honour of being related to him.

OUR laborious neighbours and kinſmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy diſcoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of ſympathy —— not to the wound itſelf, but to the ſword or bullet that made it.

HAVING now (at leaſt in my own opinion) fully proved the ſuperiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I ſhall proceed

to ſome other particulars, in which my cotemporaries will as juſtly claim, and I hope be allowed, the preference.

THE ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moſes, very juſtly obſerves, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the ſame time he candidly allows that it was a very troubleſome and uncertain method of communicating one's ideas; as it depended in a great meaſure on the writer's ſkill in drawing (an art little known in thoſe days); and as a ſtroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the moſt dangerous conſequence, in religion, buſineſs, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for thoſe letters or marks, being the ſame throughout, and fixed alphabetically, ſoon became generally known, and prevented that ſecrecy which in many caſes was to be wiſhed for. This inconveniency ſuggeſted to the ancients the invention of cryptography and ſteganography, or a myſterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but correſponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human induſtry ſoon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was diſcovered, and the ſkill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The ſecrecy of all literary correſpondence became precarious, and neither buſineſs nor love could any longer be ſafely truſted to paper. Such for a conſiderable time was the unhappy ſtate of letters, till the BEAU MONDE, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography; or ſteganography, unknown to the

the ancients, and free from ſome of their inconveniencies. Lovers in general made uſe of it; controverſial writers commonly; and miniſters of ſtate ſometimes, in the moſt important diſpatches. It was writing in ſuch an unintelligible manner, and with ſuch obſcurity, that the correſponding parties themſelves neither underſtood, nor even gueſſed at each other's meaning; which was a moſt effectual ſecurity againſt all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either miſlaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long purſued, was alſo attended with ſome inconveniencies. It frequently produced miſtakes, by ſcattering falſe lights upon that friendly darkneſs, ſo propitious to buſineſs and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all theſe inconveniencies, by a happy diſcovery of a new kind of paper, as pleaſing to the eye, and as conducive to the diſpatch, the clearneſs, and at the ſame time, the ſecrecy of all literary correſpondence. My worthy friend Mr. Dodſley lately brought me a ſample of it, upon which, if I miſtake not, he will make very conſiderable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This ſheet of paper I conjectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and paſſionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itſelf. At the top of the firſt page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the faſhionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel French curteſy. This evidently appears to ſtand for MADAM, and ſaves the time

and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dreſt gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing moſt reſpectfully low; which ſingle figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy or ſhort-hand, plainly conveys this deep ſenſe, and ſtands inſtead of theſe many words, *I have the honour to be, with the tendereſt and warmeſt ſentiments, madam, your moſt inviolably attached, faithful humble ſervant.* The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender ſuffering paſſion. Groups of lilies, roſes, pearls, corals, ſuns and ſtars, were intermixed with chains, bearded ſhafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a ſheet of paper, I confeſs, ſeems to me to be a complete letter; and I would adviſe all fine gentlemen, whoſe time I know is precious, to avail themſelves of this admirable invention: it will ſave them a great deal of time, and perhaps ſome thought; and I cannot help thinking, that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tendereſt ſentiments of their hearts, or the moſt ſhining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to thoſe types and ſymbols of the lady's conqueſt, and their own captivity and ſufferings.

THESE blank letters (if I may call them ſo, when they convey ſo much) will mock the jealous curioſity of huſbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicit the ſuppoſed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards paſs for a piece of innocent pleaſantry.

THE

THE dulleſt of my readers muſt, I am ſure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the ſubject of letters, and with much leſs trouble, and much more ſecrecy, propriety, and elegancy, than the old way of writing.

A PAINTER of but moderate ſkill and fancy may in a very ſhort time have reams of ready-painted paper by him to ſupply the demands of the ſtateſman, the divine, and the lover. And I think it my duty to inform the public, that my good friend Mr. Dodſley, who has long complained of the decay of trade, and who loves, with a prudent regard to his own intereſt, to encourage every uſeful invention, is at this time learning to paint with moſt unwearied diligence and application; and I make no doubt, but that in a very little time he will be able to furniſh all ſorts of perſons with the very beſt ready-made goods of that kind. I warned him indeed againſt providing any for the two learned profeſſions of the law and phyſic, which I apprehend would lie upon his hands. One of them being already in poſſeſſion (to ſpeak in their own ſtile) of a more brachygraphical, cryptographical, and ſteganographical ſecret, in writing their WARRANTS; and the other not willingly admitting brevity, in any ſhape. Otherwiſe what innumerable ſkins of parchment, and lines of writing might be ſaved in a marriage-ſettlement, for inſtance, if the firſt fourteen or fifteen ſons, the ſuppoſed future iſſue, LAWFULLY TO BE BEGOTTEN of that happy marriage, and upon whom the ſettlement is ſucceſſively made, were to be painted every one a ſize leſs than the other upon one ſkin of parch-

ment, inſtead of being enumerated upon one hundred, according to propriety of birth, and ſeniority of age; and moreover the elder, by a happy pleonaſmus, always to take before, and be preferred to the younger! but this uſeful alteration is more to be wiſhed than expected, for reaſons which I do not at preſent think proper to mention.

I AM ſenſible that the government may poſſibly object, that I am ſuggeſting to its enemies a method of carrying on their treaſonable correſpondences with much more ſecrecy than formerly. But as my intentions are honeſt, I ſhould be very ſorry to have my loyalty ſuſpected: and when I conſider the zeal, and at the ſame time the ingenuity of the jacobites, I am convinced that their letters in this new method will be ſo charged with groves of oaken boughs, white roſes and thiſtles interwoven, that their meaning will not be obſcure, and conſequently no danger will ariſe to the government from this new and excellent invention.

NUMB. 25. THURSDAY, *June* 21, 1753.

I HAVE the pleaſure of informing my fair correſpondent, that her petition contained in the following letter is granted. I wiſh I could as eaſily reſtore to her what ſhe has loſt. But to a mind like her's, ſo elevated! ſo harmonized! time and the conſciouſneſs of ſo much purity of intention will bring relief. It muſt always afford her matter of the moſt pleaſing reflection, that her ſoul had no participation with her material

terial part in that particular act which ſhe appears to mention with ſo tender a regret. But it is not my intention to anticipate her ſtory, by endeavouring to conſole her. Her letter, I hope, will caution all young ladies of equal virtue with herſelf againſt that exceſs of complaiſance, with which they are ſometimes too willing to entertain their lovers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE not the leaſt ill-will to your friend Mr. Dodſley, whom I never ſaw in my life; but I addreſs myſelf to your equity and good-nature, for a ſmall ſhare only of your favour and recommendation in that new and valuable branch of trade, to which you have informed the public he is now applying himſelf, and which I hope you will not think it reaſonable that he ſhould monopolize. I mean that admirable ſhort and ſecret method of communicating one's ideas by ingenious emblems and repreſentations of the pencil inſtead of the vulgar and old method of letters by the pen. Give me leave, ſir, to ſtate my caſe and my qualifications to you: I am ſure you will decide with juſtice.

I AM the daughter of a clergyman, who, having had a very good living, gave me a good education, and left me no fortune. I had naturally a turn to reading and drawing: my father encouraged and aſſiſted me in the one, allowed me a maſter to inſtruct me in the other, and I made an uncommon progreſs in them both. My heart was tender, and my ſentiments were deli-

cate; perhaps too much ſo for my rank in life. This diſpoſition led me to ſtudy chiefly thoſe treaſures of divine honour, ſpotleſs virtue, and refined ſentiment, the voluminous romances of the laſt century. Sentiments from which I thank heaven I have never deviated. From a ſympathizing ſoftneſs of ſoul how often have I wept over thoſe affecting diſtreſſes! How have I ſhared the pangs of the chaſte and lovely Mariamne upon the death of the tender, the faithful Tiridates! And how has my indignation been excited at the unfaithful and ungenerous hiſtorical miſrepreſentations of the gallant firſt Brutus, who was undoubtedly the tendereſt lover that ever lived! My drawings took the ſame elegant turn with my reading. I painted all the moſt moving and tender ſtories of charming Ovid's metamorphoſes; not without ſometimes mingling my tears with my colours. I preſented ſome fans of my own painting to ſome ladies in the neighbourhood, who were pleaſed to commend both the execution and the deſigns. The latter I always took care ſhould be moving, and at the ſame time irreproachably pure; and I found means even to repreſent with unblemiſhed delicacy, the unhappy paſſion of the unfortunate Paſiphaé. With this turn of mind, this ſoftneſs of ſoul, it will be ſuppoſed that I loved. I did ſo, ſir; tenderly and truly I loved. Why ſhould I diſown a paſſion, which, when clarified as mine was from the impure dregs of ſenſuality, is the nobleſt and moſt generous ſentiment of the human breaſt? O! that the falſe heart of the dear deceiver, whoſe perfidious vows betrayed mine, had been but as pure!———The traitor was quartered with

with his troop of dragoons in the town where I lived. His perſon was a happy compound of the manly ſtrength of a hero, and all the ſofter graces of a lover; and I thought that I diſcovered in him at firſt ſight, all the courage and all the tenderneſs of Oroondates. My figure, which was not bad, it ſeems pleaſed him as much. He ſought and obtained my acquaintance. Soon by his eyes, and ſoon after by his words, he declared his paſſion to me. My bluſhes, my confuſion, and my ſilence, too plainly ſpoke mine. Good gods! how tender were his words! how languiſhingly ſoft his eyes! with what ardour did he preſs my hand! a trifling liberty, which one cannot decently refuſe, and for which refuſal there is no precedent. Sometimes he addreſſed me in the moving words of Varanes, ſometimes in the tender accents of Caſtalio, and ſometimes in the warmer language of Juba; for he was a very good ſcholar. In ſhort, ſir, a month was not paſt before he preſſed for what he called a proof of my paſſion. I trembled at the very thought, and reproached him with the indelicacy of it. He perſiſted; and I, in compliance with cuſtom only, hinted previous marriage: he urged love; and I was not vulgar enough to refuſe to the man I tenderly loved, the proof he required of my paſſion. I yielded, it is true; but it was to ſentiment, not to deſire. A few months gave me reaſon to ſuſpect that his paſſion was not quite ſo pure; and within the year the perfidious wretch convinced me that it had been merely ſenſual. For upon the removal of his troop to other quarters, he took a cold leave of me, and contented himſelf with ſaying, that in the courſe of

of quarters he hoped to have the pleaſure ſome time or other of ſeeing me again. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if you have any elegancy of ſoul, as I dare ſay you have, can better gueſs than I can expreſs, the agonies I felt, and the tears I ſhed upon this occaſion; but all in vain; vain as the thouſand tender letters which I have written to him ſince, and to which I have received no anſwer. As all this paſſed within the courſe of ten months, I had but one child; which dear pledge of my firſt and only love, I now maintain at the expence of more than half of what I have to ſubſiſt upon myſelf.

HAVING now, as I hope, prepared your compaſſion, and proved my qualification, I proceed to the prayer of my petition. Which is, that you will be pleaſed to recommend me to the public, with all that authority which you have ſo juſtly acquired, for a ſhare of this new and beneficial branch of trade. I mean no farther than the juſt bounds to which the female province may extend. Let Mr. Dodſley engroſs all the reſt, with my beſt wiſhes. Though I ſay it, I believe nobody has a clearer notion of the theory of delicate ſentiments than I have; and I have already a conſiderable ſtock in hand of theſe allegorical and emblematical paintings, applicable to almoſt every ſituation in which a woman of ſenſe, virtue, and delicacy, can find herſelf. I indulged my fancy in painting them, according to the various diſpoſitions of mind, which my various fortunes produced. I think I may ſay without vanity, that I have made conſiderable improvements in the celebrated map of the realms of love in Clelia. I have adorned the banks of

the

the gentle and cryſtalline Tender with ſeveral new villages and groves; and added expreſſion to the pleaſing melancholic groves of ſighs and tender cares. I have whole quires, painted in my happier moments, of hearts united and crowned, fluttering Cupids, wanton zephyrs, conſtant and tender doves, myrtle bowers, banks of jeſſamine and tuberoſe, and ſhady groves. Theſe will require very little filling up, if any, from ladies who are in the tranſported ſituation of growing loves. For the forſaken and complaining fair, with whom, alas! I too fatally ſympathize, I have tender willows drooping over murmuring brooks, and gloomy walks of mournful cypreſs and ſolemn yew. In ſhort, ſir, I either have by me, or will forthwith provide, whatever can convey the moſt perfect ideas of elegant friendſhip, or pure, refined, and ſentimental paſſion. But I think it neceſſary to give notice, that if any ladies would expreſs any indelicate ideas of love, or require any types or emblems of ſenſual joy, they muſt not apply to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

PARTHENISSA.

NUMB. 26. THURSDAY, *June* 28, 1753.

SIMPLICITY is with juſtice eſteemed a ſupreme excellence in all the performances of art, becauſe by this quality they more nearly reſemble the productions of nature: and the productions of nature have ever been accounted nobler,

nobler, and of a higher order, in proportion to their SIMPLICITY. Hence ariſes (if the ladies will permit me to philoſophize a moment) the ſuperior excellence of ſpirit to matter, which is evidently a combination of many particles; whereas the firſt is pure, uncompounded, and indiviſible.

BUT let us deſcend from lofty ſpeculations, and uſeleſs metaphyſics, into common life and familiar arts, in order more fully to diſplay the beauties of a JUST SIMPLICITY, to which the preſent age ſeems not to pay a proper regard in various inſtances.

NOTHING can be more tireſome and nauſeous to a virtuoſo of a true judgment and a juſt eye in painting, than the gawdy glitter of florid colours, and a vaſt profuſion of light, unſubdued by ſhade, and undiverſified with teints of a browner caſt. It is recorded, that ſome of the capital pieces of Apelles were wrought in four colours only. This excellent artiſt invented alſo a kind of darkening varniſh, that might temper and chaſtiſe all dazzling ſplendor and unneceſſary glare, and might give, as Pliny expreſſes it, a modeſty and auſterity to his works. Thoſe who have been unaccuſtomed to the beſt models, are uſually at firſt more delighted with the productions of the Flemiſh than the Italian ſchool; and prefer Rubens to Raphael, till they feel by experience, that luſcious and gay colouring defeats the very end of the art, by turning the attention from its principal excellencies; that is, from TRUTH, SIMPLICITY, and DESIGN.

IF theſe obſervations are rightly founded, what ſhall we ſay of the taſte and judgment of thoſe who

who ſpend their lives and their fortunes in collecting pieces, where neither perſpective, nor proportion, nor conformity to nature are obſerved; I mean the extravagant lovers and purchaſers of CHINA and INDIAN ſcreens. I ſaw a ſenſible foreigner aſtoniſhed at a late auction, with the exorbitant prices given for theſe SPLENDID DEFORMITIES, as he called them, while an exquiſite painting of Guido paſſed unnoticed, and was ſet aſide, as unfaſhionable lumber. Happy ſhould I think myſelf to be able to convince the fair connoiſſeurs that make the greateſt part of Mr. Langford's audiences, that no genuine beauty is to be found in whimſical and groteſque figures, the monſtrous offspring of wild imagination, undirected by nature and truth.

IT is of equal conſequence to obſerve SIMPLICITY in architecture as in painting. A multiplicity of minute ornaments; a vaſt variety of angles and cavities; cluſters of little columns, and a crowd of windows, are what diſtinguiſh MEANNESS OF MANNER in building from GREATNESS; that is, the Gothic from the Grecian; in which every decoration ariſes from neceſſity and uſe, and every pillar has ſomething to ſupport.

Mark how the dread PANTHEON *ſtands,*
Amid the domes of modern hands!
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How SIMPLY, *how ſeverely great!*

ſays the celebrated author of the ode to lord Huntingdon. Nothing therefore offends me more than to behold the revival of this barbarous taſte,

taſte, in ſeveral villas, temples, and pleaſure-houſes, that diſgrace the neighbourhood of this metropolis. Nay, ſometimes in the front of the ſame edifice to find a Grecian plan adulterated and defiled by the unnatural and impure mixture of Gothic whimſies.

Deſinit in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.

HOR.

WHOEVER conſiders the lateſt importations of muſic and muſicians from Italy, will be convinced that the modern maſters of that country have loſt that beautiful SIMPLICITY, which is generally the ornament of every muſical compoſition, and which really dignified thoſe of their predeceſſors. They have introduced ſo many intricate diviſions, wild variations, and uſeleſs repetitions, without any apparent neceſſity ariſing either from the words or from any other incident, that the chief ambition of the Compoſer ſeems to be rather to ſurprize the ear than to pleaſe the judgment; and that of the Performer, to ſhew his execution rather than his expreſſion. It is from theſe motives that the hearer is often confounded, but not delighted, with ſudden and unnatural tranſitions from the key, and returns to it as unnatural as the tranſitions themſelves; while Pathos, the ſoul of muſic, is either unknown or totally neglected. Thoſe who have ſtudied the works of Corelli among the modern-ancients, and Handel in the preſent age, know that the moſt affecting paſſages of the former owe their excellence to SIMPLICITY alone; and that the latter underſtands it as well, and attends to it as much,

much, though he knows when to introduce with propriety thoſe niceties and refinements, which, for want of propriety, we condemn in others.

In every ſpecies of writing, whether we conſider ſtyle or ſentiment, SIMPLICITY is a beauty. The perfection of language, ſays the great father of criticiſm, conſiſts in its being perſpicuous but not low. A redundancy of metaphors, a heap of ſounding and florid epithets, remote alluſions, ſudden flaſhes of wit, lively and epigrammatic turns, dazzle the imaginations, and captivate the minds of vulgar readers, who are apt to think the SIMPLE manner unanimated and dull, for want of being acquainted with the models of the great antique. Xenophon among the Greeks, and Cæſar among the Romans, are at once the pureſt and moſt ſimple, as well as the moſt elegant writers, any age or nation can produce. *Nudi enim ſunt, recti, & venuſti, omni ornatu orationis, tanquam veſte, detracto.* Among ourſelves, no writer has perhaps made ſo happy and judicious a mixture of plain and figurative terms as Addiſon, who was the firſt that baniſhed from the Engliſh, as Boileau from the French, every ſpecies of bad eloquence and falſe wit, and opened the gates of the Temple of Taſte to his fellow-citizens.

It ſeems to be the fate of poliſhed nations to degenerate and depart from a SIMPLICITY of ſentiment. For when the firſt and moſt obvious thoughts have been pre-occupied by former writers, their ſucceſſors, by ſtraining to be original and new, abound in far-fetched ſentiments and forced conceits. Some late inſtances in men of genius

genius (for none but theſe are capable of committing this fault) give occaſion to us to deprecate this event. I muſt add, under this head, that ſimplicity of fable is an indiſpenſable quality in every legitimate drama. We are too much enamoured with what is called intrigue, buſineſs, and buſtle, in our plays. We are diſguſted with the thinneſs, that is, the unity of a plot. We muſt enrich it with epiſodes or under-characters: and we never conſider, how much our attention is diverted and deſtroyed by different objects, and our pity divided and weakened by an intricate multiplicity of events and of perſons. The Athenians therefore, who could reliſh ſo SIMPLE a plot as that of the Philectetes of Sophocles, had certainly either more patience or more good ſenſe (I will not determine which) than my preſent countrymen.

IF we raiſe our thoughts to a ſubject of more importance than writing, I mean dreſs; even in this ſublime ſcience, SIMPLICITY ſhould ever be regarded. It might be thought preſumption in me to cenſure any part of Miſs ****'s dreſs laſt night at Ranelagh; yet I could not help condemning that profuſion of ornament, which violated and deſtroyed the unity and τὸ ὅλον (a technical term borrowed from the toilette) of ſo accompliſhed a figure.

TO finiſh my panegyric on SIMPLICITY in a manner that I know is agreeable to my fair readers, I mean with a ſtroke of morality, I would obſerve, that if this quality was venerated as it ought to be, it would at once baniſh from the earth all artifice and treachery, double dealing

and

and deceit. Let it therefore be eſtabliſhed as a maxim, That SIMPLICITY is of equal importance, in MORALS and in TASTE.

NUMB. 27. THURSDAY, *July* 5, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE forming ſeparate ſocieties, in order to exerciſe the great duty of ſelf-mortification, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt general and prevailing tendencies in human nature. For even in thoſe countries, where the freedom of the laws, or the ill execution of them, or the licentiouſneſs of manners, has given a ſort of public ſanction to a leſs ſevere diſcipline, in England itſelf, what numerous ſectaries have ſubſiſted upon this diſpoſition of the human mind!

IT is upon this principle that the various and oppoſite tenets of different ſyſtems are built. Mahomet, Confucius, and other religious lawgivers; the founders of larger ſocieties, or ſmaller communities, have availed themſelves of this bias in the mind of man; which, at one time or other, is ſure to draw him with more than ordinary force.

IF ambition occupies, if love monopolizes, if indolence ſtupefies, if literature amuſes, if pride expands, or humility condenſes the immortal ſpirit of man; if revenge animates, if a ſofter ſenſation mollifies, if trifles annihilate, if domeſtic cares engage, if dreſs and equipage poſſeſs the divine

divine mind of women; theſe paſſions will, ſooner or later, moſt certainly ſubſide in both, and give place to that impulſe, which begets various kinds of mortified communities in different climes and countries. Hence ſuch multitudes, in a neighbouring country, paſs the laſt periods of their lives in the monaſtic ſeverities of the ſtricteſt devotion; and hence it likewiſe is, that we ſee ſuch numbers in our own country expoſe themſelves to midnight damps at Vauxhall, and to be preſſed to death by well-dreſſed mobs at routs.

INDEED, the more we conſider the human ſpecies, from the rude ſavage up to the moſt poliſhed courtier, the more we ſhall be perſuaded of this general tendency in our natures to acts of voluntary mortification.

BUT what puts this matter out of all doubt, is, the erection of three MONASTERIES, within many of our memories, in the moſt conſpicuous parts of this great metropolis.

I HOPE your country proteſtant readers will not be too much alarmed; I can aſſure them that they pay no Peter-pence. They are formed at preſent of ſocieties compoſed entirely of males; but we hope it will not be long before they either open the arms of their communities for the reception of females, or that the ladies, excited by their example, and animated by the ſame principles, will form ſeminaries for their own ſex, and that ſome departing matron may be prevailed upon to found a charity for this purpoſe.

FOR the furtherance of ſo deſirable a community, it may not here be improper to offer a legal clauſe to be inſerted in any laſt will or teſtament; viz. "I, A. B. ſpinſter or dowager, being tired

" of all men, and having no mortal to whom I " have reaſon to wiſh well; having ſettled a " competent proviſion on my birds, dogs, and " cats, do leave the ſum of pounds, " towards the erecting a building, and the eſta- " bliſhing a ſociety for the following purpoſes, " &c. &c. &c."

Now as ſoon as a ſufficient number of holy ſiſters ſhall be collected, I think they cannot do more wiſely than to form their new ſeminary upon the model of one of thoſe three great MONASTERIES ſo lately founded; nor would I adviſe them to vary much from thoſe plans, as the difference of male and female will always be, to thoſe who contemplate things profoundly, a ſufficient badge of diſtinction.

FOR the direction, therefore, of theſe future lady abbeſſes, it will be neceſſary to give them ſome account of the three MONASTIC SOCIETIES before-mentioned; which will appear to owe their riſe entirely to that innate love of ſeparate clan-ſhip and ſelf-mortification, which, according to my peſent maxim, is univerſally implanted in the human breaſt.

THERE are few women of faſhion who have not heard of Harry the eighth; many of them are perfectly well acquainted with that glorious fountain from which the reformation firſt ſprung, which produced the diſſolution of papal monaſteries; till ſome years ago, a little round well-ſpoken man erected a large monaſtery near Covent-Garden, where a brotherhood was ſoon formed. Here, he dealt out indulgencies of all ſorts, and extreme (good internal) unctions.

BUT

thing they undertake to greater perfection than any other nation.

THE ſecond of theſe ſeminaries was founded upon the model of the firſt, and conſiſts of a number of GREY FRYARS, remarkable for a rigorous abſtinence, and indefatigable devotion. They juſt preſerve their beings with a little chocolate or tea. They are dedicated to the great St. GEORGE, and are diſtinguiſhed by the compoſure of their countenances, and their extraordinary taciturnity.

THE third order is that of St. JAMES; the members of which are known by the appellation of SCARLET FRYARS. It conſiſts of a multitude of brothers, who are not near ſo ſtrict as the two former orders; and is likely to become vaſtly numerous, under the auſpices of its great patron, whoſe bulk is adorned by jollity and good-humour; and who is moreover very ſtrictly a *good liver*.

NOW, Mr. Fitz-Adam, let me aſk you whether theſe three laudable inſtitutions are not plainly owing to that principle, which I have aſſigned in the beginning of my letter? For what other motive could prompt men to forſake their own elegant houſes, to ſacrifice domeſtic and conjugal ſatisfactions, to neglect the endearing rites of hoſpitality, in order to cloiſter themſelves among thoſe, with whom they can have no connexion, but upon the aforeſaid principles?

BUT ſince ſuch is the general bent of the human mind, it is become a fit ſubject for the WORLD to conſider by what methods theſe SEMINARIES may be ſo multiplied, as to comprehend all ranks and orders of men and women.

And

And if fifty new churches were thought few enough to keep pace with the zeal of good queen Ann's days, I believe, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you will not think five hundred large manſions of the kind I am ſpeaking of, will be too many for the preſent. I am,

Yours, &c.

J. T.

****

NUMB. 28. THURSDAY, *July* 12, 1753.

——————— *Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt*
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa. — JUV.

By Lord Hervey

IT is a common obſervation, that though happineſs is every man's aim, and though it is generally purſued by a gratification of the predominant paſſion, yet few have acuteneſs enough to diſcover the points which would effectually procure the long-ſought end. One cannot but wonder that ſuch intenſe application as moſt of us beſtow on the cultivation of our favourite deſires, ſhould yet leave us ignorant of the moſt eſſential objects of our ſtudy. For my part I was ſo early convinced of the truth of this obſervation, that inſtead of ſearching for what would contribute moſt to my own happineſs, I have ſpent great part of my life in the ſtudy of what may extend the enjoyment of others. This knowledge I flatter myſelf I have diſcovered, and ſhall diſcloſe to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will aſcertain the fe-

licity of their lives. I am not going to impart ſo great (though ſo often revealed) a ſecret, as that it is religion or virtue: few would believe me, fewer would try the recipe. In ſpite of the philoſophy of the age, in ſpite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto moſt ſanctimoniouſly obſerved, I muſt avow my perſuaſion, that the ſenſual pleaſure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only ſpecific for removing the anxieties of our paſſions, or for ſupporting the injuries and iniquities which we ſuffer from thoſe of other men.

"WELL! (ſhall I be told) and is this your "admirable diſcovery? Is this the ARCANUM "that has eſcaped the penetration of all in- "quiries in all ages? What other doctrine has "been taught by the moſt ſenſible philoſophers? "Was not this the text of the ſermons of EPI- "CURUS? Was not this the theory, and practice "too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES? What "other were the tenets of the ſage lord RO- "CHESTER, or of the miſſionary *Saint*-EVRE- "MONT?"—It is very true; and a thouſand other founders of ſects, nay of religious orders, have taught—or at leaſt practiſed, the ſame doctrines. But I pretend to introduce ſuch refinements into the ſyſtem of ſenſuality, as ſhall vindicate the diſcovery to myſelf, and throw at a diſtance the minute philoſophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only ſerved to lead the world aſtray.

HEAR then in one word the myſterious precept! "*Young* women are *not* the proper ob- "ject of ſenſual love: it is the MATRON, the "HOARY FAIR who can give, communicate, "inſure

"infure happineſs." I might enumerate a thouſand reaſons to inforce my doctrine, as the ficklenefs of youth, the caprices of beauty and its tranſient ſtate, the jealouſy from rivals, the diſtraction from having children, the important avocations of dreſs, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her ſentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thouſand reaſons, I ſhall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happineſs which has attended ſuch diſcreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient ſhrines; and I ſhall clearly demonſtrate by precedents, that ſeveral ladies in the bloom of their WRINKLES have inſpired more laſting and more fervent paſſions, than the greateſt beauties who had ſcarce loſt ſight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the preſent hour will forgive a preference which is the reſult of deep meditation, great reading, and ſtrict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can ſcarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or ſixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more than they do twenty now; a ſenſation of happineſs, which they will find increaſe as they advance in years. I cannot but obſerve with pleaſure, that the legiſlature itſelf ſeems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted, that young ladies ſhall not enter ſo early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the ſerious du-

ties which belong to an union of hearts. A ſentiment which indeed our laws ſeem always to have had in view; for unleſs there was implanted in our natures a ſtrong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why ſhould the very firſt prohibition in the table of conſanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRANDMOTHER?

THE firſt heroine we read of, whoſe charms were proof againſt the injuries of time, was the accompliſhed SARAH: I think the moſt moderate computations make her to be ninety, when that wanton monarch ABIMILECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtleſs the obſervance of that virtue had been the great foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidneſs of it rather exempts her from, than expoſes her as an object of my doctrine, I ſhall ſay no more of that lady.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any truſting to claſſic pariſh-regiſters, was fourſcore when PARIS ſtole her; and though the war laſted ten years after that on her account, monſieur HOMER, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having ſhewed the leaſt decay of paſſion or ſymptom of inconſtancy: a fidelity, which in all probability was at leaſt as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleaſure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlaſting lilies and roſes of her cheeks.

I AM not clear that length of years, eſpecially in heroic minds, does not increaſe rather than abate the ſentimental flame. The great ELIZABETH, whoſe paſſion for the unfortunate earl of Eſſex

Essex is justly a favourite topic with all who delight in romantic history, was full sixty-eight when she condemned her lover to death for slighting her endearments. And if I might instance in our own sex, the charming, the meritorious Antony was not far from seventy before he had so much taste as to sacrifice the meaner passion of ambition, nay the world itself, to love.

But it is in France, that kingdom so exquisitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happiness, as well as their other discoveries in pleasure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though past her grand climacteric, may be but just touching the meridian of her charms. Henry the second and Louis the fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the passions they so long felt for the duchess of Valentinois, and madame de Maintenon. The former, in the heat of youth and prospect of empire, became a slave to the respectable attractions of Diana de Poitiers, many years after his injudicious father had quitted the possession of her on the silly apprehension that she was growing old: and to the last moment of his life and reign, Henry was a constant, jealous adorer of her still ripening charms. When the age was over-run with astrology, superstition, bigotry, and notions of necromancy, king Henry still idolized a woman, who had not only married her granddaughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the description of sorcery: so little do the vulgar distinguish between the

H ideas.

NUMB. 29. THURSDAY, *July* 19, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I TROUBLED you ſome time ago with an account of my diſtreſs, ariſing from the female part of my family. I told you that by an unfortunate trip to Paris my wife and daughter had *run ſtark French*; and I wiſh I could tell you now that I am perfectly recovered: but all I can ſay is, that the violence of the ſymptoms ſeems to abate, in proportion as the cloaths that inflamed them wear out.

MY preſent misfortune flows from a direct contrary cauſe, and affects me much more ſenſibly. The little whims, affectations, and delicacies of ladies may be both ridiculous and diſagreeable, eſpecially to thoſe who are obliged to be at once the witneſſes and the martyrs of them; but they are not evils to be compared with the obſtinate wrong-headedneſs, the idle and illiberal turn of an only ſon; which is unfortunately my caſe.

I ACQUAINTED you, that in the education of my ſon I had conformed to the common cuſtom of this country (perhaps I conformed to it too much and too ſoon); and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after ſix months ſtay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the uſual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very neceſſary for a young man (though not for a young

young lady) to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the conſtitutions of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myſelf. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I truſted him to the care of a Swiſs governor, a gentleman of ſome learning, good-ſenſe, good-nature, and good-manners. But how cruelly I am diſappointed in all theſe hopes, what follows will inform you.

DURING his ſtay at Paris, he only frequented the worſt Engliſh company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three ſcrapes, which the credit and the good-nature of the Engliſh ambaſſador helped him out of. He hired a low Iriſh wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaiſe, to the great honour of himſelf, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never ſpoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting ſome vulgar and injurious epithets, which he beſtowed upon them in very plain Engliſh. His governor very honeſtly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and adviſed their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there will appear in the trueſt light to you, by his own and his governor's laſt letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies.

ROME, *May* the 3d, 1753.

SIR,

"IN the ſix weeks that I paſſed at Florence, "and the week I ſtayed at Genoa, I never had

" time to write to you, being wholly taken up " with ſeeing things, of which the moſt remark- " able is the ſteeple of Piſa; it is the oddeſt " thing I ever ſaw in my life; it ſtands all awry; " I wonder it does not tumble down. I met " with a great many of my countrymen, and we " live together very ſociably. I have been " here now a month, and will give you an ac- " count of my way of life. Here are a great " many very agreeable Engliſh gentlemen; we " are about nine or ten as ſmart Bucks as any " in England. We conſtantly breakfaſt toge- " ther, and then either go and ſee ſights, or drive " about the outlets of Rome in chaiſes; but " the horſes are very bad, and the chaiſes do not " follow well. We meet before dinner at the " Engliſh coffee-houſe; where there is a very " good billiard-table, and very good company. " From thence we go and dine together by turns " at each other's lodgings. Then after a chear- " ful glaſs of claret (for we have made a ſhift " to get ſome here) we go to the coffee-houſe " again; from thence to ſupper, and ſo to bed. " I do not believe that theſe Romans are a bit " like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin- " gutted, ſniveling, cringing dogs; and I verily " believe that our ſet could threſh forty of them. " We never go among them; it would not be " worth while: beſides, we none of us ſpeak " Italian, and none of thoſe Signors ſpeak En- " gliſh; which ſhews what ſort of fellows they " are. We ſaw the Pope go by t'other day in " a proceſſion; but we reſolved to aſſert the ho- " nour of Old England; ſo we neither bowed " nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Pro-

" viſions

" viſions and liquor are but bad here; and to
" ſay the truth, I have not had one thorough
" good meal's meat ſince I left England. No
" longer ago than laſt Sunday we wanted to have
" a good plumb-pudding; but we found the ma-
" terials difficult to provide, and were obliged to
" get an Engliſh footman to make it. Pray, ſir,
" let me come home; for I cannot find that one
" is a jot the better for ſeeing all theſe outlandiſh
" places and people. But if you will not let me
" come back, for God's ſake, ſir, take away the
" impertinent *mounſeer* you ſent with me. He is
" a conſiderable expence to You, and of no man-
" ner of ſervice to Me. All the Engliſh here
" laugh at him, he is ſuch a prig. He thinks him-
" ſelf a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me
" to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign
" languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I
" were not to live and die in Old England, and as
" if good Engliſh acquaintance would not be
" much more uſeful to me than outlandiſh ones.
" Dear ſir, grant me this requeſt, and you ſhall
" ever find me

" *Your moſt dutiful ſon,*
" G. D."

THE following is a very honeſt and ſenſible letter, which I received at the ſame time from my ſon's governor.

ROME, *May* the 3d, 1753.

SIR,

" I THINK myſelf obliged in conſcience to in-
" form you, that the money you are pleaſed to
" allow me for my attendance upon your ſon is

" abſolutely thrown away; ſince I find by me-
" lancholy experience, that I can be of no man-
" ner of uſe to him. I have tried all poſſible
" methods to prevail with him to anſwer, in
" ſome degree at leaſt, your good intentions in
" ſending him abroad; but all in vain: and in
" return for my endeavours I am either laughed
" at or inſulted. Sometimes I am called a beg-
" garly French dog, and bid to go back to my
" own country and eat my frogs; and ſome-
" times I am *mounſeer* Ragout, and told that I
" think myſelf a very fine gentleman. I daily
" repreſent to him, that by ſending him abroad
" you meant that he ſhould learn the languages,
" the manners, and characters of different coun-
" tries, and that he ſhould add to the claſſical
" education which you had given him at home,
" a knowledge of the world, and the genteel
" eaſy manners of a man of faſhion, which can
" only be acquired by frequenting the beſt com-
" panies abroad. To which he only anſwers
" me with a ſneer of contempt, and ſays, *ſo be-*
" *like-ye, ha!* I would have connived at the
" common vices of youth, if they had been at-
" tended with the leaſt degree of decency or re-
" finement; but I muſt not conceal from you
" that your ſon's are of the loweſt and moſt de-
" grading kind, and avowed in the moſt public
" and indecent manner. I have never been able
" to perſuade him to deliver the letters of re-
" commendation which you procured him; he
" ſays he does not deſire to keep ſuch company.
" I adviſed him to take an Italian maſter, which
" he flatly refuſed, ſaying that he ſhould have
" time enough to learn Italian when he went
" back

" back to England. But he has taken, of him-
" ſelf, a muſic maſter to teach him to play upon
" the German flute, upon which he throws away
" two or three hours every day. We ſpend a
" great deal of money, without doing you or our-
" ſelves any honour by it; though your ſon, like
" the generality of his countrymen, values him-
" ſelf upon the expence, and looks upon all fo-
" reigners who are not able to make ſo conſider-
" able a one, as a parcel of beggars and ſcound-
" rels; ſpeaks *of* them, and if he ſpoke *to* them,
" would treat them as ſuch.

" If I might preſume to adviſe you, ſir, it
" ſhould be to order us home forthwith. I can
" aſſure you that your ſon's morals and manners
" will be in much leſs danger under your own in-
" ſpection at home, than they can be under mine
" abroad; and I defy him to keep worſe Engliſh
" company in England than he now keeps here.
" But whatever you may think fit to determine
" concerning him, I muſt humbly inſiſt upon my
" own diſmiſſion, and upon leave to aſſure you in
" perſon of the reſpect with which I have the
" honour to be,

SIR,
Your, &c.

I HAVE complied with my ſon's requeſt, in conſequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what ſhall I do with him here, where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in theſe illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My caſe is ſurely moſt ſingularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one ſide by the polite and elegant foreign

foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obſtinacy, the low vulgar exceſſes, and the porter-like manners of my ſon.

PERHAPS my misfortune may ſuggeſt to you ſome thoughts upon the methods of education in general, which, conveyed to the public through your paper, may prove of public uſe. It is in that view ſingly that you have had this ſecond trouble from, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant and conſtant reader,

R. D.

I ALLOW the caſe of my worthy correſpondent to be compaſſionate, but I cannot poſſibly allow it to be ſingular. The public places daily prove the contrary too plainly. I confeſs I oftener pity than blame the errors of youth, when I reflect upon the fundamental errors generally committed by their parents in their education. Many totally neglect, and many miſtake it. The ancients began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and of citizens; we teach them the languages of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to ſhift for themſelves.

As for the modern ſpecies of human Bucks, I impute their brutality to the negligence or the fondneſs of their parents. It is obſerved in parks, among their betters, the real Bucks, that the moſt troubleſome and miſchievous are thoſe who were bred up tame, fondled and fed out of the hand, when fawns. They abuſe, when grown up, the indulgence they met with in their youth;

youth; and their familiarity grows troubleſome and dangerous with their horns.

NUMB. 30. THURSDAY, *July* 26, 1753.

I AM indebted for my paper of to-day to the ſcrupulous piety of one of my fair correſpondents, and to the undeſerved, though not uncommon, diſtreſſes of another. My readers will, I hope, forgive me the vanity of publiſhing the compliments paid me in theſe letters, when I aſſure them, that I had rather what I write ſhould have the approbation of a ſenſible woman, than that of the graveſt and moſt learned philoſopher in England.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THE candour which ſhines ſo conſpicuouſly in your writings, the deference you expreſs towards the literary productions of women, and the genteel turn you give to every ſtroke of ſatire on our foibles, have encouraged me to offer a few female thoughts on the arbitrary power of faſhion; or, as it is more properly and politely rendered, TASTE.

I AM not learned enough to define the meaning of the word, much leſs am I able to tell you all the different ideas it conveys; but according to its common acceptation, I find that it is applicable to every affectation of ſingularity, whether in

in dreſs, in building, in furniture, or in diverſions; and the farther we ſtray from decency or propriety in this ſingularity, the nearer we approach to TASTE.

THE prevalence of the CHINESE taſte has been very humorouſly attacked in one of your papers; and the greater prevalence of the INDIAN taſte among us women, I mean the taſte of going uncovered, has been as happily treated in another. But there is a taſte at preſent totally different from this laſt, the impropriety of which can hardly, I think, have eſcaped your obſervation, though it has your cenſure. It is the taſte of attending divine ſervice, and of performing the moſt ſacred duties of our religion, with a hat on. However trifling this may be deemed in itſelf, I cannot but conſider it in a ſerious light: and have always, for my own part, refuſed complying with a faſhion, which ſeems to declare in the obſervers of it, a want of that awful reſpect which is due to the CREATOR from his creatures.

IF temporal monarchs are to be ſerved with an uncovered head; I mean, if the ceremony of uncovering the head be conſidered and expected by the higher powers as a mark of reverence and humility; ſurely reaſon will ſuggeſt that the SUPREME OVER ALL ſhould be approached and ſupplicated with at leaſt equal veneration: yet, ſtrange as it may appear to the more thinking part of our ſex, this uncouth ſtate of being hatted prevails in almoſt all the churches in town and country; matrons of ſixty adopting the thoughtleſs whim of girls in their teens, and each endeavouring to countenance the other in this idle

idle tranſgreſſion againſt the laws of decency and decorum.

FAVOUR me, ſir, either by inſerting this ſhort letter, or by giving ſome candid admonitions on the ſubject after your own manner. I am acquainted with many of your female readers, and am aſſured that your frequent remarks upon their moſt faſhionable follies will have a proper effect. Reproofs are never ſo efficacious as when they are tempered with good-humour; a quality which is always to be found in the lucubrations of Mr. Fitz-Adam; among whoſe admirers I beg to be numbered, and am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

CLARISSA.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

TO whom, ſir, ſhould the injured fly for redreſs, but to him who has made the WORLD his province? You will not, I am ſure, be offended at my taking this liberty: the Spectator was not above receiving and publiſhing the epiſtles of the female ſex; nor will you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are writing in the cauſe of virtue, diſdain the correſpondence of an innocent young creature, who ſues to you for conſolation in her affliction, and for reproof of one who has broke through all rules of honour and morality. I will make no farther preface, but proceed.

MY name and circumſtances I need not acquaint you with; let it ſuffice that I am the daughter of a gentleman, and that my education has been ſuitable to my birth. It was my miſ-

fortune

ſortune to be left at fifteen without a father; but it was with a mother, who in my earlieſt infancy had ſown the ſeeds of religion and virtue in my heart; and I think I may without arrogance aſſure you, that they have not been thrown away upon unprofitable ground. After this greateſt of loſſes we retired to a country village, ſome few miles from town; and there it was, ſir, that I firſt knew to be wretched.

We were viſited in this village by a young gentleman, who, as he grew intimate in the family, was pleaſed to flatter me with an affection, which at firſt I did not imagine to be real—I ought to have told you that his fortune was independent, and himſelf neither fool nor coxcomb. Young as I was, ſome little ſhare of experience told me, that gentlemen at his age imagine it a moſt material branch of politeneſs to pretend love to every pretty woman they fall in company with: but indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I had a heart that was not to be caught by compliments: I examined his behaviour with the ſtricteſt attention; not a grain of partiality or ſelf-love, at leaſt I imagined ſo, clouded my judgment; the flights of poetry and paſſion, ſo common in others, gave place, in him, to modeſty and reſpect; his words, his looks were ſubſervient to mine, and every part of his conduct ſeemed to ſpeak the ſincerity of his love. The approbation of friends was not wanting; and every one expected that a very little time would unite us to each other.

For my own part, I built all my hopes of happineſs upon this union; and I flattered myſelf, that by an obedient and affectionate behaviour I might

might make the life of him I ſincerely and virtuouſly loved as happy as my own. But it was not to be! Some common occurrence occaſioned our ſeparation; he parted, ſeemingly, with the greateſt regret; aſked and obtained permiſſion to write; but ſome months elapſed without my ſeeing or hearing from him. Every excuſe that partiality could ſuggeſt, I framed in his favour; but I had ſoon more convincing proofs of his neglect of me than either his abſence or his ſilence. On his return, inſtead of apologizing for his behaviour, inſtead of accounting for his remiſſneſs, or of renewing the ſubject of all our converſations, he appeared gloomy and reſerved; or whenever he inclined to talk, it was in the praiſes of ſome abſent beauty, or in ridicule of marriage, which he aſſured me it ſhould be many, many years before any one ſhould prevail with him to think of ſeriouſly. With many ſuch expreſſions, and a few careleſs viſits, during a ſhort ſtay in the country, he took his leave with the formality of a ſtranger, and I have never ſeen him ſince. Thus, ſir, did he cancel an acquaintance of two years ſtanding; the greateſt part of which time he had employed in the moſt earneſt endeavours to convince me that he loved me.

If I could accuſe myſelf of any act of levity or imprudence in my behaviour to this gentleman, the conſciouſneſs of ſuch behaviour would have prevented me from complaining; but I appeal to his own heart, as well as to all that know me (and he and others who read this letter, will know from whom it comes) in vindication of my conduct.

YET why ſhould I flatter myſelf that you will take any notice of what I write? This injuſtice I complain of is no new one; it has been felt by thouſands; or if it had not, I have no invention to give entertainment to my ſtory, or perhaps to make it intereſting to any but my own family, or a few female friends who love me. They will thank you for it, and be obliged: and to make it uſeful to your readers, tell them in your own words and manner (for I have no one to correct what I write) that the cruelleſt action a man can be guilty of, is the robbing a young woman of her affections, with no other deſign than to abandon her. Tell them, ſir, that though the laws take no cognizance of the fraud, the barbarity of it is not leſſened: for where the proofs of an injury are ſuch as the law cannot poſſibly aſcertain, or perhaps might overlook if it could, we claim from honour and humanity protection and regard.

How hateful, Mr. Fitz-Adam, among my own ſex, is the character of a jilt! Yet men feel not the pangs of diſappointed love as we do. From ſuperiority of reaſon they can reſent the injury, or from variety of employments can forget the trifler who inflicted it. But with us it is quite otherwiſe; we have no occupations to call off our attention from diſappointment, and no laſting reſentment in our natures (I ſpeak from experience) againſt him who has betrayed us.

LET me add a word more, and I will have done. If every gentleman of real accompliſhments, who has no ſerious deſign upon the heart of a woman, would avoid being particular either in converſation or in the civil offices of good-breeding, he would prevent many a ſilent

pang

pang and ſmothered ſigh. It is, I am ſure, from a contrary behaviour, that many a worthy young creature is hurried to her grave, by a diſeaſe not mentioned in the weekly bills, a broken heart. I am, with great ſincerity,

SIR,

Your admirer and conſtant reader,

W. S.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this amiable young lady's letter, without obſerving, that the injuſtice it complains of will admit of the higheſt aggravation, if we conſider that it is not in human prudence to guard againſt it. In caſes of ſeduction the frail one liſtens to her paſſions, and not her reaſon; and a woman is made miſerable for ever, by liſtening to an offer of being virtuouſly happy.

NUMB. 31. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 2, 1753.

Fallit te incautum pietas tua—— VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOU will be told at the cloſe of this letter the reaſon why you are troubled with it. I am a clergyman; and one I hope, who has hitherto, as near as the imperfections of his nature would admit, performed the duties of his function. I hope alſo that I ſhall give no offence

fence by ſaying, that I have been more aſſiduous in teaching the moral duties of chriſtianity, than in explaining its myſteries, or in gaining the aſſent of mens tongues to what their minds can have no conception of. The great duty of benevolence, as it was always my ſecond care to inculcate, ſo it was my ſecond delight to practiſe. But I am conſtrained by a fatal ſucceſſion of experience to declare, that I have been unhappy in the ſame proportion that I have been benevolent; and have debaſed Myſelf, as often as I have endeavoured to raiſe the dignity of human nature.

In the year one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty eight, when I was curate of a pariſh in York, the following article appeared in all the London news-papers.

"York, March 25th. This day William "Wyatt and John Sympſon were executed here "for houſe-breaking. They behaved in a very "penitent manner, but made no confeſſion. At "the tree the hangman was intoxicated with "liquor; and ſuppoſing there were three or-"dered for execution, was going to put one of "the ropes about the parſon's neck as he ſtood "in the cart, and was with much difficulty pre-"vented by the gaoler from ſo doing."

This parſon, ſir, was myſelf; and indeed every part of the article was literally true, except that the gaoler was equally intoxicated with the hangman, and that it was not till after the rope was forced about my neck, and the cart juſt going off, that the ſheriff's officers interfered and rectified the miſtake.

Thus

THUS was I in danger of an ignominious death by performing the duties of my office, and, from a tender regard to the ſouls of theſe poor wretches, watching their laſt moments in order to ſoften their hearts, and bring them to a confeſſion of the crime for which they were to ſuffer. But the indignity offered to me at the gallows was not all. There are in York, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as well as in London, ſcoffers at the clergy; and I aſſure you, upon the veracity of my function, that I hardly ever walked the ſtreets of that city afterwards, without being ſaluted by the name of the *half-hanged parſon*.

TIME had ſcarcely taken off the edge of this ridicule, when a worſe accident befel me. It was my misfortune to ſend an advertiſement to the Daily Advertiſer, ſetting forth, "That if a young "woman" (who happened, though I knew it not, to be the moſt noted harlot upon the town, and who then kept a coffee-houſe in Covent-garden) "would apply to the reverend Mr. W. B." (which was myſelf, and my name printed at full length) "at the Blue-Boar inn, Holbourn, ſhe would "hear of ſomething greatly to her advantage."

THE occaſion of this advertiſement was literally thus. The young woman in queſtion had formerly been a ſervant at York, and had been baſely and wickedly ſeduced by her maſter; who dying a few years after, and feeling the utmoſt remorſe for ſo injurious an act, was willing to make this unhappy creature all the atonement in his power, by putting privately into my hands a hundred pounds to be paid her at his deceaſe; and as he ſuppoſed her to be in ſome obſcure ſervice in London, he conjured me in the moſt ſolemn manner to

find her out, and to deliver the money into her own hands.

IT was to acquit myſelf of this truſt that I came up to town, and put the above-mentioned advertiſement into the Daily Advertiſer. The young woman, in conſequence of it, came the ſame day to my inn, and having convinced me that ſhe was the real perſon (though I wondered to ſee her ſo fine a lady) and having received the donation with great modeſty and thankfulneſs, very obligingly invited me to a reſidence at her houſe during my ſtay in London. I made her my acknowledgments, and the more readily embraced the propoſal, as ſhe added that her houſe was large, and that the young ladies, her lodgers (for ſhe let lodgings, ſhe ſaid, to young ladies) were particularly pleaſed with the converſation of the clergy.

I DINED with her that day, and continued till evening in the houſe, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the occupation of its inhabitants; though I could not help obſerving that they treated me with extraordinary freedom; that their boſoms were uncovered; and that they were not quite ſo ſcrupulous upon certain occaſions as our Yorkſhire young women: but as I had never been in town before, and had heard great talk of the freedom of London ladies, I concluded it was the faſhionable behaviour; which though I did not extremely like, I forebore, through good-manners, to find fault with. At about ſeven in the evening, as I was drinking tea with two of the ladies, I was broke in upon by ſome young gentlemen, one of whom happened to be the ſon of a near neighbour of mine at York, who the moment he ſaw me, ſwore a great oath, "That I was

"the

" the honeſteſt parſon in England; for that the " boldeſt wencher of them all would ſcruple to " be ſitting in a public room at a bawdy-houſe " with a brace of whores, without locking the " door."

A LOUD laugh, in which all the company joined, prevented my reproving this young gentleman as I thought he deſerved; but the language and behaviour of the ladies to theſe gentlemen, and their coarſe and indecent jeſts both upon me and my cloth, opened my eyes to ſee where and with whom I was. I ran down ſtairs with the utmoſt precipitation, and early the next morning took horſe for York; where, by the aſſiduity of the above-mentioned young gentleman, my ſtory arrived before me, and I was ridiculed by half my acquaintance for putting myſelf to the trouble and expence of a journey to town for a brace of wenches, when I muſt undoubtedly have known that a ſcore of them at York would gladly have obliged me for half the money.

IT was in vain for me to aſſert my innocence, by telling the whole ſtory; I was a ſecond time made ridiculous, and my function rendered uſeleſs in the place where I lived, by the punctual performance of my duty, in religiouſly obſerving the laſt requeſt of a dying friend.

I QUITTED York ſoon after this laſt diſgrace, and got recommended, though with ſome difficulty, to a curacy in Lincolnſhire. Here I lived happily for a conſiderable time, and became the favourite companion of the ſquire of the pariſh. He was a keen ſportſman, hearty in his friendſhips, bitter in his reſentments, and implacable to poachers. It ſo happened, that from about

the time of my coming to the pariſh, this gentleman's park and the country about it were ſo ſhamefully robbed of hares, that every body was exclaiming againſt the thief. For my own part, as I thought it my duty to detect knavery of every kind, and was fond of all occaſions of teſtifying my gratitude to my patron, I walked out early and late to diſcover this midnight robber. At laſt I ſucceeded in my ſearch, and caught him in the very act of laying his ſnares; and who ſhould he be, but the game-keeper of my benefactor! This impudent fellow, who ſaw himſelf detected, had the addreſs to cry out thief firſt; and ſeizing me by the collar, late as it was, dragged me to his maſter's houſe. I was really ſo aſtoniſhed at his conſummate aſſurance, that I heard myſelf accuſed without the power of ſpeaking; and as a farther proof of my guilt, there was found, upon ſearching me, a great quantity of wire and other things, the uſe of which was ſufficiently obvious, and which my wicked accuſer had artfully conveyed into my pocket, as he was leading me to my judge.

To be as little prolix as I can, I was impriſoned, tried, and convicted of the fact; and after having ſuffered the utmoſt rigour of the law, was obliged at laſt to take ſhelter in town, to avoid the thouſand indignities that were offered me in the country.

To particularize every misfortune that has happened to me in London, would be to exceed the bounds of your paper. I ſhall only inform you of the occurrences of laſt night.

It was paſt twelve when I was returning to my lodgings from viſiting a ſick friend. As I paſſed

along the Strand I heard at a little diſtance from me the ſound of blows, and the ſcreams of a woman. I quickened my pace, and immediately perceived a very pretty young creature upon her knees, intreating a ſoldier for mercy, who by the fury in his looks, and his upliſted cudgel, ſeemed determined to ſhew none. Common humanity, as well as a ſenſe of my duty, impelled me to ſtop and make my remonſtrances to this barbarous man. The effects of theſe remonſtrances were, that I ſoon after found myſelf upon the ground, awaked as it were from a trance, with my head broke, my body bruiſed, my pockets rifled, and the ſoldier and his lady no where to be found.

ALAS! Mr. Fitz-Adam, if this had been the only misfortune of the night, I had gone home contented; but I had a ſeverer one to undergo. I was comforting myſelf as I walked along, that I had acted the part of a chriſtian in regard to theſe wretches; when a loud cry of thieves and murder, and immediately after it the ſight of a gentleman ſtruggling with two ill-looking fellows, again alarmed me. All bruiſed and bloody as I was, I flew without heſitation to his aſſiſtance; and being of an athletic make and conſtitution, in a very few minutes delivered him from their clutches; who, as ſoon as he ſaw himſelf at liberty, made the moſt natural uſe of it, by running away. I was now left to the mercy of two ſtreet-robbers, as I thought them, both of whom had ſo ſecurely faſtened upon me as to prevent my eſcape. But while I was beginning to tell them that I had been already robbed, to my utter confuſion they diſcovered to me that they were bailiffs; that they had arreſted the perſon whom I *reſcued* for thirty

pounds; and that I muſt give ſecurity for the debt, or go inſtantly to priſon.

To come to the cloſe of my unhappy narration, they carried me to one of their houſes: from whence I ſent to the landlord where I lodged, who having ſomething more than thirty pounds of mine in his hands (all that I am worth in the world!) was kind enough to bail me. From a principle of conſcience (knowing that I had really made myſelf the debtor) I would have paid the money immediately, if it had not occurred to me that the gentleman whom I delivered would, upon reading theſe particulars in the WORLD, be honourable enough to remit me the ſum I ſtand engaged for on his account. As ſoon as I ſee this letter inſerted, I ſhall make myſelf known to Mr. Dodſley, to whom I deſire that the money may be paid: or if the gentleman chuſes to come in perſon and diſcharge my bail, Mr. Dodſley will be able to inform him at what place I may be found.

I BEG your immediate publication of this letter, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt faithful ſervant,

W. B.

P. S. I forebore to make any mention of watchmen in my account of laſt night, becauſe I ſaw none. I ſuppoſe that it was not a proper time either for their walking their rounds, or for appearing at their ſtands.

NUMB. 32. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 9, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I WAS greatly ſurprized, that when in a late paper you were diſplaying your knowledge in diſeaſes, and in the ſeveral ſpecifics for their cure, you ſhould be ſo very forgetful as never to mention a malady, which at preſent is not only epidemical, but of the fouleſt and moſt inveterate kind. This malady is called by the learned the CACOETHES CARPENDI, and by the vulgar CRITICISM. It is not more true that every man is born in SIN, than that he is born in CRITICISM. For many years indeed the diſtemper was uncommon, and not dangerous in its conſequences; ſeldom attacking any but philoſophers and men of learning, who from a ſedentary life and intenſe application to books, were more open to its influence than other men. In time, by the infection of dedications, it began to ſpread itſelf among the GREAT, and from them, like the gout, or a more noble diſtemper, it deſcended to their inferiors, till at laſt it has infected all ranks and orders of men.

But as it is obſervable that an inhabitant of the fens in Lincolnſhire is moſt liable to an ague, a Yorkſhireman to horſe-ſtealing, and a Suſſexman to ſmuggling; ſo it is alſo obſervable that the perſons moſt liable to the contagion of CRITICISM, are young maſters of arts, ſtudents in the

Temple, attorneys clerks, haberdaſhers prentices, and fine gentlemen.

As I had long ago looked upon this diſtemper to be more particularly Engliſh than any other, I determined, for the good of my country, whatever pains it might coſt me, to trace it to its firſt principles; but it was not till very lately that my labours were attended with any certain ſucceſs. I had diſcovered in general that the patient had an acidity of blood, which, if not corrected in time, broke out into a kind of EVIL, which, though no king's-evil, might poſſibly, I thought, be cured by touching: but it occurred to me that the touch of an oak-ſaplin might be much more efficacious than that of the ingenious Mr. Carte's SOMEBODY. A linen-draper's prentice in the neighbourhood happening at that time to be labouring under a ſevere fit, I hinted this my opinion to his maſter, who immediately applied the touch; but I will not wrong my conſcience by boaſting of its effect, having learnt that the lad was ſeen ſoon after at a certain coffee-houſe in the Strand, in all the agonies of the diſtemper.

UNTIRED by diſappointment, I continued my ſearches with redoubled diligence; and it is this day that I can felicitate myſelf, as well as thouſands of my countrymen, that they have not been in vain.

THE cauſe then of this loathſome diſtemper is moſt certainly WIND. This being pent in the bowels for ſome time, and the rules of good-breeding not permitting it, in public places, to take its natural courſe, it immediately flies up into the head, and after being whirled about for a while in that empty region, at length diſcharges

charges itſelf with great violence upon the organ of ſpeech. This occaſions an involuntary motion in that member, which continues with great rapidity for a longer or a ſhorter time, according to the power or force of the original blaſt which ſet it in motion. This volubility, or rather vibration of tongue, is accompanied with certain un-intelligible ſounds, which, like the barkings of perſons bit by a mad dog, are the moſt fatal proofs of the malignity of the diſtemper.

THE late doctor Monro, who was long ago conſulted upon the caſe, gave it as his opinion, that it was a ſpecies of madneſs, known among the Greeks by the name of κακοθυμία, and among the Romans by *malevolentia*. It is ſaid of that great and humane man, that from his concern for theſe poor creatures, he intended, if he had lived a little longer, to have propoſed a new building for their reception, contiguous to that in Moorfields: and as they are quite harmleſs things, would charitably have taken them under his own immediate care. The loſs of that eminent phyſician, were it from no other conſideration, cannot but be lamented as a public miſfortune; his ſcheme being intended to prevent the contagion of CRITICISM from ſpreading ſo univerſally among his Majeſty's ſubjects. For there is one melancholy circumſtance attending this diſeaſe, namely, that it is of quicker and more certain infection than the plague: being communicated, like yawning, to a large circle of company in an inſtant of time: and (what is ſufficient confirmation of the cauſe) the congregated vapour which is emitted at ſuch times, is more

diſagreeable and offenſive than if it had taken its proper and natural courſe.

BUT the doctor's principal reaſon for conjecturnig this diſtemper to be madneſs, was, its being almoſt continually acted upon by external objects. A man in the hydrophobia will be in agonies at the ſight of water or any liquid; and it is very well known that perſons afflicted with a CRITICISM will be thrown into equal agonies at the ſight of a new book, pamphlet, or poem. But the greateſt and moſt convulſive of all agonies are found to proceed from the repreſentation of a new play. I have myſelf obſerved upon this occaſion a mob of poor wretches ſending forth ſuch diſmal groans, and ſuch piercing ſhrieks as have quite moved me: after this they have ſtarted up on a ſudden, and with all the fury of madmen, have torn up the benches from under them, and put an entire ſtop to an entertainment, which to pay for a ſight of, they have many of them borrowed the money from their maſters tills.

THAT this has the appearance of madneſs, I cannot deny; yet I have ſeen a turkey-cock behave with equal fury at the appearance of a woman in a red petticoat; and I have always imputed it to the ſillineſs of the bird, rather than to any diſorder in his brain.

BUT whether this be madneſs or not, the original cauſe is moſt infallibly WIND; and to have diſcovered the cauſe of any diſtemper, is to have taken the leading ſtep towards effecting its cure; which is indeed the ſole end and deſign of this letter.

WIND then being the undoubted cauſe of that univerſal diſeaſe vulgarly known by the name

of CRITICISM, the patient muſt enter into an immediate and regular courſe of CARMINATIVES. The herbs angelica, fennel, and camomile will be extremely proper for his tea; and the ſeeds of dill, cummin, aniſe, carroway, coriander, or cardamum, ſhould never be out of his mouth. Theſe, by the conſent of all phyſicians, are the great diſpellers of WIND. But that is not all. From whence have they their name of CARMINATIVES? Not from this quality; here are no traces of ſuch an etymology; but they are happily poſſeſſed of another and more excellent virtue; and that in ſo eminent a degree, as to take their name from it. This is the power of expelling all the pernicious effects of poetry, verſes, ſongs, CARMINA; all that farrago of trumpery, which is ſo ſtrangely jumbled together in the inteſtines of that miſerable invalid who labours under the weakneſs and diſorder of CRITICISM. For it is a great miſtake in the learned, that theſe medicines took their name of CARMINATIVES from the ancient jugglers in phyſic accompanying their operation with verſes and ſcraps of poetry, by way of incantation or charm; they certainly obtained this appellation from their wonderful power of expelling that particular ſpecies of WIND which is engendered in the CRITIC's bowels by reading of plays, poetry, and other works of wit, too hard for his digeſtion.

THAT all perſons labouring under an habitual and obſtinate CRITICISM may be induced to enter into this courſe of CARMINATIVES, I can aſſure them with great certainty, that the operation of theſe medicines, notwithſtanding the prodigious diſcharge of crudities which they occaſion, is not attended with the leaſt ſickneſs to the

patient himſelf; he has indeed the appearance of a violent fit of the colic; but, in reality, he has only the trouble of eructation: all the ſickneſs and nauſea uſual in other caſes of the like nature, being marvelouſly, in this, transferred to the by-ſtanders.

BUT as all medicines have not equal effects on all conſtitutions; ſo this, though ſufficient in many caſes, may poſſibly be defective in a few: I have therefore in reſerve a ſecret, which I may venture to pronounce will prove of great utility. It is this. Let every man who is afflicted with this ſcrophulous diſeaſe immediately turn AUTHOR. And if it ſhould ſo happen (as it is not abſolutely impoſſible) that his compoſitions ſhould not be adapted to every body's taſte, it will infallibly work ſo upon his ſtomach, as entirely to purge off thoſe indigeſted particles, to which all this foul wind was originally owing. For it is true to a proverb, that if you hang a dog upon a crab-tree, he will never love verjuice. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

B. D.

I AM ſorry, in one particular, to differ in opinion with my ingenious correſpondent. But I cannot allow that a CRITIC's turning author will cure him of his malevolence; having always found that the moſt difficult people in the world to be *pleaſed*, are thoſe who know experimentally that they want talents to *pleaſe*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 33. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 16, 1753.

IT has lain upon my conſcience for ſome time, that I have taken no notice of thoſe of my correſpondents, whoſe letters to me, for reaſons of ſtate, have been withheld from the public. Several of theſe gentlemen have favoured me with their aſſiſtance from the kindeſt motives. They have diſcovered that I am growing dull, and have therefore very generouſly ſent me ſome of their own wit, to reſtore me to reputation. But as I am not ſure of a conſtant ſupply of theſe brilliant epiſtles, I have been cautious of inſerting them: knowing that when once a bottle of claret is ſet upon the table, people are apt to make faces at plain port.

THERE are other gentlemen to whom I am no leſs obliged. Theſe have taken it for granted, that as I declared in my firſt paper againſt meddling with religion, I muſt certainly be an infidel: upon which ſuppoſition they have been pleaſed to ſhower in upon me, what they call, their FREE THOUGHTS: but theſe thoughts, as I have hitherto given no aſſurances of my infidelity, are rather too FREE for this paper. And beſides, as I have always endeavoured to be new, I cannot conſent to publiſh any thing ſo common as abuſe upon religion.

BUT the majority of theſe my private correſpondents are politicians. They approve, they tell me, of my neutrality at firſt; but matters have

have been ſo managed lately by thoſe in power, that it is the part of every honeſt man to become an oppoſer. The compliments which theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to pay my abilities, are the higheſt ſatisfaction to me. Their letters do me the honour to aſſure me, that if I will but aſſert myſelf, the miniſtry muſt do exactly as I would have them; and that the next general election will certainly take whatever turn I have a mind to give it.

I AM very far from denying that I have all this power; but I have ever been of opinion that it is greater to ſave than to deſtroy: for which reaſon I am willing to continue the preſent adminiſtration a little longer; though at the ſame time I muſt take the liberty of declaring, that if I find the popular clamours againſt a late act of parliament to be true; namely, that it will defeat all the prophecies relating to the diſperſion of the Jews; or that the New Teſtament is to be thrown out of our bibles and common prayer books; or that a general circumciſion is certainly to take place ſoon after the meeting of the new parliament; I ſay, when theſe things are ſo, I ſhall moſt aſſuredly exert myſelf as becomes a true-born Engliſhman.

I CONFESS very freely that I had conceived ſome diſlike to the marriage bill; having been aſſured by the maid-ſervant where I lodge, that after the 25th day of next March, no young woman could be married without taking her bible oath that ſhe was worth fifty pounds. But as I have read the bill ſince, and have found no ſuch clauſe in it, I am tolerably well ſatisfied.

TO thoſe of my correſpondents who are angry with me for not having endeavoured to inculcate

ſome

ſome ſerious novel in every one of theſe papers, I ſhall juſt take notice, that I am writing eſſays, and not ſermons. But though I do not avowedly once a week attack envy, malice and uncharitableneſs, I hope that a paper now and then written with pleaſantry and good-humour, though it ſhould have no direct moral in view, may ſo amuſe and temper the mind, as to guard it againſt the approaches of thoſe tormenting paſſions. There is nothing truer than that bad ſpirits and ill-humour are the parents of miſery and miſchief; he therefore who can lead the imagination from gloom and vapours to objects of chearfulneſs and mirth, is a uſeful member of ſociety.

HAVING now diſcharged my conſcience of its burthen, I ſhall cloſe this paper with a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny poſt. I inſert it here to ſhew, that a late very ſerious eſſay of mine, calculated for the ſupport and delight of ladies in years, has done real harm; while others of a graver nature, and without a moral, have been perfectly inoffenſive.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you have been the occaſion of miſery to an innocent woman is as true, as that I hope I may acquit you of any evil intention: you have indeed miſled me, but it is another who has wronged me. Yet if I had not uſed my utmoſt endeavours, and practiſed every honeſt art to get redreſs

redreſs from this unjuſt perſon, I ſhould neither deſire nor deſerve a place in your paper.

BUT, alas! ſir! while I am prefacing my ſad ſtory, through a too modeſt reluctance to begin it, I am fearful that you will miſtake me for ſome credulous young creature, who has yielded up her honour to betraying man. Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam, I am no ſuch perſon, being at preſent in my fifty-ſixth year, and having always entertained ſuch an averſion to impurity, as to be ready to die with ſhame even of my very dreams, when they have ſometimes happened to tend that way. But how has my virtue been rewarded!——I will conceal nothing from you, ſir, though my cheeks are glowing with ſhame as well as indignation. ——I am wronged, barbarouſly wronged, and will complain.

THE hand that is now penning this letter was three tedious weeks ago given at the altar to the moſt unworthy of men—Forgive me, ſir, a moment's pauſe———I cannot think of what I am, without exclaiming in the bitterneſs of my heart, how cruelly I am diſappointed! I will be particular in my relation.

MY father was a country gentleman of a good eſtate, which by his death, that happened near two months ago, devolved to me, as his only child. It was matter of wonder to our neighbours, that a perſon ſo agreeable as I was thought to be, and who had been marriageable a good while (for as I mentioned before, I am in my fifty-ſixth year) ſhould be ſuffered to live ſingle to ſo ripe an age. To ſay the truth, I could never account for this wonder, any otherwiſe than from that exceſs of delicacy

licacy which I always obſerved in my converſation with the men, and which in all probability prevented them from declaring themſelves.

As ſoon as I had performed the laſt duties to my father, I came up to town, and took lodgings in Bury-ſtreet—Would it had been in Pall-mall, or a ſtreet ſtill wider! for then I might have eſcaped the obſervation of a tall well-made gentleman from Ireland, who, unfortunately for my peace, lodged directly over the way.

I WILL not trouble you with the methods he took from his window to engage my attention, or with what paſſed between us on his being permitted to viſit me. All I ſhall ſay is, that whatever ground he had gained in my heart, it might have proved a difficult taſk for him to have carried me without a ſettlement; if the WORLD of July the 12th, upon the love of ELDERLY women, had not fallen into my hands. Before the reading of that fatal paper, I had ſuſpicions that my perſon might poſſibly be leſs deſirable than my fortune; but now I believed, and my wiſhes aſſiſted my belief, that he languiſhed to poſſeſs me. I read the ſtory of NINON L'ENCLOS above a dozen times over; and I rejoiced to find myſelf of the exact age of that lady, when her charms had ſuch an aſcendancy over the unfortunate DE VILLIERS.

MY lover found me with the paper in my hand. I read it to him: and he confirmed me in my opinion, by wiſhing himſelf the Abbé GEDOYN, and his angel, as he called me, eighty years old, that he might be as happy as the Frenchman. In ſhort, being now thoroughly convinced that the only object of a ſincere, fervent and laſting paſſion

in

in a young man, was a woman in years, I made no ſecret to him of my inclinations; and the very next morning we were publicly married.

ALAS! ſir, were you in jeſt or earneſt when you wrote that paper? I have a melancholy reaſon for believing you were in jeſt. And is a woman of fifty-five then ſo undeſirable an object? Is ſhe not to be endured? Or are all men deceivers? No; that is impoſſible; it is I only that am deceived. I dare not ſay more, unleſs it be to tell you, that a fortune of thirty thouſand pounds is rather too much to be given in exchange for a mere name, when, if you knew the whole truth, I have no real right to any name but my maiden one. I am, by no name at all,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

NUMB. 34. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 23, 1753.

WHEN I declared againſt meddling with politics in theſe my lucubrations, I meant only that kind of politics, or art of government, which is ſo learnedly and logically reaſoned upon in all the coffee-houſes and barbers ſhops of this great metropolis; intending (as it is my province) to take cognizance of any particular act of the legiſlature, that, contrary to its intention, has been prejudicial to the morals of my fellow citizens.

BUT

BUT it is the *repeal* of an act of parliament, and not the act itself, that I am now about to complain of. The act I mean is the WITCH ACT. I am not considering the repeal of this act as affecting our religious belief, according to the Scotch proverb, "Tauk awaw the deel, and "good bwee to the Lord." I think of it only in a moral light, as it has given such encouragement to WITCHCRAFT in this kingdom, that one hardly meets with a grown person either in public or private, who is not more or less under its influence.

WHOEVER attends to the sermon at church, or listens to the conversation of grave and good men, will hear and believe that the present age is the most fruitful in wickedness of any since the deluge. Whether these gentlemen have discovered the true reason of this depravity, or whether the discovery has been reserved for me, I will not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that the repeal of an act of parliament, which was meant to restrain the power of the devil by inflicting death upon his agents, must infallibly give him a much greater influence over us, than he ever could have hoped for, during the continuance of such an act.

I AM well aware that there are certain of my readers who have no belief in WITCHES; but I am willing to hope they are only those, who either have not read, or else have forgot, the proceedings against them, published at large in the state trials: if there is any man alive who can deny his assent to the positive and circumstantial evidence given against them in these trials, I shall

ſhall only ſay that I pity moſt ſincerely the hardneſs of his heart.

THAT the devil may truly be ſaid to be let looſe among us by the repeal of this act, will appear beyond contradiction, if we take a ſurvey of the general faſcination that all ranks and orders of mankind ſeem at preſent to be under.

WHAT is it but WITCHCRAFT that occaſions that univerſal and uncontroulable rage of PLAY, by which the nobleman, the man of faſhion, the merchant and the tradeſman, with their wives, ſons and daughters, are running headlong to ruin? What is it but WITCHCRAFT that conjures up that ſpirit of pride and paſſion for expence, by which all claſſes of men, from his grace at Weſtminſter to the faleſman at Wapping, are entailing beggary upon their old age, and bequeathing their children to poverty and the pariſh? Again, is it poſſible to be accounted for, from any natural cauſe, that perſons of good ſenſe and ſober diſpoſitions ſhould take ſuch a freak four or five times in a winter of turning their houſes into inns; cramming every bed-chamber, cloſet and corner with people whom they hardly know; ſtifling one another with heat; blocking up the ſtreets with chairs and coaches; offending themſelves, and pleaſing nobody; and all this for the vain boaſt of having drawn together a greater mob than my lady Somebody, or the honourable Mr. Such-a-one? That nothing but WITCHCRAFT can be the occaſion of ſo much folly and abſurdity, muſt be obvious to the common ſenſe of all mankind.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER and more melancholy proof of the power of WITCHCRAFT, is, that a wife may be beautiful in her perſon, gentle in her manners, fond of her huſband, watchful for his quiet, careful of his intereſt, kind to his children, chearful to his friends, and obliging to all; yet be yoked to a wretch, ſo blind to his own happineſs, as to prefer to her endearments the hired embraces of a diſeaſed proſtitute, loathſome in her perſon, and a fury in her diſpoſition. If this is not WITCHCRAFT, I ſhould be glad to know of ſuch a huſband what name I may call it by. Among the lower kind of tradeſmen (for every dealer even in broken glaſs bottles has his *fille de joye*) it is a common thing for a huſband to kick his wife out of doors in the morning, for having ſubmitted over-night to a good drubbing from his miſtreſs.

IT would be endleſs to take notice of every argument that ſuggeſts itſelf in proof of WITCHCRAFT; I ſhall content myſelf with only one more, which I take to be inconteſtible. This is the ſpirit of jacobitiſm, which is ſo well known to poſſeſs many of his Majeſty's proteſtant ſubjects in this kingdom. That a poor Highlander in Scotland may be a jacobite without WITCHCRAFT, I am ready to allow; zeal for a loſt cheeld of the gude houſe of Stuart may have eaten him up: but that an Engliſh country gentleman, who is really no papiſt in his heart, or that a wealthy citizen of London, who goes to church every Sunday, and joins in the prayers for the preſent royal family, ſhould be drinking daily to the *reſtoration* (as he calls it) of a popiſh bigot, who would burn him at Smithfield the next week

week for not going to maſs; and whoſe utmoſt merit is his precarious deſcent from a family, remarkable for little elſe than pedantry, obſtinacy, debauchery and enthuſiaſm; that ſuch a perſon ſhould be a jacobite, or in other words, an enemy to the beſt of kings, and the wiſeſt of conſtitutions, cannot poſſibly be accounted for but by the power of WITCHCRAFT.

FROM all theſe conſiderations it is much to be wiſhed that a new WITCH ACT may take place next ſeſſion of parliament. *Vox populi eſt vox Dei*, is a wiſe and a true ſaying; and that the *vox populi* is in favour of ſuch an act, let the late proceedings at Tring, and ſome ſimilar occurrences in other parts of England, bear teſtimony.

THAT the legiſlature may be farther induced to take this matter into conſideration, I am clearly of opinion, that the paſſing ſuch an act will go a great way towards ſilencing the clamours which have gone forth ſo grievouſly againſt the Jew bill: for it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected that the ſame people who imagined their religion to be at ſtake by the repeal of the one, are at preſent under the moſt terrible conſternation at the paſſing of the other: and beſides, it will be a convincing proof to all ſorts of perſons, that the adminiſtration is as well inclined to diſcourage the devil, as it is to favour the Jews; a circumſtance which, as matters ſtand at preſent, ſeems to want confirmation.

IN the mean time I entreat all my readers, as much as in them lies, to be upon their guard againſt WITCHES: for the better diſcovery of whom (as the law does not admit of the uſual trials by fire and water) I ſhall here ſet down all

I know

I know or have been told upon the ſubject. If a woman turned of eighty, with grey hairs upon her chin, and a high-crowned hat on, ſhould be ſeen riding upon a broomſtick through the air, or ſailing in an egg-ſhell upon the Thames in a high wind, you may almoſt ſwear that ſhe is a WITCH. If as often as you ſee any particular old woman, you feel a pricking of pins all over you, or if your ſtomach be ſick, and ſhould happen to diſcharge a great quantity of the ſaid pins, or if while you are ſpeaking to this old woman, ſhe ſhould ſuddenly transform herſelf into a horſe without a head, or any ſuch uncommon animal, you may very fairly conclude that ſhe is no other than a WITCH. In ſuch caſes it will be a happy circumſtance if you are able to ſay the Lord's prayer: for by repeating it three times to yourſelf ſhe becomes as harmleſs as a babe.

A LADY of my acquaintance, who has often been bewitched, aſſures me of her having detected multiudes of theſe hags, by laying two ſtraws one acroſs the other in the path where they are to tread. It is wonderful, ſhe ſays, to ſee how a WITCH is puzzled at theſe ſtraws; for that after having made many fruitleſs attempts to ſtep over them, ſhe either ſtands ſtock ſtill, or turns back. But to ſecure yourſelf within doors againſt the enchantment of WITCHES, eſpecially if you are a perſon of faſhion, and have never been taught the Lord's prayer, the only method I know of is, to nail a horſeſhoe upon the threſhold. This I can affirm to be of the greateſt efficacy; inſomuch that I have taken notice of many a little cottage in the country, with a horſeſhoe at its door, where gaming, extravagance, routs, adultery,

tery, jacobitiſm, and all the catalogue of WITCHCRAFTS, have been totally unknown.

I SHALL conclude this paper by ſignifying my intention, one day or other, of hiring a porter, and of ſending him with a hammer and nails, and a large quantity of horſeſhoes, to certain houſes in the purlieus of St. James's. I believe it would not be amiſs (as a charm againſt play) if he had orders to fix a whole dozen of theſe horſeſhoes at the door of WHITE's. From St. James's he ſhall have directions to proceed to the city, and to diſtribute the remainder of his burthen among the threſholds of thoſe doors, at which the WITCHCRAFT of jacobitiſm has been moſt ſuſpected to enter.

NUMB. 35. THURSDAY, *Auguſt* 30, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correſpondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the WORLD, I ſhall let you into the ſecret of my birth and hiſtory.

I HAVE the honour to be deſcended from the ancient family of the LIMBERTONGUES in Staffordſhire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whiſper a ſecret of ſome importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and ſentence of diſmiſſion was immediately paſſed

paſſed upon him. My father was decypherer to king William. It was by his diligence and addreſs that the aſſaſſination plot and ſome other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being ſomewhat too officious in his zeal, he was ſuſpected of betraying the ſecrets of his office (the better, as is ſuppoſed, to inſinuate himſelf into thoſe of the oppoſition) and was diſcarded with diſgrace. With a fortune barely ſufficient for ſupport, he retired to his native village in Staffordſhire; and ſoon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had iſſue male, the writer of this letter.

My earlieſt infancy gave indications of an inquiſitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the firſt knowledge of words, an inſatiable deſire to communicate. At twelve years old I diſcovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the pariſh into diſgrace. A young lady of uncommon diſcretion, who boarded in the family, was ſo delighted with the ſtory, that ſhe made me a party in all her viſits, to give me new occaſions of relating it: but happening one evening to ſteal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I diſcovered her in the prettieſt familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a ſtrolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for ſome weeks was inconſolable: but making an acquaintance with an innkeeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her ſoon after, he became the gayeſt man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reaſons, grew uneaſy

at my prying diſpoſition, I was ſentenced to a grammar ſchool at fifty miles diſtance. Mortified as I was at firſt, I began early to reliſh this change of life. A new world was opened to me for diſcovery: I wormed myſelf into the ſecrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the maſter. Many were the whippings upon theſe occaſions; but as my heart always felt for the miſchiefs of my tongue, I was the firſt to condole with the ſufferer, and eſcaped ſuſpicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are tranſitory. It happened in the courſe of my diſcoveries, that by a perverſe boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence againſt him; and though I delivered it with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, I found the whole ſchool in combination againſt me, and every one branding me with the name of TELL-TALE.

FROM this unlucky accident, hardly a day paſſed, but I was called upon to anſwer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly puniſhed for denying them. I was buffeted and abuſed by every body, and then whipt for quarrelling; or if any thing was miſſing in the ſchool, it was conſtantly found in one of my coat pockets, or locked up ſafely in my trunk. During this continued ſtate of perſecution, I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home: but the government of that family was transferred, and admittance to it, even at common vacation times, denied me. At the end of five years, however, and, as you will ſoon be informed, to my utter diſgrace, I obtained the favour of paſſing the Chriſtmas holidays at home.

THE

THE morning after my arrival, I perceived at breakfaſt, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a ſide wink at her miſtreſs, that there were ſecrets in the family. It was not long before I diſcovered ſome particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a ſpruce exciſeman in the neighbourhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's; but unadviſedly attempting a ſmall peep hole in the wainſcot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other ſide; by which misfortune I underwent the mortification of a diſcovery, and the ſevereſt diſcipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my aſſiduities, and had the ſatisfaction of finding one afternoon in the garden, that the exciſeman and my mother were made of the very ſame fleſh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from houſe to houſe to inform the pariſh of his diſgrace: but how great was my ſurprize, when at my return home, inſtead of gaining credit to my ſtory, my mother had art enough to turn the miſchief upon myſelf, and to get me driven out of doors as the moſt wicked of incendiaries!

ENRAGED as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the ſtreet, and made a ſolemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever miſery might be the conſequence. With this reſolution, and ſomewhat more than a guinea in my pocket (which I had ſaved from the benefactions of ſome particular friends at my return from ſchool) I took the road, by moonlight, for London. Nothing remarkable occurred

to me on the way, till the laſt mile of my journey; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Iſlington, and giving him a hiſtory of my life, I found this humane ſtranger ſo touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me a bed at his own houſe, and a ſupply of whatever money I wanted, till proviſion could be made for me. Such unexpected generoſity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodneſs; and ſhewing him my guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his houſe would be ſufficient obligation. I was indeed a little ſurprized to find at that very inſtant my benefactor's piſtol at my breaſt, and a menace of immediate death, if I refuſed to deliver: but you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from ſo kind a friend; and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to purſue my way with a few half-pence in my pocket.

To particularize my diſtreſſes on my firſt arrival in town, would be to write a volume inſtead of a letter. In a ſhort time my inquiſitive talents were taken notice of, and I commenced buſineſs in the poſt of retainer to a bailiff's follower: but forgetting that ſecrecy was neceſſary to my commiſſion, I communicated my errand wherever I was ſent upon the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to eſcape. This employment, though of ſhort duration, got me a natural intereſt among the lawyers; and by the merit of ſcholarſhip, as well as writing a tolerable hand, I ſucceeded in time to the ſmart poſt of clerk to a ſollicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my diſcoveries; for

for happening ſometimes to be ſent abroad with bills of coſt for buſineſs never done, and fees never paid, I found it impoſſible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was diſcarded as a betrayer of my maſter's ſecrets. In the courſe of a few years I was obliged to combat neceſſity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-ſinger, a ſoldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a BUCK. In this laſt poſt I might have lived with eaſe and profit, if I could have concealed from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the diſgrace of his own. By gradual progreſſion, and having acquired ſome knowledge of French, I roſe in time to be aſſiſtant ſecretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my enquiring mind began to be of ſervice to me; but happening in a few months to make diſcovery of certain tranſactions, not much to the honour of my maſter, and being detected in tranſmitting them to my friends in England, I was diſcarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occaſion my neceſſities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conſcience will for ever upbraid me with: for being thus deſerted in a country where charity was unfaſhionable, and reduced to the very point of ſtarving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the ſanctity of this habit, and from the example of the brotherhood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonneſs. But though my conſcience was ſubdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the ſecrets of a lady's con-

ſeſſion to her own huſband. The ſtory began to ſpread; and it was by a ſort of miracle, that I found the means of eſcaping with life.

AT my return into England, I made a ſolemn renunciation of my apoſtacy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of conſequence enough for the ſervice of a miniſterial writer. My performances for ſome time were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the ſake of anſwering them, I was accuſed of weakening the cauſe, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injuſtice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the ſervice of patriotiſm; but being ſomewhat indiſcreet in my zeal, and occaſionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the ſentence of diſmiſſion paſſed upon me for inadvertency.

BEING thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began ſeriouſly to conſider how I might turn this very diſpoſition to advantage. In the midſt of theſe reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myſelf, and that if I tendered them my ſervices, and ſupplied them with ſcandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I ſoon found that the real occurrences of life were too inſipid for the attention of theſe fair ones, and that I muſt add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifler. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of

of truth and lies, ſucceeded ſo well, that in leſs than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at preſent a very reſigned widower with a handſome fortune.

THIS, ſir, is my hiſtory; and as I cannot keep any thing that I know, and as I know almoſt every thing that people would wiſh to keep, I intend myſelf the honour of correſponding with you often; and am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

I ACCEPT of Mr. LIMBERTONGUE's correſpondence with all my heart. The varieties he has experienced will enable him to furniſh uſeful cautions, and inſtructive entertainment. The ladies will be taught to avoid ſcandal by virtue; and the men either to reform or conceal their vices, while the TELL-TALE is abroad.

NUMB. 36. THURSDAY, *September* 6, 1753.

I WAS formerly acquainted with a very honeſt old gentleman, who as often as he was aſked at the tavern how his wife did, never failed to aſſure us, "that he did not come abroad to be "put in mind of his wife." I could wiſh with all my heart that thoſe perſons who are married to the town for at leaſt eight months in the year, would, upon their removal into the country, forget the amuſements of it, and attach themſelves to thoſe pleaſures which are to be found in groves and gardens, in exerciſe and temperance.

But as fond as we are of variety, and as pleaſing as the changes of the ſeaſons are generally acknowledged to be, it is obſervable that in all the large villages near London, the ſummer ſeems only to be endured, as it is made to reſemble the winter in town. Routs, viſits, aſſemblies, and meetings for drinking, are all the pleaſures that are attended to; while the meadows and cornfields

(Where the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe)

are neglected and deſpiſed.

I HAVE received a letter upon this ſubject, which, for its candor and good ſenſe, I ſhall lay before my readers for the ſpeculation of to-day.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

IN this ſeaſon of univerſal migration, when the fireworks at Marybone, and the tin-works of Vauxhall are deſerted for the ſalutary ſprings of Tunbridge, Cheltenham and Scarborough; it would not be amiſs, methinks, if you were to give us your opinion of thoſe ſeats of idleneſs and pleaſure, health and gaiety. Or ſuppoſe you ſhould extend your views ſtill farther, and tell us what you think in general of ſummer amuſements, and the faſhionable employments of rural life? To ſupply in ſome meaſure this defect, give me leave to acquaint you with the principal occurrences that engaged my attention very lately, in a ten days retirement in the country.

As

As the friend I viſited was a man who had ſeen much of the world; as his wife and daughters were adorned with all the accompliſhments of genteel life; and as they were no leſs admired for their underſtandings than their perſons; my expectation was raiſed and flattered with the pleaſing, yet reaſonable thought, of paſſing my time with no leſs improvement than delight, in a ſituation where art and nature conſpired to indulge my utmoſt wiſhes. But how grievouſly diſappointed was I to find, that whenever I walked out I muſt walk alone; and even then was ſure to be reproached; in the afternoon, for riſing before the bottle was out; and in the evening, for breaking a ſet at cards! The former part of my conduct diſobliged the men, and the latter offended the ladies. Scarce could I reach the end of the avenue before my friend, with a gentle rebuke, ſummoned me back to give a toaſt; and hardly could I contemplate the view from the terraſs, before miſs Kitty would come running to tell me that the RUBBER was UP, and that it was my turn to CUT IN. This, I doubt, is too general a complaint to be ſoon redreſſed; yet it is not leſs a grievance. That perſons ſo well qualified for giving and receiving the pleaſures of converſation, ſhould thus agree to baniſh thought (at leaſt, all ſubjects that are worth the thinking of) muſt be almoſt incredible to thoſe who are unacquainted with polite life. That a ſeaſon, in which all the beauties of nature appear to ſuch advantage, ſhould be thus thrown away, and as much diſregarded as the depth of winter, ſeems utterly inexcuſable, and in ſome degree immoral. "How, thought I to myſelf,

" can talents deſigned for the nobleſt purpoſes " be thus perverted to the meaneſt? Is it the " ſole province of wit to give toaſts, and of " beauty to ſhuffle cards? How are the faculties " of reaſon ſuſpended, while thoſe of paſſion " alone prevail! Since it is no leſs certain that " the ſweeteſt temper may be deſtroyed by cards, " than that the beſt conſtitution may be ruined " by wine." Theſe were my uſual reflections as I returned to my company, chagrined and diſappointed at the loſs of a walk, which, though a ſolitary one, I ſhould always prefer to the pleaſures of the bottle, or a party at whiſt by daylight, in the beſt aſſembly in England.

Be ſo good, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to eſpouſe the cauſe of injured nature, and remonſtrate loudly againſt this enormous barbarity of killing the ſummer. Let cards prevail in winter, and in cities only; too much of them do we ſee in this great town to deſire them elſewhere. Let drinking be confined to election dinners and corporation feaſts, and not continue (as it too much does) imperceptibly to make havock of our private families. Aſſure the ladies, the young ones I mean, that however their mothers may inſtruct them by example, or whatever they themſelves may think, anxiety and diſappointment, hope and fear, are no improvers of their beauty: that Venus never kept her court at a rout; and that the arrows of Cupid are not winged with cards. Let them take but one walk, and the milk-maid that gives them a ſillabub at the end of it, will convince them that air and exerciſe are the true preſervatives of health and beauty, and will add more lively bloom and freſher roſes to their

cheeks, than all the *rouge* of French art, or all the flush of English avarice. Inform the men, if they know it not already, that though they may esteem themselves sober when they are not dead drunk, and possibly may never be in a state of intoxication, yet drinking to any degree of excess will certainly hurt, if not totally ruin their constitutions, and be the sure, though perhaps slow, occasions of rheumatisms, gouts, dropsies, and death itself. Many instances of this will occur in the sphere of every one's acquaintance; and if some of the deceased have lived fifty or sixty years, it is hardly to be doubted, that had this barbarous custom never prevailed, their lives might have been extended to at least seventy or eighty.

In short, while these practices continue, by which every rural delight is entirely lost, country seats may be esteemed an idle expence, and an useless burthen. London is certainly the fittest place for either the bottle or cards: it is there that the gentlemen may pursue the one, and the ladies the other, without being interrupted by such troublesome guests as myself, who may be now and then desirous of picking a nosegay, or of listening to the nightingale. For in vain does nature lavish her charms, if they are thus neglected; in vain do the birds sing, if no one hears them; and in vain do the flowers blow, if

——— *they blow unseen,*
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

But if these polite persons will continue to reside in the summer at their country seats, merely because it is the fashion, it would be no unfriendly

office to ſpare them the mortification of continually gazing upon unwelcome objects. In order therefore to fix their attention to the moſt important concerns, I would humbly propoſe (and I doubt not but the propoſal will meet with their approbation) that immediately after dinner the windows be cloſed, and the light of the ſun be exchanged for that of wax candles; by which means the gentlemen over their bottle in one room, may uninterruptedly harangue on hounds and horſes, while the ladies in another may be ſhut up till midnight with cards and counters. And that the latter may be ſpared the diſquiet of having recourſe on a SUNDAY to fields and gardens (I mean if their mamma's or huſbands ſhould happen to be ſo enthuſiaſtically rigid as to forbid gaming upon that day) let it be lawful for them to lie a-bed and ſtudy Mr. HOYLE.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

RUSTICUS.

NUMB. 37. THURSDAY, *September* 13, 1753.

THE following letter is written with ſo much nature and ſimplicity, that, rather than curtail it of its length, I have thought proper (as I once did before) to extend my paper to another half-ſheet.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM the widow of a merchant, with whom I lived happily, and in affluence for many years. We had no children, and when he died he left me all he had; but his affairs were ſo involved, that the balance which I received, after having gone through much expence and trouble, was no more than one thouſand pounds. This ſum I placed in the hands of a friend of my huſband's, who was reckoned a good man in the city, and who allowed me an intereſt of four per cent. for my capital; and with this forty pounds a-year I retired and boarded in a village about a hundred miles from London.

THERE was an old lady of great fortune in that neighbourhood, who viſited often at the houſe where I lodged: ſhe pretended, after a ſhort acquaintance, to take a great liking to me: ſhe profeſſed a friendſhip for me, and at length perſuaded me to come and live with her.

BETWEEN the time of taking this my reſolution and putting it into execution, I was informed that this lady, whom I ſhall call Lady Mary, was very unequal in her humours, and treated her inferiors and dependents with that inſolence which ſhe imagined her ſuperior fortune gave her a right to make uſe of.

BUT as I was neither her relation nor dependent, and as all that I deſired from her was common civility, I thought that whenever her ladyſhip or her houſe beeame diſagreeable to me, I could retire to my old quarters, and live in the

ſame

ſame manner as I did before I became acquainted with her; and upon the ſtrength of this reaſoning I packed up my cloaths, paid off my lodgings, and was conveyed by my Lady Mary in her own coach to the manſion houſe.

FOR the firſt year ſhe treated me with civility and confidence; but in that time I could not help obſerving that ſhe had no affection for anybody. I found out that ſhe did not love her neareſt relations, who were highly eſteemed by all the reſt of the neighbourhood; and therefore I gave but little credit to all the proteſtations of friendſhip which ſhe was continually making to me.

SHE told me all that ſhe knew, and more than ſhe knew; and inſinuated to me, that I was to look upon the truſt ſhe repoſed in me as the ſtrongeſt proof of the higheſt friendſhip. But theſe inſinuations loſt their effect; for I knew by experience, that there are many people, of which number her ladyſhip was one, that often have a need to unboſom themſelves, who muſt have ſomebody to impart their ſecrets to, and who when they know any thing that ought not to be told, are never at eaſe till they tell it.

BUT to proceed in my ſtory. One day, when her ladyſhip had treated me with uncommon kindneſs, for my having taken her part in a diſpute with one of her relations, I received a letter from London to inform me that the perſon in whoſe hands I had placed my fortune, and who till that time had paid my intereſt money very exactly, was broke, and had fled the kingdom.

LADY Mary in her fits of friendſhip had offered me preſents, and perhaps the oftener, becauſe

cauſe I always refuſed them. She had ſometimes told me how deſirous ſhe was to do me good in any thing that lay within her power. But in thoſe days I had the inexpreſſible happineſs of having no wiſh or view beyond what my little fortune could afford me; and I was truly ſenſible of, and bleſſed in, the heart-felt ſatisfaction of independence. Imagine then, ſir, what I felt at the receipt of the above-mentioned letter. All that I ſhall ſay to you about what it produced, is, that I took my reſolution immediately. I carried the letter in my hand to Lady Mary; but before I gave it to her, I told her, that I had never doubted the ſincerity of her friendſhip, and that I was thoroughly ſenſible of the kindneſs with which ſhe treated me. I put her in mind of the preſents which ſhe had offered me, and added, that while I was not in want of her aſſiſtance, I thought it wrong to accept of them; but that the time was now come when her friendſhip was likely to become my only ſupport; that it would be unjuſt in me to ſuſpect that I ſhould not receive it; and that the letter I then gave her would tell her all, and ſpare my tears.

Her ladyſhip immediately read it over with more attention than emotion: but after returning it to me, ſhe embraced me, and aſſured me in a condoling voice, that however great my misfortunes might be, ſhe could not help feeling ſome ſatisfaction in thinking, that it was in her power to alleviate them, by giving me proofs of her unalterable friendſhip; that her houſe, her table, her ſervants, ſhould always continue to be mine; that we ſhould never part while we lived, and that I ſhould feel no change in my condition

dition from this unhappy alteration of my circumſtances.

To any body that knew her ladyſhip leſs than I did, theſe words would have afforded matter of great conſolation; but when I retired to my chamber, and reflected upon my paſt and preſent ſituation, I ſaw that I had every thing to regret in the one, and very little to hope for from the other; and the following day convinced me of the manner in which I was to lead my future life.

WHENEVER Lady Mary ſpoke to me, ſhe had hitherto called me Mrs. Truman; but the very next morning at breakfaſt ſhe left out Mrs. and upon no greater provocation than breaking a tea-cup, ſhe made me thoroughly ſenſible of her ſuperiority and my dependence. "Lord, Tru-"man, you are ſo aukward! Pray be more care-"ful for the future, or we ſhall not live long "together. Do you think I can afford to have "my china broke at this rate, and maintain you "into the bargain?"

FROM this moment I was obliged to drop the name and character of friend, which I had hitherto maintained with a little dignity, and to take up that which the French call *complaiſante*, and the Engliſh *humble companion*. But it did not ſtop here; for in a week I was reduced to be as miſerable a TOAD-EATER as any in Great Britain, which in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word is a *ſervant*; except that the TOAD-EATER has the honour of dining with my lady, and the misfortune of receiving no wages.

THE beginning of my ſervitude was being employed in ſmall buſineſs in her ladyſhip's own preſence.

preſence. Truman, fetch this; Truman, carry that; Truman, ring the bell; Truman, fill up the pot; Truman, pour out the coffee; Truman, ſtir the fire; Truman, call a ſervant; Truman, get me a glaſs of water, and put me in mind to take my drops.

THE ſecond part of my ſervice was harder. I was a good houſewife; I underſtood preſerving, pickling, and paſtry, perfectly well; I was no bad milliner, and I was very well ſkilled in the management of a dairy. All theſe little talents I had frequently produced, ſometimes for my own amuſement, and ſometimes to make my court to my lady. But now what had been my diverſion became my employment: my lady could touch no ſweet-meat, pickle, tart, or cheeſe-cake, but what was the work of my hands. I made up all her linen; I mended and ſometimes waſhed her lace; the butter ſhe eats every morning is all of my churning, and I make every ſlip-coat cheeſe that is brought to her table: and if any of theſe my various works miſcarry, I am ſcolded or pouted at, as much as if I was hired and paid for every branch of the different employments to which I am put.

THIS degradation of mine has not eſcaped the eyes of the quick-ſighted ſervants. The change in my ſituation has produced a total one in their behaviour. There is hardly a chamber-maid that will bring me up a bottle of water into my room, or a footman that will give me a glaſs of ſmall beer at dinner.

I MUST now give you an account of certain regulations which I am enjoined to obſerve at table. I am abſolutely forbid to taſte any diſh that is eatable

able cold as well as hot, or that may be haſhed for ſupper. By this I am prevented from eating of moſt diſhes that come before us. I muſt never taſte boiled or roaſt beef; and ham and venilſon paſty are equally contraband. Fowls, chicken, and all ſorts of game, come under the article of prohibited goods; and though I ſee brawn and ſturgeon ſerved up every day during the whole winter, I am no more the better for them than Tantalus was for his apples; and really ſometimes I eat as little as thoſe who dine with duke Humphry, or as Sancho did when he was made governor of Barataria. To this I may add, that I have not taſted a glaſs of wine in our houſe for ſome years, and that punch, biſhop, cool tankard, and negus are equally denied me; and I never muſt touch any fruit, unleſs when I am to preſerve it.

THE rewards I receive for the ſervice I do, and the reſtraint which I ſubmit to, conſiſt in having the enjoyment of the mere neceſſaries of life, provided you exclude money out of the number. I am cloathed out of Lady Mary's wardrobe; and I have offended Mrs. Pinup, her ladyſhip's woman, paſt all forgiveneſs, becauſe her ladyſhip chuſes, that I ſhould not go naked about the houſe.

NOT being much uſed to a coach, I am generally ſick with ſitting backwards in one. This my lady knows perfectly well; but ſince I entered into my ſtate of dependence, I am conſtantly obliged to let her ſit forwards alone in the daily airings that we take upon the adjacent common.

YOU have already ſeen, ſir, that I do the work of moſt of the ſervants in the houſe: but I muſt now

now deſcend a little lower, and acquaint you with ſome abject employments, which I am forced to ſubmit to.

I HAVE already hinted to you that my lady has no real friendſhip for either man or woman. Her affections are ſettled upon the brute creation, for whom ſhe expreſſes incredible tenderneſs. You would take her monkey to be her eldeſt ſon, by the care ſhe ſhews of him; and ſhe could not be more indulgent to her favourite daughter than ſhe is to her lap-dog; ſhe has a real friendſhip for her parrot; and the other day ſhe expreſſed much more joy at the ſafe delivery of a beloved cat, than ſhe had done, ſome months before, at the birth of her grandſon.

IT is my province to tend, wait upon, and ſerve this favourite part of the family. I am made anſwerable for all their faults; and if any of them are ſick, it is I that am to blame. It was through my negligence that Pug broke my lady's fineſt ſet of china; and my forgetting to give Veny her dinner was the occaſion of the dear creature's illneſs. Poll's ſilence is often attributed to my ill uſage; and the murder of two or three kittens has been moſt unjuſtly laid to my charge.

I NOW come to ſome grievances of another kind, which I am almoſt aſhamed to own, but which are neceſſary to be told.

MY lady has, for the humour in her eyes (by the by, I make all her eye-water) three iſſues; one in each arm, and one in her back. Now it happened that her own woman being one day confined to her bed, I was deſired to perform the operation of dreſſing them in her ſtead; and unfortunately

fortunately I acquitted myſelf of the taſk ſo much to my lady's ſatisfaction, that Mrs. Pinup has been turned out of that office, which is given to me, and I am afraid it is a place for life.

THERE was another thing happened to me laſt year, which deſerves to be inſerted in this letter, and which, though it made me cry, will, I am afraid, make other people laugh.

LADY Mary, out of the few teeth ſhe has left, had one, that had the impudence to ake and keep her ladyſhip awake for two nights together; upon this, Mr. Mercy the ſurgeon was ſent for, who, upon viewing the affected part, declared immediately for extraction. This put my lady into a terrible agony: ſhe declared ſhe never had a tooth drawn in her life, and that ſhe could never be brought to undergo it, unleſs ſhe ſaw the ſame operation performed upon ſomebody elſe in her preſence. Upon this all the ſervants were ſummoned, and ſhe endeavoured to perſuade them one after another to have a tooth drawn for her ſervice; but they all refuſed, and choſe rather to loſe their places than their teeth. Lady Mary addreſſed herſelf to me, and conjured me by the long friendſhip that had ſubſiſted between us, and by all the obligations I had already to her, and thoſe ſhe was determined to confer upon me, to grant her this requeſt. I bluſh to tell you that I yielded, and parted with a fine white ſound tooth: but what will you ſay when I alſo tell you, that after I had loſt mine, Mr. Mercy was at laſt ſent away without drawing her ladyſhip's?

LADY Mary takes great quantities of phyſic, and part of my buſineſs is to prepare and make up.

up the doſes; but what is ſtill worſe, her ladyſhip will ſwallow nothing till I have taſted it in her preſence. I alſo make and adminiſter all the water-gruel that ſhe drinks with her phyſic, and am forced to attend her with camomile tea, when ſhe takes a vomit. This laſt is hard duty, as it not only makes me conſtantly ſick, but as often ſtains my only gown and apron.

I HAVE now, ſir, done with all my bodily hardſhips, and ſhall proceed to a grievance, which lies heavier on me than all I have already mentioned; I mean that perpetual ſacrifice of truth, which I am forced to make for her ladyſhip's ſervice.

LADY Mary is about ſixty-five, and labours under a vice, which ſometimes perſons of the ſame ſex and age are ſubject to; I mean that of telling long and improbable ſtories. She has a fine invention, which often carries her beyond the bounds even of poſſibility. She deals largely in the marvellous, and whenever ſhe perceives that ſhe has made the company ſtare a little too much, ſhe conſtantly appeals to me for the truth of a fact which I never heard before; but of which I am declared to have been an eye-witneſs.

ANOTHER grievance is, that my lady being much the richeſt perſon in the neighbourhood, is thoroughly convinced that nobody of an inferior fortune can ever be in the right in any diſpute which may happen between them; and as her ladyſhip's arguments are generally very weak, ſo her paſſions are very ſtrong; and what ſhe wants in reaſon, ſhe makes up in anger, which ſometimes

times riſes to abuſe: and in all theſe diſputes, ſhe never fails to apply to me as an equitable judge, for my deciſion of the conteſt; which appeal being accompanied with one of colonel Hernando's looks, ſentence is immediately pronounced in her favour; for what can reaſon or argument do againſt fear and poverty? Theſe unjuſt judgments have made all the neighbours my enemies, who imagine alſo that, by this behaviour of mine, I muſt be highly in my lady's good graces; ſo that they hate what they ought to compaſſionate, and envy what they ſhould rather pity. It is the ſame caſe in every quarrel that happens between her ladyſhip and her own relations. I am made the witneſs and judge in every cauſe; and I own very freely that my teſtimony is generally falſe, and my judgment partial: ſo that upon the whole, my neighbours hate me, the family deteſt me, and my lady herſelf does not love, and cannot eſteem me.

You are now, ſir, fully informed of the wretched life I lead; and as I dare ſay that there are many who paſs their days exactly in the ſame manner, you will do them and me a ſingular ſervice by printing this letter. My lady takes in your paper, and lends it about to all the neighbours; and there are ſome features of my condition too ſtrongly drawn to be miſtaken by any of my acquaintance. A common likeneſs would not have been ſufficient: but ſuch a caricatura as I have painted, muſt ſtrike and be known at firſt ſight, and perhaps may contribute to change my ſcene for a better. But one thing

I am

I am ſure of, which is, that no alteration that can happen to me from the publiſhing this paper, can be for the worſe.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient,
humble ſervant,
MARY TRUMAN.

NUMB. 38. THURSDAY, *September* 20, 1753.

Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa ſuperſunt,
Et dominum fallunt, et proſunt furibus.——
HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is a ſpecies of luxury, which, though you muſt often have obſerved, I do not find that you have hitherto taken notice of. I mean that extravagance of expence, which people of all ranks and conditions are daily running into in the article of furniture. In the houſes of the great (not to mention the profuſion of French ornament, and coſtly glitter of every room) the meaneſt utenſils of the kitchen are all of plate. But it is not upon the follies of other people that I am going to deſcant; it is of myſelf and my country-houſe, or rather of my wife and her villa, that I intend to be particular. The houſe I am ſpeaking of, together with a very conſiderable eſtate, was left me by an uncle in the city, with whom I had lived from the age of ſixteen.

ſixteen. As he intended me for trade, you may be ſure he gave me no other education (a little ſchool learning excepted) than what was neceſſary to a compting-houſe. But finding myſelf at his death in poſſeſſion of a plentiful fortune, I reſolved to commence gentleman; and accordingly diſpoſed of my effects in buſineſs, and took a houſe at the other end of the town.

HERE I became acquainted with a lady of quality, who, though ſhe had the higheſt notions of birth, yet from ſo trifling a circumſtance as want of fortune, condeſcended to give me her hand, notwithſtanding the meanneſs of my family, and the difference of our educations. As I thought myſelf extremely honoured by an alliance with ſo great a lady, I gave the management of every thing into her hands, and grew as indolent as if I had really been a man of faſhion. My wife was a woman of exceeding FINE TASTE, as it is called; or in other words, one who liked to have every thing about her in the neweſt and moſt expenſive manner. As ſoon as I brought her to my country-houſe, I thought ſhe would have fainted away at the ſight of my furniture; the whole of it (to uſe her own words) was ſo frightful, ſo odious, and ſo out of TASTE! Her upholſterer muſt be ſent for that inſtant! for there was no enduring life in the midſt of ſo much antiquated lumber. I forgot to tell you that I had entirely new-furniſhed the houſe about three months before; but though every thing was extremely good and neat, I muſt do my wife the juſtice to own, there was very little in it but what was of real uſe. Early the next day down comes the upholſterer. "Lord, Mr. Kifang,"

ſays

ſays ſhe, "I am glad you are come. Pray reſt "yourſelf a little; but I am afraid you can't find "a chair fit for a chriſtian to ſit down upon. "Such ſeats! ſuch backs! ſuch legs! ſuch — "but they are ſo of a piece with the reſt of the "furniture! ——— Dear Kiſang, I am glad "you are come!" So without waiting for his reply, or ſuffering him to ſit down, ſhe conducted him through all the apartments, except the offices, which indeed ſhe has never once condeſcended to viſit ſince her becoming miſtreſs of my family.

Mr. Kiſang, who is ſaid to be of Chineſe extraction, and who muſt be allowed to underſtand his buſineſs as well as any man alive, agreed perfectly with her la'ſhip, and obſerved, "that ſuch "out-of-faſhion things might do well enough "for a citizen; but that perſons of quality and "diſtinction, who had a TASTE and all that, "ſhould have ſomething foreign and ſuperb, and "quite in another-gueſs ſort of a manner." In ſhort, ſir, by the indefatigable zeal of this Chineſe upholſterer, in about four months my houſe was entirely new furniſhed; but ſo diſguiſed and altered, that I hardly knew it again. There is not a bed, a table, a chair, or even a grate, that is not twiſted into ſo many ridiculous and groteſque figures, and ſo decorated with the heads, beaks, wings, and claws of birds and beaſts, that Milton's

Gorgons, and hydras, and chimæras dire,

are not to be compared with them. Every room is completely covered with a Wilton carpet; I

ſuppoſe to ſave the floors, which are all new-laid, and in the moſt expenſive manner. In each of theſe rooms is a pair or two of ſtands, ſupported by different figures of men or beaſts, on which are placed branches of Chelſea china, repreſenting lions, bears, and other animals, holding in their mouths or paws ſprigs of bays, orange, or myrtle; among the leaves of which are fixed ſockets for the reception of wax candles, which by diſperſing the light among the foliage, I own, make a very agreeable appearance. But I can ſee no uſe for the lions and bears: to ſay the truth, I cannot help thinking it a little unnatural; for it is well known that all kinds of ſavages are afraid of fire. But this I ſubmit to you; having obſerved of late ſeveral wild beaſts exhibited on the ſtage, without their ſhewing the leaſt ſurprize at the lamps, or even at the loud ſhouts of applauſe which have been beſtowed upon them from the galleries. The upper apartments of my houſe, which were before handſomely wainſcoted, are now hung with the richeſt Chineſe and India paper, where all the powers of fancy are exhauſted in a thouſand fantaſtic figures of birds, beaſts, and fiſhes, which never had exiſtence. And what adds to the curioſity is, that the fiſhes are ſeen flying in the air, or perching upon the trees; which puts me in mind of a paſſage I learnt at ſchool (for I have not abſolutely forgot my latin)

Delphinum appingit ſylvis ——

the oddneſs of which, I ſuppoſe, was the reaſon of my remembering it.

THE beſt, or, as my wife calls it, the ſtate bedchamber, is furniſhed in a manner that has half undone me. The hangings are white ſatten, with French flowers and artificial moſs ſtuck upon it with gum, and interſperſed with ten thouſand ſpangles, beads, and ſhells. The bed ſtands in an alcove, at the top of which are painted Cupids ſtrewing flowers and ſprinkling perfumes. This is divided from the room by two twiſted pillars, adorned with wreathes of flowers, and intermixed with ſhell-work. In this apartment there is a cabinet of moſt curious workmanſhip, highly finiſhed with ſtones, gems, and ſhells, diſpoſed in ſuch a manner as to repreſent ſeveral ſorts of flowers. The top of this cabinet is adorned with a prodigious pyramid of china of all colours, ſhapes, and ſizes. At every corner of the room are great jars filled with dried leaves of roſes and jeſſamine. The chimney-piece alſo (and indeed every one in the houſe) is covered with immenſe quantities of china of various figures; among which are Talapoins and Bonzes, and all the religious orders of the eaſt.

THE next room that preſents itſelf is my wife's dreſſing room; but I will not attempt to deſcribe it to you minutely, it is ſo full of trinkets. The walls are covered round with looking-glaſs, interſperſed with pictures made of moſs, butterflies, and ſea-weeds. Under a very magnificent Chineſe canopy ſtands the toilette, furniſhed with a ſet of boxes of gilt plate, for combs, bruſhes, paints, paſtes, patches, pomatums, powders white grey and blue, bottles of hungary, lavender and orange-flower water, and, in ſhort, all the apparatus for diſguiſing beauty. Here ſhe conſtantly

ſtantly pays her devotions two hours every morning; but what kind of divinity ſhe adores, may be ſafer for you to gueſs than for me to tell. By this time I imagine you will conceive my houſe to be much fuller of furniture than my head. Alas! ſir, I am but a huſband, and my wife is a woman of quality. But I could ſubmit with ſome degree of patience to all this folly and expence, if my children (and I have two fine boys and a girl) were not either kept cloſe priſoners in the nurſery, or driven into the kitchen among the ſervants, to prevent their playing about the rooms, and making havock of the crockery.

I HAVE a thouſand other curioſities in my houſe, of which I neither know the uſes nor the names. But I cannot help mentioning the gravel walks, rivers, groves, and temples, which on a grand day make their appearance at the deſſert. For you are not to ſuppoſe that all this profuſion of ornament is only to gratify my wife's curioſity; it is meant as a preparative to the greateſt happineſs of life, that of ſeeing company. And I aſſure you ſhe gives above twenty entertainments in a year to people for whom ſhe has no manner of regard, for no other reaſon in the world than to ſhew them her houſe. In ſhort, ſir, it is become ſo great a ſight that I am no longer maſter of it; being continually driven from room to room, to give opportunity for ſtrangers to admire it. But as we have lately miſſed a favourite Chineſe tumbler, and ſome other valuable moveables, we have entertained thoughts of confining the ſhow to one day in the week, and of admitting no perſons whatſoever without tickets; unleſs they happen to be acquainted with the names,

at

at leaſt, of ſome of my wife's relations. For my own part, if every thing in the houſe was ſtolen, it would give me leſs concern than I have felt for many years paſt at every India ſale, or at the ſhorteſt viſit that ſhe has made at DEARD's: for I find to my ſorrow, that as my furniture increaſes, my acres diminiſh; and that a new faſhion never fails of producing a freſh mortgage.

IF you think my caſe may be of ſervice to any of thoſe huſbands who are unhappy enough to be married to wives of TASTE, you have free leave to publiſh it from,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

SAMUEL SIMPLE.

NUMB. 39. THURSDAY, *September* 27, 1753.

I HAVE received no leſs than four letters from my friend NIC. LIMBERTONGUE, ſince laſt Thurſday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and hiſtory in this paper. But all I dare do with theſe letters is, to give a ſhort abſtract of them to my readers; my friend having entered ſo minutely into family ſecrets, and (as he aſſures me upon his honour) with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, that I myſelf ſhould be the TELL-TALE if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

IN the firſt of theſe letters he gives me the hiſtory of the third lying-in of a young lady of fa-

ſhion near St. James's, who is at preſent only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and paſſes for a pattern of modeſty and virtue. He alſo favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, ſeparately, of paſſing the evening with this young lady, without either ſuſpecting the other of being any thing more than a viſiting acquaintance.

THE ſecond letter contains the ſecret memoirs of a woman of quality, whoſe huſband is juſt upon the point of parting with her for INDISCRETION. Till the reading of this letter I confeſs myſelf to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be INDISCREET, it ſeems, is for a married woman to liſten to the addreſſes of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make aſſignations with them ſeparately; to declare her hatred to her huſband, and to admit her ſaid lovers to every liberty but ONE. All this, provided the lady be detected in ſome of her cloſeſt familiarities, is to be INDISCREET: and though the virtue of ſuch a lady is not to be called in queſtion, yet every body has a right to ſay, that ſhe has been guilty of INDISCRETIONS.

MY friend's third letter is a good deal too waggiſh for the ſobriety of this paper. It is the hiſtory of a parſon and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To ſay the truth, I have another reaſon for ſuppreſſing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own pariſh, and (ſetting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking, out of the queſtion) is really a very continent and abſtemious man.

THE

THE fourth and laſt letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night under a tilt, performed by perſons of diſtinction of both ſexes. All that I ſhall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it (which was kept by one of the paſſengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very INDISCREET one; and that in the latitude of Weſtminſter-bridge, Miſs Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to ſay with great quickneſs to a colonel of the guards, who ſat next to her, "Be quiet, ſir!" and to accompany her words with ſo ſmart a ſlap on the face, that the center arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who was one of the party, took occaſion to obſerve, "That her niece would always be a country girl, and know nothing of the world."

HAVING now taken ſufficient notice of my friend LIMBERTONGUE's letters, I ſhall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correſpondent.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents, am ſo happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handſome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as any body, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whiſpered a thouſand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

IT was my fortune ſome time ago, when I was upon a viſit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he ſat in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above diſguiſes, I ſhall confeſs very freely that I was equally ſtruck. I took a pleaſure in looking at him from the firſt moment I ſaw him; and it was no trifling ſatisfaction to me, that as often as I dared ſquint that way, I found his eyes to be fixed fully upon mine.

As he was known to the lady at whoſe houſe I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himſelf to my acquaintance. I enquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that his fortune was a very handſome one; that he had great ſenſibility and generoſity; but that he was extremely quick-ſighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleaſed with this laſt information; but having a pretty good opinion of myſelf, I did not doubt that I ſhould ſo hamper him with diſcretion and beauty, that he could not poſſibly eſcape me.

To be as ſhort as I can, he ſoon made propoſals to me in form, which, after the uſual heſitations, were in form accepted. My parents were written to upon the occaſion, and every thing was preparing for our happineſs, when Alphonſo (for ſo I ſhall call him) was unfortunately ſummoned to a diſtant part of the country, to attend the laſt moments of a near relation. There was no diſobeying this cruel ſummons; and with a thouſand proteſtations of unalterable love, away he went.

DURING his abſence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wiſhed, the

the fashion came up among the ladies of wearing their gowns off the shoulders; and though my skin was rather of the browneſt, and I had also the misfortune of having a large scar across my bosom, I immediately pared away six inches of my stays before and behind, and presented myself to him at his return in all the nakedness of the fashion. I was indeed greatly astonished, that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerness of a long-absent lover, he stopt of a sudden to survey me, and after giving me only a cold salute, and enquiring how I did, sat himself down for about a quarter of an hour, and then wished me a good night.

It really never occurred to me, to what accident I was to attribute so mortifying a change, till early the next morning I was let into the secret by the following letter.

MADAM,

"To have but one defect in your whole person, and to display it to the world with so "much pains, is to betray a want of that prudence, without which the married state is generally a state of misery. I must therefore take "the liberty of telling you, that my last visit "was paid yesterday, and that my last letter "waits only till I have subscribed myself,

MADAM,

Your most obedient humble servant,

"ALPHONSO."

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into what awkward confusion and distress this letter threw me. At first I reproached the inconstancy of my lover, and called him the baseſt and most

perfidious of men; but when my paſſion was abated, and I began ſeriouſly to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reaſon on his ſide; though I hope you will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his reſolution too haſty.

SOME months have elapſed ſince I have worn the willow; and I have at preſent hardly any expectation of being reſtored to grace: though if Alphonſo had thought it worth his while to make any enquiries about me, he would have known, that ever ſince the diſcovery of that fatal ſcar (which I can aſſure him upon my honour was only occaſioned by a burn) I have worn my ſtays as high, and pinned my gown as decently, as his hard heart would deſire: and notwithſtanding the very warm weather we have had this ſummer, I have never made a viſit, or appeared any where in public, but in a double handkerchief, and that too pinned under my chin.

I HAVE two reaſons, ſir, for troubling you with this letter, and deſiring your publication of it. The firſt is, that my lover may ſee how penitent I am for my fault; and the ſecond, to do ſervice to two ladies of my acquaintance; one of which has a moſt diſconſolate length of face, which ſhe makes abſolutely frightful by wearing the poke of her cap quite back to her pole; the other, with the feet and legs of a Welch porter, is for ever tripping it along the Mall in white ſhoes and ſhort petticoats. If I cannot benefit myſelf, it will be ſome little ſatisfaction to have been a warning to my friends. I am, SIR,

Your moſt unfortunate humble ſervant,

CELIMENA.

P. S.

P. S. SINCE my writing this letter I have ſome diſtant hope that my lover may come about again; having been informed of a ſaying of his to a friend, "That in ſpite of the ſcar upon "my boſom, my appearance that night put him "in mind of a book lately publiſhed, called "*Heaven open to all men.*"

NUMB. 40. THURSDAY, *October* 4, 1753.

OF all the eaſtern ſtories that have hitherto made their appearance in Engliſh, there is not one that conveys ſo perfect and beautiful a moral as that of the prince Ruzvanſchad and the princeſs Cheheriſtany, in the firſt volume of the Perſian Tales. Ruzvanſchad was king of China, and Cheheriſtany princeſs of an iſland of Genies. They fell deſperately in love with each other, and after the uſual delays, were married in due form in the iſland of Cheheriſtian, where the lady was queen. But before the ſolemnization of this marriage, the princeſs of the Genies addreſſed the king of China in the follow manner. "I "am not going, ſaid ſhe, to make your majeſty "any unreaſonable requeſt, though the power "I have over you, and the ſuperiority of my na-"ture, claim obedience in all things; I ſhall "only demand a promiſe from you, that for the "honour of your queen, and for our mutual "happineſs, you will blindly comply with me "in every thing I have a mind to do. The "Genies are never in the wrong. If therefore "at any time my actions ſhould happen to ap-

"pear unaccountable and extravagant, ſay "within yourſelves, my wife has reaſon for "what ſhe does: for it is impoſſible that we "ſhould live together in love and harmony, un-"leſs you implicitly believe that I am always in "the right." The king, according to the univerſal cuſtom of lovers, promiſed very readily to think in all things as his princeſs would have him; and the marriage was celebrated with all imaginable ſplendor.

THE ſequel of the ſtory informs us, that his majeſty of China did not abſolutely keep his royal promiſe; for that upon certain trifling occaſions, ſuch, for inſtance, as the queen's flinging her ſon into the fire, giving her daughter to be devoured by a wild beaſt, deſtroying the proviſions of his whole army, and the like (which are only allegorical expreſſions, ſignifyng a mamma's giving up her ſon to the fire of his paſſions, carrying her daughter to the maſquerade, and conſuming the ſubſtance of her huſband) he not only thought her in the wrong, but had the raſhneſs to tell her ſo. Here begins the miſery of this royal and once happy couple; the queen ſeparates herſelf from her huſband, and at the end of ten whole years, conſents to cohabitation upon no other terms than a renewal of the old promiſe, ratified by an oath. The ſtory adds, that the king of China, having ſeen his error, never failed to acknowledge the wiſdom of his queen in all ſhe did, and that they lived to an extreme old age, the happieſt monarchs of the eaſt.

IF every huſband in England was to read this ſtory night and morning till he had got it by heart;

heart; and, in imitation of the king of China, if he would conſider himſelf as a mere ſon of Adam, and his wife of the ſuperior nature of the Genies, the happineſs of his life would in all probability be ſecured: for I am fully perſuaded that all the infelicities of the married ſtate are occaſioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themſelves to be fitter for government than for obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the huſband to be the head of his wife, juſt in the ſame manner as a fountain is the head of a ſtream; which only finds ſupplies for its wanderings, without directing the current which way it ſhall flow. It may poſſibly be objected that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the Bible, to be obedient to their huſbands; but a lady of my acquaintance, who is a great caſuiſt in divinity, ſeems to have ſet this matter in a true light, by obſerving, that as moſt of the commentators upon the New Teſtament have agreed that ſome of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the chriſtians againſt giving ſcandal to the jews and heathens, among whom they lived; ſhe makes no manner of doubt that obedience to huſbands was among the number of theſe commands, and that it might be right to obſerve it in the infancy of chriſtianity, but not now.

Many perſons, as well chriſtians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor the huſband; and that to adviſe or intreat is all that either has a right to. But this I take to be wrong policy; for as every

every private family is a little ſtate within itſelf, there ſhould be a ſuperior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confuſion: and as it is indiſputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the huſband, there is no reaſon in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

EVERYBODY ſees that when men keep miſtreſſes they commence ſubjects under an abſolute tyranny; and that a wife ſhould have leſs authority, is, in my own private opinion, a very bad caſe; eſpecially if it be conſidered, that ſhe is not only one fleſh with her huſband, but, as the univerſal phraſe is, his BETTER PART. Everybody knows too, that good-humour in a wife is the moſt neceſſary of all the virtues to ſecure the happineſs of a huſband; and how is her good humour to be preſerved, if ſhe is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new diſcovery, that the firſt wiſh of a woman is power; if therefore you give the ſcepter into her hand, and intreat her to ſay and do according to her own good pleaſure, it will be almoſt impoſſible for her to be always out of temper.

BUT the ſubordination of huſbands will appear to be of greater neceſſity, if it be conſidered how unfit almoſt every man is to govern himſelf. I have known huſbands of hopeful diſpoſitions, who, from being left entirely to their own management, have run into every exceſs of riot and debauchery; when it has been obvious, that had their wives exerted the proper authority over them, they would have made the ſobereſt and meekeſt men alive. How thankful therefore ought we to be, that our wives are inclined to take upon themſelves the troubleſome office of govern-

government, and to leave to their huſbands the eaſy duty of obedience, which a child of ſix years old is as capable of performing, as his father of forty!

I HAVE indeed heard it objected, that all women are not ſufficiently qualified for the government of their huſbands. But by whom is this objection made? By ſome obſtinate old bachelor, who, for want of converſing with the ſex, has formed very erroneous opinions of their dignity and abilities. To decide this queſtion, I would only appeal to thoſe huſbands, who have lived in a conſtant ſtate of ſubjection to their wives; and if any one of them dare tell me that he has once wiſhed to be his own maſter, I will be a bachelor in unbelief. It has alſo been objected, that the tyranny of a wife may ſometimes be a little more abſolute than the huſband may wiſh it to be: but it has always been a maxim, that an abſolute monarchy is the beſt, provided that we know, and have a right of chuſing our ruler, the huſband therefore ſhould be ſatisfied with a ſmall extenſion of the prerogative, whoſe monarch is not only of his own chuſing, but one whom he has courted to reign over him.

IT is matter of no ſmall ſatisfaction to me, that by vindicating the ſovereignty of the ladies, I am doing ſervice to my king and country; for while men are kept under a continued ſtate of ſubjection at home, they will ſubmit with more alacrity to the laws, and feel a deficiency of thoſe ſpirits, which for want of proper controul, might lead them into riots, inſurrections, and rebellions. It were to be wiſhed indeed that the ladies would drop the ſtudy of national politics,

and

and confine themſelves to family government only: for while a huſband is no other than the vaſſal of his wife, a female jacobite (unleſs ſhe ſhould happen to be ugly or an old maid) may be a dangerous creature. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper by recommending it to the adminiſtration to have a particular eye to thoſe ſeminaries of female learning, known by the name of BOARDING SCHOOLS. It might not be improper if the oaths of allegiance and abjuration were to be adminiſtered to the ſuperiors and mademoiſelles of ſuch colleges, or if the head of his preſent majeſty king George was to be worked by every pretty miſs at the bottom of her ſampler.

NUMB. 41. THURSDAY, *October* 11, 1753.

AS the writers of the two following letters are of a ſex for which I have the ſincereſt regard and veneration, I have made no delay in committing them to the preſs, not doubting but the evils they complain of will excite the attention of my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a very hearty old maid of ſeventy-three; but I have a parcel of impertinent nephews and nieces, who, becauſe I have kept my good humour, will needs have it that I have parted with ſomething elſe. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be ſo kind as to tell theſe graceleſs relations of mine, that it is not impoſſible for a woman to have two virtues.

virtues at a time; and that ſhe may be merry and CHASTE, as well as merry and WISE. But as I am always to be teazed upon this ſubject, I have ſome thoughts of renouncing my virginity, to ſecure my good-humour; for I am afraid that by contending with them every day for what they ſay I have loſt, I ſhall run the hazard of loſing in reality what they allow me to poſſeſs. I beg your advice in this critical affair, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIA HOLDFAST.

IN anſwer to Miſs Holdfaſt, I ſhall only ſay, that if I was to be teazed out of my virginity, it ſhould be by the moſt impudent fellow living, ſooner than by theſe undutiful relations.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM a young woman of faſhion, and a great admirer of a town life. But it has been my misfortune, for theſe three months paſt, to be condemned to the odious country, and the more odious diverſions of it: and this in compliance to an old-faſhioned aunt, who, excepting her two daughters, and the company they keep, is the moſt odious thing of all. But it is not for the ſake of abuſing my friends, or of ridiculing the country, that I trouble you with this letter; I have really eſcaped ſuch dangers in this retirement, that I mean it as a caution to my ſex againſt giving up the innocent amuſements of a town life, for the deſtructive pleaſures of woods and ſhades.

I HAD

I HAD hardly been a week at my aunt's before I loſt all the delicacy of quality; and from the paleſt complexion in the world, and no appetite (the beſt proofs of high birth, and of keeping good company) I began to look as roſy as a milk-maid, and to eat like a plough-boy. I ſhall never forget the aukward compliments that were made me upon thoſe defects; but a new mortification ſucceeded, which removed me ſtill farther from upper life, and had like to have killed me. I began abſolutely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to grow fat. What was to be done now? Why I muſt walk forſooth! I wondered they did not bid me fly; for to a woman of condition, who had never ſtirred out of doors but in her chair, flying ſeemed as eaſy as walking. But my diſeaſe was deſperate, and ſo muſt be my cure: in ſhort, they taught me how to walk, and in leſs than a week I verily believe I had travelled a mile.

AND now I was teazed upon another account. My couſins, who were grown quite intimate with me, and who were what they call neat girls, were perpetually finding fault with the looſeneſs of my morning dreſs. I really pitied their ignorance, but could hardly forbear laughing when I ſaw them come down as prim to breakfaſt, as if they were dreſſed for viſitors. It was in vain for me to tell them that women of faſhion were above ſuch regards; I was again forced to comply, and to ſtick pins into my cloaths, as if dreſſing for a drum.

I AM far from denying that air, exerciſe, and neatneſs contributed to my health; but I remember with confuſion the alteration they produced. I had lived in the polite circle to the age of five-and-twenty without conceiving an idea of the other

other ſex, any farther than what related to their uſe in public places, a treat upon the water, or a party at Brag. Indeed the perpetual hurry of a town life puts all other things quite out of one's head. But idleneſs is the root of all evil. In leſs than a fortnight my heart told me that I had paſſions as well as appetites. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, for want of ſomething to do, I fell deſperately in love. With ſhame I confeſs it, I was caught I know not how: for my ruſtic, though he paid me particular regards, and was a handſome fellow of a good eſtate, had no one accompliſhment upon earth to recommend him to a woman of faſhion. His education had been at the univerſity, where he had purſued nothing but his ſtudies. He knew nobody in town but people whom nobody knows; had been at court but once; deteſted play, and had no ideas of routs and drums. His virtues (for my aunt and couſins were continually talking of them) reached no farther than a little charity to the poor; a vaſt deal of what they call good-nature; abundance of duty to the old lady his mother, and a ridiculous fondneſs for a ſiſter, who was one of the plaineſt women I ever ſaw. But in affairs of gallantry, or the faſhions of the town, he was as ignorant as a Hottentot. He would ſometimes, indeed, make a party with us at Whiſt for half-crowns, which he called deep play; but as to ſhuffling, fuzzing, changing of ſeats, hints to a partner, ſetting up honours without holding them, and the like, which are the eſſentials of the game, he was an abſolute ideot. He conſidered cards, he ſaid, only as an amuſement, and was perfectly indifferent whether

ther he won or loſt. Yet in ſpite of myſelf, and ſo contemptible an animal, I was really in love with him. Nay, ſo entirely did he poſſeſs me, that I contrived to be ill, and to keep my chamber three mornings together, to engage him alone. But would you think it, Mr. Fitz-Adam; if he approached to touch my hand, I had ſuch frights and fears about me, that I hardly knew where I was. I trembled at every word he ſpoke to me; and had he offered at thoſe trifling liberties, which every fine gentleman is admitted to in town, and which the ſtricteſt modeſty would only cry piſh at, I verily believe I ſhould have died. But his country education was the ſaving of my life. His intentions, I perceived, were to make a wife of me; a character, which of all characters in the world I had the greateſt averſion to; as, in all probability, it would connect me with the cares of a mother, and a thouſand ridiculous duties and affections, that a well-bred woman has really no time for. Yet this deplorable creature I had certainly been, if he had not all of a ſudden (for what reaſon I know not, unleſs he thinks it a crime for a lady to be a little witty upon the Bible) taken a crotchet into his head of treating me like a ſtranger. The man is moſt evidently mad; for inſtead of directing all his diſcourſe to me as uſual, he is for ever caballing with my youngeſt couſin, and talking by the hour in praiſe of a country education.

But, thanks to my ſtars, there is a place called London; where, in a very few weeks, the buſineſs of play, and the amuſements of polite life, ſhall cure all my folly, and reſtore me to my

my complexion. I ſhall fly to the Brag-table as to an aſylum againſt the paſſions. It is there that love is never thought of. The men have no deſigns, nor the women temptations. It puts me in mind of the ſtate of innocence which our firſt parents fell from: The ſexes may meet naked, and not be aſhamed, nor even know that they are naked.

It would take up too much of your paper to enforce the advantages of PLAY, by laying before you the evils it prevents. Scandal was never heard of at a card-table: The queſtion when we meet is not, who loſt her honour laſt night? but who her money? We never go to church to ridicule the parſons, or ſtay at home to be the plague of huſbands or ſervants. In ſhort, if women would eſcape the purſuits of men, the drudgery of wives, the cares of parents, and the plagues of home, their ſecurity is PLAY. I know of nothing that can be ſaid againſt it, but that it may poſſibly lead to ill-nature, quarrels, cheating, and ruin.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

and moſt humble ſervant,

SOPHIA SHUFFLE.

NUMB. 42. THURSDAY, *October* 18, 1753.

IT is a common phraſe, when we ſpeak of a perſon who has nothing remarkably bad in his diſpoſition, that he is a *good ſort of a man*; but of theſe *good ſort of men* there are multitudes

to be met with, who are more troubleſome and offenſive than a ſwarm of gnats within one's bed-curtains.

A *good ſort of a man* is ſometimes he, who from ſhallowneſs of parts and a narrow education, believes every action of mankind, that is not calculated to promote ſome pious or virtuous end, to be blameable and vicious. He preſcribes to himſelf rules for the conduct of life, and cenſures thoſe who differ from him as immoral or irreligious. Walking in the fields on a Sunday, or taking up a news-paper, is an offence againſt Heaven. I have heard a young lady ſeverely reprimanded for reading a Spectator upon that day: and I have known it propheſied of a boy of eight years old, that he would certainly be an Atheiſt, for having written God with a little g, and Devil with a great D. In the opinion of this *good ſort of a man*, to ſay, *Lord bleſs me*, is a breach of the third commandment; and to affirm, *upon one's word*, that this or that thing is true or falſe, is downright ſwearing.

To ſuch characters as theſe, the infidelity of others may in ſome meaſure be owing. To avoid one extreme we are apt to run into another; and becauſe one man happens to believe a great deal too much, another is determined to believe nothing at all.

DURING the uſurpation of Cromwell, we were a nation of pſalm-ſingers; which is the beſt reaſon I can give for the inundation of bawdy ſongs that poured in upon us at the reſtoration: for though the king and his court were indefatigable in the propagation of wantonneſs (and everybody knows how apt men are to copy the man-

manners of a court) they would have found it a very hard taſk to debauch the whole kingdom, if it had not been a kingdom of enthuſiaſts.

ANOTHER, though leſs miſchievous *good ſort of a man* is he, who upon every occaſion, or upon no occaſion at all, is teazing you with ADVICE. This gentleman is generally a very grave perſonage, who happening either to have out-lived his paſſions, or to have been formed without any, regulates all his actions by the rule of prudence. He viſits you in a morning, and is ſorry to hear you call thoſe perſons your friends who kept you at the King's-arms laſt night after the clock had ſtruck twelve. He tells you of an acquaintance of his, of a hundred and two years old, who was never up after ſun-ſetting, nor a-bed after ſun-riſing. He informs you of thoſe meats which are eaſieſt of digeſtion, preſcribes water-gruel for your breakfaſt, and harangues upon the poiſon of made diſhes. He knows who caught a fever by going upon the water, and can tell you of a young lady who had the rheumatiſm in all her limbs by wearing an India perſian in the middle of October. If at a jovial meeting of friends, you happen to have drank a ſingle glaſs too much, he talks to you of dropſies and inflammations, and wonders that a man will buy pleaſure in an evening, at the hazard of a head-ach in the morning. That ſuch a perſon may really be a *good ſort of a man*, and that he may give his advice out of pure humanity, I am very ready to allow; but I cannot help thinking (and I am no advocate for intemperance) that if it was not now-and-then for giving prudence the ſlip, and for a little harm-

leſs

leſs playing the fool, life would be a very inſipid thing.

A THIRD *good ſort of man*, is one who calls upon you every day, and tells you what the people ſay of you abroad. As how "Mr. Nokes "was very warm in your praiſes, and that Mr. "Stiles agreed with him in opinion; but that "Mr. Roe and Mrs. Doe, who by the by pre-"tend to be your friends, were continually com-"ing in with one of their ill-natured IFS. But "they are like the reſt of the world. You have "a thouſand enemies, though you do nothing "to deſerve them. I wonder what could pro-"voke Mr. A. to fall upon you with ſo much "violence before lady B: but then to hear Mr. "C. and Miſs D. who are under ſuch obliga-"tions to you, join in the abuſe, was what, I "own, I did not expect. But there is no ſince-"rity among us: and I verily believe you have "not a friend in the whole world beſides myſelf." Thus does he run on, not only leſſening you in your own opinion, but robbing you of the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction of life, that of thinking your-ſelf eſteemed by thoſe with whom you converſe. If you happen to be in any public character, the Lord have mercy upon you! for unleſs you can ſtop your ears to the croakings of theſe ravens, you muſt be miſerable indeed. There are very few *good ſort of men* that are more pernicious than theſe: for as almoſt every man in the world is curious of knowing what another thinks of him, he is perpetually liſtening to abuſes upon himſelf, till he grows a hater of his kind. It is for this reaſon that diſſimulation is often to be ranked among the virtues; for if every man of your ac-

quaintance

quaintance, inſtead of aſſuring you of his eſteem and regard, was to tell you that he did not care a ſtraw for you (which twenty to one is the truth) the motives to benevolence would be entirely deſtroyed; and though the "loving thoſe that "hate us" be a precept of chriſtianity, it would puzzle me to name a chriſtian of my acquaintance, who has grace enough to practiſe it.

A FOURTH *good ſort of a man*, and with whom I ſhall conclude this paper, is the man of CEREMONY. But as this character is drawn from the life by one of my correſpondents who has felt the inconvenience of it, I ſhall give it to my readers in his own words.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I BELONG to a club of very honeſt fellows in the city, who meet once a week to kill care and be innocently merry. Every one of us uſed to ſing his ſong or tell his ſtory for the entertainment of his friends, and to be good-naturedly jocoſe upon the foibles of the company. But all our merriment has been at a ſtand for ſome time, by the admiſſion of a new member, who it ſeems is a perſon of very FINE BREEDING. You muſt know that he is our ſuperior in fortune; from which conſideration we ſhew him a great deal of reſpect. At his entrance into the club-room we all riſe from our chairs, and it is not till he has paid his compliments to each of us ſeparately, and kept us ſtanding for near a quarter of an hour, that he entreats us to be ſeated. He then hopes we are all perfectly well, and that we caught no colds that day ſe'nnight by walking home from the club; for that the night was

foggy, or it was rainy, or it was cold, or it was ſomething or other, that gave him a good deal of pain till he ſaw us again. After we have all made our bows, and aſſured him of our exceeding good healths, the enquiry begins after our ladies and families. He is always ſo unfortunate as to forget the number and names of our children, for which he moſt heartily begs pardon, and hopes the dear little creatures, whom he has not the pleaſure of knowing, will forgive him for his want of memory. The finiſhing this ceremony generally takes us up about an hour; after which, as he is the firſt man of the club, it is neceſſary, in point of good-manners, that he ſhould find us in converſation; and to ſay the truth, ſince his admiſſion into our ſociety, we have none of us a word to ſay, unleſs it be in anſwer to his enquiries. And now it is that we are entertained with the hiſtory of a dinner at lady Fidfad's, at which were preſent lord and lady Lavender, ſir Nicholas Picktooth, and a world of polite company. He names every diſh to us in the order it was placed, tells us how the company was ſeated, the compliments that paſſed, and in ſhort, every thing that was ſaid; which, though it may be called polite converſation, is certainly the dulleſt I ever heard in my life. By this time we generally begin to look upon our watches; a bill is called for, and after a contention of about three minutes who ſhall go out laſt, we return to our homes.

THIS, ſir, is the true hiſtory of our once jovial club; and as it is not impoſſible that this well-bred gentleman may be a reader of the WORLD, I trouble you with this letter, and entreat

treat your publication of it; for with ſo much good-manners as he is undoubtedly maſter of, he will abſent himſelf from our ſociety when he knows how miſerable he has made us.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

FRANCIS HEARTY.

NUMB. 43. THURSDAY, *October* 25, 1753.

I Have devoted to-day's paper to the miſcellaneous productions of ſuch of my correſpondents as, in my own opinion, are either whimſical enough, or witty enough, to be entertaining to my readers.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM an ENGLISHMAN and a PATRIOT, but neither a FREEHOLDER nor an INDEPENDENT WHIG. I am neither a CRAFTSMAN nor a FOOL, but a FREETHINKER, and a PLAIN-DEALER; a ſteady CHAMPION for virtue, and a ſharp PROTESTER againſt vice.

I am a daily INSPECTOR of my neighbours actions, and take a MONTHLY REVIEW of my own; yet do not aſſume the title of CENSOR, or GUARDIAN; being contented with the office of MONITOR or REMEMBRANCER. My enemies nevertheleſs will call me a TATLER, a BUSY-BODY, an IMPERTINENT, &c.

I AM a great READER, and a LOVER of polite literature. I am ſometimes an ADVENTURER abroad, ſometimes a RAMBLER at home, and rove like the BEE from MUSÆUM to MUSÆUM, in queſt of knowledge and pleaſure.

I AM an OCCASIONAL WRITER too; in a fit of gaiety I am a HUMOURIST, in a fit of ſeriouſneſs a MORALIST; and when I am very angry indeed, I SCOURGE the age with all the ſpirit of a BUSBY.

To conclude, I am not an idle SPECTATOR, but a cloſe EXAMINER of what paſſes in the WORLD, and Mr. Fitz-Adam's

Admirer and humble ſervant,
PHILOCOSMOS.

THIS letter puts me in mind of the following advertiſement in a late Daily Advertiſer. "Whereas Thomas Toovey, ſnuffman, who is "lately removed from the blackamoor's head in "Piccadilly to the ſhop, late the crown and "dagger, three doors lower, and hopes for the "continuance of his friends cuſtom"——And there it ends. I ſhould have been more obliged to my correſpondent, if after his WHEREAS that he was an ENGLISHMAN, a PATRIOT, a FREEHOLDER, &c. he had thought proper to inform me to what purpoſe he was all this. But I have the pleaſure of hoping that his epiſtle is only an introductory diſcourſe to a larger work; and as ſuch I have given it to the public without addition or amendment.

SIR,

IF it would not be meddling with religion (a ſubject which you have declared againſt touching upon)

upon) I wiſh you would recommend it to all rectors, vicars, and curates of pariſhes, to omit the prayer, commonly uſed in the pulpit before ſermon, the petition for JEWS, TURKS, and INFIDELS. For as the JEWS, ſince a late act of parliament, are juſtly deteſted by the whole nation; and as it is ſhrewdly ſuſpected that a bill is now in agitation for naturalizing the TURKS, wiſe men are of opinion that it is no buſineſs of ours to be continually recommending ſuch people in our prayers. Indeed as for the INFIDELS, who are only our own people, I ſhould make no ſcruple of praying for them, if I did not know that perſons of faſhion do not care to hear themſelves named ſo very particularly in the face of a congregation. I have the honour of an acquaintance with a lady of very fine underſtanding, who aſſures me that the above-mentioned prayer is abſolutely as terrible to her as being churched in public: for that ſhe never hears the word INFIDEL mentioned from the pulpit, without fancying herſelf the ſtare of the whole rabble of believers.

As it is certainly the duty of a clergyman to avoid giving offence to his pariſhioners; and as our hatred to the JEWS, our alarms about the TURKS, and the modeſty of perſons of quality, are not to be overcome, I beg that you will not only inſert this letter in the WORLD, but that you will alſo give it as your opinion that the petition ſhould be omitted.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

I. M.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

Now the theatres are open, and the town is in high expectation of ſeeing PANTOMIMES performed to the greateſt advantage, it would not be improper if you would give us a paper upon that ſubject. Your predeceſſor the Spectator, and the Tatler before him, uſed frequently to animadvert upon theatrical entertainments; but as thoſe gentlemen had no talents for PANTOMIME, and were partial to ſuch entertainments as themſelves were able to produce, they treated the nobler compoſitions with unwarrantable freedom. Happy is it for us, that we live in an age of TASTE, when the dumb eloquence, and manual wit and humour of HARLEQUIN is juſtly preferred to the whining of tragedy, or the vulgarity of comedy. But it grieves me, in an entertainment ſo near perfection, to obſerve certain indelicacies and indecorums, which, though they never fail of obtaining the approbation of the galleries, muſt be extremely offenſive to the politeneſs of the boxes. The indelicacies I mean, are, the frequent and ſignificant wriglings of HARLEQUIN's tail, and the affront that PIEROT is apt to put upon the modeſty of COLUMBINE, by ſometimes ſuppoſing, in his ſearches for her lover, that ſhe has hid him under her petticoats. That ſuch a ſuppoſition would be allowable in comedy, I am very ready to own; the celebrated Mrs. Behn having given us in reality what is here only ſuppoſed. In a play of that delicate lady's, the wife, to conceal the gallant from the huſband, not only hides him under her petticoats, but, as Trulla did by Hudibras, ſtraddles over him, and holding her huſband in diſcourſe, walks backwards with

with her lover to the door; where with a genteel love-kick ſhe diſmiſſes him from his hiding place. But that the chaſte COLUMBINE ſhould be ſuſpected of ſuch indelicacy, or that PIEROT ſhould be ſo audacious as to attempt the examination of premiſes ſo ſacred, is a ſoleciſm in PANTOMIME. Another impurity that gives me almoſt equal offence, is, HARLEQUIN's tapping the neck or boſom of his miſtreſs, and then kiſſing his fingers. I am apprehenſive that this behaviour is a little bordering upon wantonneſs; which, in the character of HARLEQUIN, who is a foreigner, and a fine gentleman, and every thing agreeable, is as abſurd as it is immodeſt.

WHEN theſe reformations can be brought about, every body muſt allow that a PANTOMIME will be a moſt rational and inſtructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be ſuffered to have a part in it. How pleaſed will the town be this winter to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiſer, "We hear that at each of the "theatres royal there is an entire new PANTO-"MIME now in rehearſal, and that the princi-"pal parts are to be performed by Mr. Garrick, "Mr. Woodward, Mr. Moſſop, Mrs. Cibber, "and Mrs. Pritchard, at Drury-Lane; and at "Covent-Garden by Mr. Quin, Mr. Lun, "Mr. Barry, Miſs Noſſiter, &c. It is not to be doubted that a PANTOMIME ſo acted would run through a whole ſeaſon to the politeſt as well as moſt crowded audiences. Indeed, I have often wondered at the good-humour of the town, that they can bear to ſee night after night ſo ele-

gant an entertainment, with only one performer in it of real reputation.

It was very well obſerved by a perſon of quality, "That if Mr. Addiſon, Doctor Swift, and "Mr. Pope were alive, and were unitedly to "write a PANTOMIME every winter, provided "Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber were to do the "principal parts, he verily believed there would "not be a hundred people at any one rout in "town, except it was of a Sunday." If it be from no other conſideration than this, I am for having PANTOMIMES exhibited to the beſt advantage: and though we have no ſuch WITS among us as his lordſhip was pleaſed to name, we are reckoned to have as good CARPENTERS as any age has produced, and I take it, that the moſt ſtriking beauties of PANTOMIMICAL compoſition are to be aſcribed to the CARPENTER, more than to the WIT.

I am, SIR,

Your conſtant reader,
and moſt humble ſervant,

S. W.

NUMB. 44. THURSDAY, *November* 1, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AJUSTLY admired poet of our own times, ſpeaking in reference to his art, tells us, that

True

True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd.

THE ſame, it is preſumed, may be ſaid of almoſt every kind of writing. Europe is at preſent ſo much enlightened, that it is hardly poſſible to ſtrike out a ſingle notion abſolutely new, or which has never been touched upon by ſomebody before us. Religion, philoſophy, and morality in particular, have been ſo thoroughly canvaſſed, that ſuch as would treat upon thoſe ſubjects now, have ſcarce any thing left them, but to ſet ſome beaten thought in a different light, and like a ſkilful cook, endeavour to make the fare of yeſterday palatable again to-day, by a various dreſſing. If it can be got down and digeſted, there are always hopes of conveying ſome nouriſhment; and whether it be taken for turtle, or veniſon; pheaſant, or moore-game; beef, or mutton, is not a farthing's matter, ſo it be reliſhed by the gueſts. Whether I am poſſeſſed of any part of this ſkill, muſt be left to the deciſion of each perſon's taſte. All I dare engage for is, that no unwholſome ingredient ſhall enter into my compoſition; and if, on the one hand, it ſhould be inſipid, on the other, it ſhall be as harmleſs as a bit of dry bread.

BUT to my ſubject. The compariſon of man's life to a journey, and the concluſions uſually drawn from thence, are not the leſs true, for being trite and common. When we reflect, that to be exceſſive anxious for the wealth, honours, and pleaſures of this tranſitory world, is juſt as ridi-

culous as it would be to torment ourſelves becauſe our accommodations at an inn (which we are to quit the next morning) are not ſufficiently ſumptuous, the aptneſs of the alluſion ſtares us in the face: the aſſent is extorted while the mind dwells upon it: and people of every perſuaſion, however they may diſagree in other propoſitions, concur in this, as in a ſelf-evident axiom.

YET herein do we reſemble the caſe of him, who is ſaid in ſcripture, *to behold his figure in a glaſs, but ſtrait forgetteth what manner of man he was*; and, as if a fatality hung over us, our memories are ſtill found worſt, in the matter that concerns us moſt; namely, in the acquiſition of TRANQUILLITY, that *ſummum bonum* on this ſide the grave. A heathen could tell us, that this ineſtimable treaſure lies at our feet; but that we giddily ſtumble over it, in the purſuit of bubbles. On theſe we beſtow all our ſtrenuous exertions; the other has only indolent wiſhes.

BUT if we are candidates in earneſt for this TEMPORAL felicity, and which at the ſame time leads by the ſmootheſt road to the CÆLESTIAL, the firſt ſtep ſhould be to diſcover what that is, which expoſes and excludes it: and as it is utterly impoſſible that two contraries ſhould peaceably inhabit the ſame breaſt, let us reſolve to drive out the aggreſſor.

THAT perturbations of every kind are capital enemies to TRANQUILLITY, ſpeaks itſelf: but it may require ſome ſcrutiny to diſcern that the common parent from whence moſt of theſe proceed, is PRIDE. I ſay, *moſt* of theſe; for if want, pain, fear, and intemperance be excepted,

it

it is preſumed that few obſtacles to ſerenity can be imagined, which are not fairly deducible from this ſingle vice.

THE inimitable Mr. Addiſon, in one of his Spectators, mentions guilt and atheiſm, as the only warrantable precludes of CHEARFULNESS: nor is it here intended to controvert his ſuperior judgment: this being merely an eſſay to prove that PRIDE is the great ſource from whence almoſt every other ſpecies of guilt flows. And as for atheiſm, it may, I think, without much torturing the argument, be placed to the ſame account.

BUT let us firſt try the truth of this propoſition, upon actual, or practical vices, as diſtinguiſhed from ſpeculative errors; and thence diſcover to what degree they may be ſaid to *hold of this lady paramount*; conſequently, how far we are indebted to her for the miſeries which fill the world with complaints.

SICKNESS, pain, fear, want, and intemperance, have already been excepted, as productive of diſorders in the ſoul, which derive not immediately from this origin: at leaſt, it can hardly with propriety be ſaid, that a perſon is proud of a diſeaſe, of cowardice, or of indigence; though it has been obſerved, that ſome have had the prepoſterous folly to glory in being lewd, a drunkard, or a glutton.

WHETHER human nature be capable of bearing up with chearfulneſs and indolence againſt theſe evils (from what cauſe ſoever ariſing) is a queſtion foreign to the preſent buſineſs, which is to excite every thinking perſon ſtrictly to examine the catalogue of vices, one by one; and then to

aſk his own heart what reſemblance they bear to the prolific parent here aſſigned them; and it is preſumed, that nothing more is neceſſary than the holding up the progeny to view, in order to aſcertain their deſcent.

It may be gathered from the moſt authentic teſtimony, that her firſt-born was AMBITION; brought to light in the days of your nameſake Adam, and ever ſince, whether clad in a red coat, and armed with a cymitar and firebrand, or in the more gentle habit of a ſtateſman, courtier, beau, lawyer, divine, &c. ſtill confeſſes the kindred in every feature and action. It is not very material in what order the ſubſequent iſſue were produced. But that envy, hatred, malice, tyranny, anger, implacability, revenge, cruelty, impatience, obſtinacy, violence, treachery, ingratitude, ſelf-love, avarice, profuſion; together with the ſmaller ſhoots, detraction, impertinence, loquacity, petulance, affectation, &c. do all derive from this MATER FAMILIÆ, will, I perſuade myſelf, moſt evidently appear to a curious obſerver.

To enumerate the infinite diſorders and calamities that diſperſe themſelves from this root, intrude into every place, and are inceſſant plagues to individuals, as well as ſociety, were an endleſs taſk. Who ſhall tell the ſecret pangs of the heart in which ſhe is planted? But her baleful influence is diſcernable, wherever *two or three are gathered together*. Even at the altar, and whilſt the tongue, in compliance with the ritual, is uttering the moſt humiliating epithets, you ſhall perceive her inconſiſtently tricked out, and by a thouſand fantaſtic airs, attracting the wor-

ſhip

ſhip of the aſſiſtants, from the DEITY, to herſelf.

TRACE her from the court, into the city; and there, from the general trader, to the retailer, mechanic, and pedlar; thence into the country, from the ſquire, to the farmer and day-labourer; deſcend as low as to the ſcavenger, chimney-ſweeper, and night-man; ſtill, through all their dirt and filth, you may occaſionally diſcern her.

NOR is her PARENTAL dominion confined to the climates or nations called civilized. Travel to the poles, or into the burning zone; among the Bramins, Banians, and Facquars: among the Iroquois, Canibals, and Hottentots; even there ſhall you meet with the operations of this PRIMUM MOBILE. What but the arrogance of ſuperior merit, inſtigates the firſt of theſe to aſſume a right of domineering over the conſciences of their fellows, and damning the ſouls of thoſe who differ from them! And for the Hottentots, who that reads the accounts of the inſolence with which they torment, before they eat their enemies, can doubt whether they are actuated by hunger, or haughtineſs? In a word, from the feuds that lay waſte whole kingdoms, down to the ſickly ſpleen which devours the ſlighted coquet, or the fine lady ſuperſeded in her place, we need look no farther for the author of the griefs which poiſon our peace.

IN relation to matters purely ſpeculative, none who are ever ſo little converſant in them, can be at a loſs for numerous inſtances of the havock made with learning, truth, and religion, by the dogmatical impoſition of hypotheſes and ſyſtems, invented by men of more power than knowledge; and

and the no leſs arrogant prohibition of new lights, which might detect the fallacy, or otherwiſe claſh with an aſſumed all-ſufficiency. Hence was the aſſerter of the Antipodes perſecuted in the inquiſition. Hence all the miſchiefs ariſing from enthuſiaſm, hypocriſy, bigotry, and zeal. Hence—but I am entering into a field too wide for the limits of an ordinary epiſtle. Yet having mentioned the poſſibility of accounting for atheiſm the ſame way, I ſhall here only appeal to your readers, whether that man is ſimply a fool, or if he muſt not neceſſarily be a very CONCEITED fool, who ſays in his heart *there is no* GOD?

AND now, ſir, ſhould it be aſked to what purpoſe this epiſtle? or where the remedy? it is anſwered, that the utility of ſuch a diſcuſſion (which for the ſake of the WORLD, I could heartily wiſh had been more accurately handled) muſt be obvious; for by this means the hydra being reduced to one head, it becomes a more compendious taſk to cut off that one, than to vanquiſh a legion ſucceſſively ſprouting out from different ſtems: or, to change the alluſion, the recipe, inſtead of applying to the infinite variety of ſymptoms, might be compriſed in two words, BANISH PRIDE; as indeed this diſeaſe, pregnant of ſo many others, is moſt emphatically cautioned againſt in ſix words of Holy Writ——PRIDE *was not made for* MAN.

I am, SIR, &c.

NUMB.

NUMB. 45. THURSDAY, *November* 8, 1753.

——————*Necte coronam*
POSTIBUS—————— JUV.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THERE is hardly a greater instance of ill-nature, or a more certain token of a cruel disposition, than the abuse of dumb creatures: especially of those who contribute to our advantage and conveniency. The doing an ill office to one who has intended us no harm, is a strong proof of inhumanity: but unkindness to a benefactor is both inhuman and ungrateful.

BUT it is not my intention at present to animadvert upon our barbarity to the animal creation: if you will accept of so unworthy a correspondent, I may take another opportunity of sending you my thoughts upon that subject: the business of this letter is only to vindicate from reproach a poor inanimate being, vulgarly called a POST, which every body knows is held in the lowest contempt, yet whose services to mankind entitle it to a very high degree of regard and veneration.

"As stupid as a POST," is a phrase perpetually made use of. If we want to characterize a fool, or a man absolutely without an idea, the expression is, "as stupid as a POST." "As dull

"as

"as a Beetle," is a term I have no diſlike to; nor have I any great objection to "as grave as a "Judge," which I have conſidered as a ſynonymous phraſe, ever ſince I ſaw an old gentleman in company extremely angry at being told he looked grave; when it was obſerved by a third perſon, that GRAVE in the dictionary was *vide* DULL. But though it is admitted that the idea of dulneſs may be illuſtrated by a Beetle, and the idea of gravity by a Judge, I poſitively deny that ſtupidity and a POST have any ſimilitude whatſoever.

IT is well known, that the ancients, and more eſpecially the Egyptians, the wiſeſt nation of them all, paid the greateſt degree of veneration to ſeveral inanimate things. Almoſt all vegetables were conſidered as gods, and conſequently worſhipped as ſuch. Leeks and onions were particularly eſteemed; and there was hardly a garden to be ſeen that was not over-run with deities. Now I own that I have no ſuch ſuperſtitious regard for a POST, as to recommend its deification; nor am I for making it miniſter of ſtate, as Caligula did his horſe; I only think, that when it is undeſervedly branded into a proverb of contempt, common juſtice requires its vindication.

IN former ages, how much POSTS were eſteemed, appears from what Juvenal ſays of them:

Ornentur POSTES, *et grandi janua lauro:*

where we ſee that they were crowned with laurel.

Virgil

Virgil likewiſe, in deſcribing the deſtruction of Troy, ſays, that the women in the height of deſpair,

Amplexæque tenent POSTES, *atque oſcula figunt*;

without doubt to take an affectionate leave of them. And old Ennius, knowing that they were in ſome meaſure ſacred, employs no leſs a perſon than the Goddeſs Diſcord herſelf to demoliſh them:

——— *Diſcordia tetra*
Belli ferratos POSTES, *portaſque refregit.*

BUT before I conſider the ſervice of POSTS to mankind in general, I ſhall take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation which I have perſonally received from one of them, and which may very poſſibly byaſs me in favour of the whole fraternity.

I WAS travelling very lately, where I was entirely ignorant of the road, in a part of England too far from town for the common people to give that rational direction to a ſtranger, which they do in and about London; and too near it, as I afterwards found, not to reliſh ſtrongly of its vices. Coming at laſt to a place, where the road branched out into different paths, I was quite at a ſtand, till ſeeing a country fellow paſſing by, I enquired the road to Biſley. "To Biſley!" ſays he, ſcratching his head, and looking up in my face—"Where did you come from, ſir?" I was nettled a good deal at the fellow's uſeleſs and impertinent queſtion, eſpecially as it began to

to grow duſk; however, that I might get what inſtruction from him I could, I ſatisfied him. He then, after having attentively looked round the country, and informed me I might have come a nearer way, gave me to underſtand, "That he "could not well tell, but that I was not above "two miles from it." P—x take the fellow! ſay I, he is as ſtupid as a POST, and rode on: but I had hardly gone a hundred yards before I diſcovered a POST, which very good-naturedly held out his finger to ſhew me the road, and informed me in a few words that I had ſtill three miles to go. I followed the advice of this intelligent friend, and ſoon arrived at the end of my journey, aſhamed and vexed at the ingratitude I had been guilty of, in abuſing ſo ſerviceable a guide.

IF a man reflects ſeriouſly with himſelf, as I did then, he will find that POSTS are very far from being ſo ſtupid as they are imagined to be. I may ſafely venture to aſſert, that they have all negative wiſdom. They neither ruin their fortunes by gaming, nor their conſtitutions by drinking. They keep no bad company; they never interfere either in matters of party or religion, and ſeem entirely unconcerned about who is in favour at court, or who out. Though I cannot ſay that their courage is great, they never ſuffer themſelves to be affronted unrevenged; for they are always upon the defenſive, though they ſeldom give the challenge. Drunkards they have a particular averſion to; nor is it uncommon for a man, though the fumes of wine may have made him inſenſible at night, to feel the effects of their reſentment in the morning. In ſhort, they ſeem devoted

devoted to the ſervice of mankind; ſleeping neither day nor night, nor ever deſerting the ſtation which is aſſigned them. One thing I own may be juſtly laid to their charge, which is, that they are often guilty of cruel behaviour to the blind; though I think they amply repay it, by lending ſupport to the lame.

I COULD enumerate ſeveral ſorts of POSTS, which are of infinite ſervice; ſuch as the MILL-POST, the WHIPPING-POST, the SIGN-POST, and many others: I ſhall at preſent content myſelf with making a few obſervations on the two laſt, the WHIPPING-POST, and the SIGN-POST.

IF to put in execution the laws of the land, be of any ſervice to the nation, which few I think will deny, the benefit of the WHIPPING-POST muſt be very apparent, as being a neceſſary inſtrument of ſuch an execution. Indeed the ſervice it does to a country place is inconceivable. I myſelf knew a man who had proceeded ſo far as to lay his hand upon a ſilver ſpoon, with a deſign to make it his own; but, upon looking round, and ſeeing a WHIPPING-POST in his way, he deſiſted from the theft. Whether he ſuſpected that the POST would impeach him or not, I will not pretend to determine; ſome folks were of opinion, that he was afraid of a Habeas Corpus. It is likewiſe an infallible remedy for all lewd and diſorderly behaviour, which the chairman at ſeſſions generally employs it to reſtrain. Nor is it leſs beneficial to the honeſt part of mankind, than the diſhoneſt: for though it lies immediately in the high road to the gallows, it has ſtopped many an adventurous young man in his progreſs thither.

BUT

BUT of the whole family of the POSTS, I know none more ſerviceable than a SIGN-POST, which like a bill of fare to an entertainment, always ſtands ready without door, to inform you what you are to expect within. The intent of this has been very much perverted, and accordingly taken notice of by your predeceſſor the Spectator. He was for prohibiting the carpenter the uſe of any ſign but his ſaw; and the ſhoe-maker, but his boot; and with great propriety; for the proverb ſays, *ne ſutor ultrà crepidam.* And indeed it is reaſonable "every ſhop ſhould have a ſign that "bears ſome affinity to the wares in which it "deals:" for otherwiſe, a ſtranger may call for a yard of cloth at a bookſeller's, or the laſt WORLD at a linen-draper's. But when theſe things are adjuſted, nothing can be of greater ſervice than a SIGN-POST; inaſmuch as it inſtructs a man, provided he has money in his pocket, how he may ſupply all his wants; and often directs the hungry traveller to the agreeable perfumes of a ſavoury kitchen: from whence it is imagined that the common expreſſion comes, of ſmelling a POST.

THUS, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you ſee how much we are indebted to theſe ſerviceable things, called POSTS: and I think it would be a great inſtance of your goodneſs, to endeavour to correct the world's ingratitude to them; ſince it is grown ſo very notorious, that I have known ſeveral, who owe all they have to a POST, induſtrious to undervalue its dignity, and make its character appear ridiculous. I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

W. R.

N. B.

N. B. ALL POSTS of honour, POSTS in war, letter POSTS, and POST the LATIN prepoſition, though they ſpell their names in the ſame manner, are of a quite different family; nor do I undertake to plead in their behalf, knowing that moſt of them are in too flouriſhing a condition to ſtand in need of an advocate.

NUMB. 46. THURSDAY, *November* 15, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

"WHEN a rich man ſpeaketh," ſays the ſon of Sirach, "every man "holdeth his tongue; and lo! what he ſayeth is "extolled to the clouds: but if a poor man "ſpeak, they ſay what fellow is this?" I had a mortifying opportunity yeſterday of experiencing the truth of this obſervation.

IT is not material that I ſhould tell you who or what I am; it will be enough to ſay, that though I dine every day, and always make my appearance in a clean ſhirt, I have no thoughts of offering myſelf as a candidate for a borough at the next general election, nor am I quite ſo rich as a certain man of faſhion, who took ſuch a fancy to me this ſummer in the country, as hardly to be eaſy out of my company.

THIS great perſon came to town laſt week for the winter; whither I was called upon buſineſs ſoon after; and having received a general invitation to his table, I went yeſterday to dine with

him. Upon my being ſhewn into the parlour, I found him ſitting with two young gentlemen, who, as I afterwards learnt, were perſons of great quality, and who, before I was bid to ſit down, entered into a ſhort whiſper with my friend, which concluded with a broad ſtare in my face, and the words, "I thought ſo," uttered with a careleſs contempt, loud enough for me to hear.

I was a little diſconcerted at this behaviour, but was in ſome meaſure relieved by a meſſage a few minutes after, that dinner was upon the table. We were ſoon ſeated according to form; and as the converſation was upon general ſubjects, or rather upon no ſubject at all, and as the having ſomething to ſay enables a man to ſit eaſier in his chair, I now-and-then attempted to put in a word, but I found I had not the good fortune to make myſelf heard. The playhouſes happening to be mentioned, I aſked very reſpectfully if any thing new was to be exhibited this ſeaſon? Upon which it was obſerved, "that the winter was "come in upon us all at once, and that there "had been ice in Hyde-park of near half an "inch thick." Upon my friend's taking notice that there had been a very great court that morning, I took occaſion to enquire how the king did? when it was immediately remarked "that "the opera this ſeaſon would certainly be a very "grand one." As I was a proficient in muſic, and a friend to the Italian opera, I hoped to be attended to, by ſaying ſomething in favour of ſo elegant an entertainment; but before I had proceeded through half a ſentence, the converſation took another turn, and it was unanimouſly agreed, "that my lord Somebody's Greenland

"dog

" dog was the fineſt of the kind ever ſeen in " England." It was now high time for me to have done; I therefore contented myſelf with playing the dumb man till the cloth was removed, and then took my leave.

AT my return to my lodgings, I could not help thinking that it was not abſolutely impoſſible for great men to be very ill-bred; but however that matter may be, I ſhall eat my dinner at the chop-houſe to-day, notwithſtanding I have juſt received a card from my friend, to tell me, " that " he dines alone, and ſhall be quite unhappy " without me." I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

F. B.

BATH, *October* the 29th, 1753.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AMONG the many inventions of this wiſe and polite age, I look upon the *art of not knowing people* to be one of the greateſt. But for fear the term ſhould be a little too technical for many of your readers, I ſhall explain it at large. What I mean is, that perſons of diſtinction ſhall meet their inferiors in public places, and either walk, ſit, or ſtand cloſe at their elbows, without having the leaſt recollection of them; whom, but a week or a day before, they have been particularly intimate with, and for whom they have profeſſed the moſt affectionate regard. As you have taken no notice of this art, in all probability the profeſſors of it have eſcaped you; but as I have lately been the ſubject of its fulleſt exertion, I beg leave to trouble you with a few words upon the occaſion.

I AM a clergyman of ſome fortune, though no preferment; and knowing that I had many friends at the Bath this ſeaſon, I came hither laſt week to enjoy the pleaſure of their converſation. The morning after my arrival I took a walk to the pump-room, where I had the honour of ſeeing a noble lord, a baronet, and ſome ladies of quality, with whom I was very well acquainted; but to my great ſurprize, though I ſtood at the diſtance of only two or three yards from them, I did not perceive that any one of them knew me. I have dined ſeveral times with his lordſhip, have frequently drank tea with the ladies, and ſpent two months this ſummer with the baronet, and yet am throwing myſelf in their way every morning, am ſitting next them in the rooms every evening, nay, playing at cards with them at the ſame table, without their having the leaſt remembrance of me. There is alſo a very genteel family in the place, in which I have been ſo extremely intimate, that, according to the ſong,

I have drank with the father, have talk'd with the mother,
Have romp'd with the ſiſter, and gamed with the brother;

but, for what reaſon, I know not, unleſs it be in imitation of the lords and ladies abovementioned, with whom they happen to be acquainted, I do not find that any one of them has the leaſt knowledge of me.

I HAVE looked in the glaſs above a hundred times, from a ſuſpicion that my face muſt have undergone ſome extraordinary change, to occaſion

ſion this total want of recollection in my friends; but I have the ſatisfaction to find that my eyes, noſe and mouth are not only remaining, but they ſtand, as near as I can gueſs, in the very individual places, as when my friends knew me; and that their forgetfulneſs is altogether owing to this new invented art; an art, which it ſeems none but perſons of faſhion, or a few very genteel people who have ſtudied under them, can make themſelves maſters of. But it is an art that will undo me, if a living which my friend the noble lord has been ſo good as to aſſure me of, ſhould happen to become void while I am in this place; for how can I ſuppoſe that his lordſhip will give that to an entire ſtranger, which he has ſo long ago promiſed to an intimate acquaintance?

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ABRAHAM ADAMS.

I HAVE taken the firſt opportunity of publiſhing theſe letters, not from a conviction that the writers of them have any cauſe of complaint, but from a deſire of removing falſe prejudices, and of doing juſtice to the character of great people. As for the ſon of Sirach, whom the firſt of my correſpondents has thought proper to quote, every body knows that his writings are apocryphal; and as to the matter complained of, namely, that a private man cannot make himſelf heard among lords and great folks, it is the fault of nature, who it is well known has formed the ears of perſons of quality only for hearing one another. My other correſpondent, who is

piqued at not being known, is equally unreaſonable; for he cannot but have obſerved at the playhouſes and other public places, from the number of glaſſes uſed by people of faſhion, that they are naturally ſhort ſighted. It is from this viſual defect, that a great man is apt to miſtake fortune for honour, a ſervice of plate for a good name, and his neighbour's wife for his own. His memory is in many inſtances as defective as his ſight. Benefits, promiſes, and payment of debts, are things that he is extremely liable to forget. How then is it to be wondered at, that he ſhould forget an acquaintance? But I have always obſerved that there is a propenſity in little people to ſpeak evil of dignities; and that where real errors are wanting (which is the caſe at preſent) they will throw out their invectives againſt natural defects, and quarrel with the deaf for not hearing them, and with the blind for not ſeeing them.

I COULD go near to write a whole paragraph in praiſe of great men, if I was not reſtrained by the conſideration, that of all things in the world, they hate flattery.

NUMB. 47. THURSDAY, *November* 22, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my ſpectacles have aſſiſted me ſufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompence for the

pleaſure I have received from them, to ſend you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I AM the widow of Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY; I am the daughter of RALPH PUMPKIN, Eſq; and I am the grand-daughter of Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, of Pumpkin-hall in South-Wales. I was educated with my two elder ſiſters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-houſe of our anceſtors. It was the conſtant cuſtom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to ſummon his three grand-daughters to his bed-ſide, and amuſe us with the moſt important tranſactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illuſtrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without ſome degree of vanity, but always with a ſtrict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom ſome of his adventures might prove uſeful and important.

SIR JOSIAH was ſcarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the ſecond, by his uncle Sir SIMON SPARROW-GRASS, who was at that time Lancaſter herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As ſoon as he had kiſſed the king's hand, he was preſented to the duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the miniſters, and the miſtreſſes. His fortune, which was conſiderable, and his manners, which were extremely elegant, made him ſo very acceptable in all companies, that he had the honour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleaſure, and expence, that the courtiers could poſſibly diſplay. He danced

with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he ſung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glaſſes in every tavern throughout London. But ſtill he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a DUEL. He was ſo extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happineſs of a RENCOUNTER. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occaſioned this inglorious chaſm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate PUMPKIN, till he had ſhewn himſelf as expert in opening a vein with a ſword, as any ſurgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy ſituation till he was near two-and-twenty years of age. At length his better ſtars prevailed, and he received a moſt egregious affront from Mr. CUCUMBER, one of the gentlemen-uſhers of the Privy-chamber. CUCUMBER, who was in waiting at court, ſpit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he ſtood next to Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN, part of the ſpittle reſted upon Sir JOSIAH's ſhoe. It was then that the true PUMPKIN honour aroſe in bluſhes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and ſent Mr. CUCUMBER a challenge. Captain DAISY, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjuſted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fields, and to bring fifteen ſeconds on a ſide. Punctuality is a ſtrong inſtance of valour upon theſe occaſions. The clock of St. Paul's ſtruck ſeven, juſt when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two-and-thirty gentlemen was adjuſting himſelf

into a poſture of defence againſt his adverſary. It happened to be the hour for breakfaſt in the hoſpital of Bedlam. A ſmall bell had rung to ſummon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, OWEN MACDUFFY, ſtanding at the iron-gate, and beholding ſuch a number of armed men in the midſt of the fields, immediately roared out, "fire, murder, ſwords, "daggers, bloodſhed!" OWEN's voice was always remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it ſtill louder and more tremendous. His words ſtruck a panic into the keepers; they loſt all preſence of mind; they forgot their priſoners, and haſtened moſt precipitately down ſtairs to the ſcene of action. At the ſight of naked ſwords, their fears increaſed, and at once they ſtood open-mouthed and motionleſs. Not ſo the lunatics; freedom to madmen, and light to the blind, are equally rapturous. RALPH ROGERS the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the Reſtoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious ſet of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out "Liberty and property, my boys! down "with the Rump! CROMWELL and IRETON "are come from hell to deſtroy us. Come, my "Cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock "out their brains." The Bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the baliſters of the ſtair-caſe, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way they picked up ſome ſtaves and cudgels, which the porters and the keepers had inadvertently left be-

hind, and ruſhing forward with amazing fury, they forced themſelves outrageouſly into the midſt of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment, deſtroyed all the decency and order with which this moſt illuſtrious duel had begun.

It ſeemed, according to my grandfather's obſervation, a very untoward fate, that two-and-thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune, and quality, ſhould meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that reſolution and politeneſs which belonged to their ſtations, and ſhould at once be routed, diſperſed, and even wounded, by a ſet of madmen, without ſword, piſtol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The madmen were not only ſuperior in ſtrength, but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber ſtood their ground as long as poſſible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the ſole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two friends were ſoon overpowered, and no perſon daring to come to their aſſiſtance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumſtances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down, and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generoſity would never name, betook themſelves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's ſon was ſpied clinging ſubmiſſively round the feet of mad Pocklington the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himſelf at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple ſtall. A Shropſhire ſquire of three thouſand pounds a year, was diſcovered chin deep, and almoſt ſtifled in Fleet-ditch. Even captain Daiſy

SY himſelf was found in a milk cellar, with viſible marks of fear and conſternation. Thus ended this inauſpicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offenſive pranks throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; and my grandfather himſelf had the misfortune to ſee mad ROGERS come into the Queen's drawing-room, and ſpit in a duchēſs's face.

SUCH unforeſeen diſaſters occaſioned ſome prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, ſix combatants (three on a ſide) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain ſuch a quantity of blood in their veins, as ſhould be ſufficient to ſatisfy the higheſt affront that could be offered.

AFTERWARDS, upon the matureſt deliberation, as my grandfather aſſured me, the number ſix was reduced to four; two principals and two ſeconds; each ſecond was to be the trueſt and beſt-beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and theſe ſeconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other: for the canons of honour ordained, that in caſe the two ſeconds had the leaſt heat or animoſity one againſt the other, they muſt naturally become principals, and therefore ought to ſeek out for ſeconds to themſelves.

HAVING told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almoſt in his own words, and finding that the ſtory has carried me perhaps

into too great a length of letter, I ſhall not mention ſome curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. SOLOMON MUZZY, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at leaſt the honour and conſolation to be,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader, and
moſt humble ſervant,
MARY MUZZY.

NUMB. 48. THURSDAY, *November* 29, 1753.

THOUGH the demand for this paper has more than anſwered my expectations, yet the profits ariſing from it have not been ſo immenſe as to enable me at this preſent time to ſet up the one-horſe chair which I promiſed myſelf at firſt ſetting out. For which reaſon, and for certain private objections which I cannot help making to a poſt-chaiſe or a hired chariot, when I am inclined to make an excurſion into the country, I either travel on foot, or, if the diſtance or the weather ſhould make it neceſſary, I take my place in that ſociable and communicative vehicle, called a ſtage-coach. Happy is the man, who without any laboured deſigns of his own, finds his very wants to be productive of his conveniencies. This man am I; having met with certain characters and adventures upon theſe rambles, that have contributed more to the enriching my ſtock of hints towards carrying on this work, than would have ever preſented themſelves had I drove along the road admiring the ſplendor

dor of my own equipage, or lolled at my eaſe in the hired one of another.

MANY of theſe characters and adventures had appeared before now in theſe eſſays, if the deſire of obliging my correſpondents, aſſiſted by a modeſty peculiar to myſelf, That of thinking the productions of others to be almoſt as valuable as my own, had not inclined me (if I may ſpeak the language of traffic) to turn factor for my friends, and to trade by commiſſion rather than to do buſineſs entirely on my own account. And in carrying on this commerce, I have conſulted the ſatisfaction of my cuſtomers, as well as my own intereſt: for though I do not pretend to ſo much humility as abſolutely to allow that any other trader can ſend ſuch goods to market as my own, or, to drop the alluſion, that there is a man now living who can write ſo wittily, ſo wiſely, and ſo learnedly as myſelf; yet the productions of many will probably have more variety than thoſe of a ſingle perſon, even though that ſingle perſon ſhould be myſelf. But I have ſtill a ſtronger reaſon for giving place to correſpondents; it is the ſtrong propenſity which I have always found in my nature to communicate happineſs. Every body knows, at leaſt every writer, with what infinite ſatisfaction a man ſees himſelf in print. For my own part, I ſhall never forget the flutterings and heart-beatings I felt upon the honour that was done me many years ago by the author of the Gentleman's magazine, in publiſhing a ſong to Gælia, which was the firſt of my compoſitions. Indeed there was a ſmall inconvenience attending the pleaſure at that particular time; for as my finances were a

little low, I almoſt ruined myſelf by the many repeated half-dozens which I bought of that magazine to diſtribute among my friends for their wonder and admiration. And hence, if I was in haſte to ſet up an equipage, would ariſe another motive to the inſerting the letters of correſpondents; but as every pecuniary conſideration is of ſmall weight, when compared with the pleaſure of communicating happineſs, I have given it but little of my attention. One thing I muſt requeſt of my readers before I have done entirely with this ſubject, which is, that if it ſhould enter into their heads that I have laid before them a dull paper, they will pleaſe to impute it to the abundance of my good-nature, and not to any lazineſs in my diſpoſition, or deficiency in my judgment.

BUT to return to my country excurſions. I was coming to town from one of them this week in the Windſor ſtage coach, which, as we paſſed through Brentford, ſtopped to take up two of the fair-ſex, inhabitants of that genteel place, one of them at a collar-maker's, and the other at a breeches-maker's. The collar-maker's lady, who was a perſon of very fine breeding, wiſhed the breeches-maker's lady joy of her coming abroad after her lying-in, and excuſed herſelf by illneſs for not having waited upon her on the occaſion; to which the breeches-maker's lady anſwered, in the politeſt manner imaginable, "that ſhe "ſhould have been extremely glad to have ſeen "her, but that ſhe ſent cards to none of her ac-"quaintance, as indeed there was no occaſion: "for that, excepting herſelf (meaning the col-"lar-maker's lady) ſhe had been viſited at her

"ſitting

" ſitting up by all the QUALITY of BRENT-
" FORD."

THE QUALITY of BRENTFORD fixed my attention to theſe ladies; and during ſo ſhort a journey as to Hyde-park corner, where I made my compliments of departure, I acquired ſo much knowledge in the affairs of Child-birth, in Thruſhes, Red-gums, and the management of the month, that I ſhould hardly decline a debate upon thoſe ſubjects with the moſt experienced nurſe at the lying-in-hoſpital in Brownlow-ſtreet.

As there are few circumſtances too trivial to furniſh uſeful hints to a conſiderate mind, at my return to my lodgings I could not help looking upon this boaſt of the breeches-maker's wife, concerning the number and grandeur of her viſitors, namely, that they were ALL the QUALITY of BRENTFORD, to be exactly of a piece with the vanity that poſſeſſes almoſt every individual of mankind.

To mention a ſtage-coach once more; who is there that has travelled in one, but muſt have heard it obſerved by the moſt ordinary of the paſſengers, that this was the firſt time in their lives that they had ever ſuffered themſelves to be crouded into ſo mean a carriage? For my own part, I have always remarked it, that within half a dozen miles of the end of our journey, if there has been a fine-ſpoken lady in the coach, though but a country ſhop-keeper's wife, who imagined herſelf a ſtranger to the company, ſhe has expreſſed great anger and aſtoniſhment at not ſeeing the chaiſe, the chariot, or the coach coming to meet her on the road. To what is this

vanity owing, but to the deſire of being thought in her own perſon one of the QUALITY of BRENTFORD?

IF we look into the city, and obſerve the eating and drinking of almoſt every common tradeſman; the ſtrut of the huſband in his gown and hood upon a lord mayor's day; the extravagance of the wife in dreſs, furniture, and ſervants; their parties to Vauxhall and Sadler's-wells; their viſits and entertainments; the queſtion will occur, whence are all theſe vanities, but to ſee and be ſeen by the QUALITY of BRENTFORD?

THE fine gentleman, whoſe lodgings no one is acquainted with; whoſe dinner is ſerved up under cover of a pewter plate from the cook's ſhop in Porridge Iſland; and whoſe annuity of a hundred pounds is made to ſupply a laced ſuit every year, and a chair every evening to a rout; returns to his bed-room on foot, and goes ſhivering and ſupperleſs to reſt, for the pleaſure of appearing among people of equal importance with the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

THE confectioner's wife, who lights up her rooms with wax candles, and pays for them with the card-money; who borrows chairs, tables, and ſervants of her neighbours; who ſweats under the fatigue of doing the honours of her houſe, and who is almoſt ſtifled to death by the mob ſhe has invited; has no other gratification from her folly, than the idle boaſt of having brought together to her rout ALL the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

BUT to take characters in the groupe, why is every ordinary mechanic, every pettifogging attorney,

torney, every clerk in an office, every painter, player, poet and muſician, or, in ſhort, why is almoſt every man one knows making a ſhow beyond his income, but from a deſire of being ranked among the QUALITY of BRENTFORD?

I SHALL conclude this paper with a ſhort letter, which I received two days ago from a correſpondent, who, if I can form any judgment of his rank by his manner of writing, muſt be one of the QUALITY of BRENTFORD.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I AM no enemy to humour and irony and all that, but I cannot help thinking that you muſt have ſpent the chief part of your time among low people; and this is not only my own opinion, but the opinion of moſt of the perſons of quality with whom I converſe. If you are really acquainted with the manners of upper life, be ſo good as to convince us of it, by copying its language, and drawing your future characters from that inexhauſtible ſource of politeneſs and entertainment.

I am,

Your friend and well-wiſher,

Z.

NUMB. 49. THURSDAY, *December* 7, 1753.

THOUGH I am an old fellow, I am neither four nor ſilly enough yet, to be a ſnarling *laudator temporis acti*, and to hate or deſpiſe the preſent age becauſe it *is* the preſent. I cannot, like many of my cotemporaries, rail at the *wonderful*

dorful degeneracy. and *corruption of theſe times*, nor, by ſneering compliments to the *ingenious*, the *ſagacious*, MODERNS, intimate that they have not common ſenſe. I really do not think that the preſent age is marked out by any new and diſtinguiſhed vices and follies, unknown to former ages. On the contrary, I am apt to ſuſpect that human nature was always very like what it is at this day, and that men, from the time of my great progenitors down to this moment, have always had in them the ſame ſeeds of virtue and vice, wiſdom and folly, of which only the modes have varied, from climate, education, and a thouſand other conſpiring cauſes.

PERHAPS this uncommon good-humour and indulgence of mine to my cotemporaries may be owing to the natural benignity of my conſtitution, in which I can diſcover no particles of envy or ill-nature, even to my rivals both in fame and profit, the weekly writers; or perhaps to the ſuperiority of my parts, which every body muſt acknowledge, and which places me infinitely above the mean ſentiments of envy and jealouſy. But whatever may be the true cauſe, which probably neither my readers nor I ſhall ever diſcover with preciſion, this at leaſt is certain, that the preſent age has not only the honour and pleaſure of being extremely well with me, but if I dare ſay ſo, better than any that I have yet either heard or read of. Both vices and virtues are ſmoothed and ſoftened by manners; and though they exiſt as they ever have done, yet the former are become leſs barbarous, and the latter leſs rough. Inſomuch that I am as glad as Mr. Voltaire can be, that I have the

good

good fortune to live in this age; independently of that intereſted conſideration, that it is rather better to be ſtill alive, than only to have lived.

THIS my benevolence to my countrymen and cotemporaries ought to be eſteemed ſtill the more meritorious in me, when I ſhall make it appear that no man's merit has been leſs attended to, or rewarded, than mine: and nothing produces ill-humour, rancour, and malevolence ſo much, as neglected and unrewarded merit.

THE utility of my weekly labours is evident, and their effects, wherever they are read, prodigious. They are equally calculated, I may ſay it without vanity, to form the heart, improve the underſtanding, and pleaſe the fancy. Notwithſtanding all which, the ungrateful public does not take above three thouſand of them a week. Though, according to Mr. Maitland's calculation of the number of the inhabitants in this great metropolis, they ought to take two hundred thouſand of them, ſuppoſing only five perſons, and one paper to each family; and allowing ſeven millions of ſouls in the reſt of the kingdom, I may modeſtly ſay, that one million more of them ought to be taken and circulated in the country. The profit ariſing from the ſale of twelve hundred thouſand papers, would be ſome encouragement to me to continue theſe my labours for the benefit of mankind.

I HAVE not yet had the leaſt intimation from the miniſters, that they have any thoughts of calling me to their aſſiſtance, and giving me ſome conſiderable employment of honour and profit: and having had no ſuch intimations, I am juſtly apprehenſive that They have no ſuch intentions.

intentions. Such intimations being always long previous to the performance, often to the intentions.

NOR have I been invited, as I confeſs I expected to be, by any conſiderable borough or county to repreſent them in the next parliament, and to defend their liberties, and the Chriſtian religion, againſt the miniſters and the Jews. But I think I can account for this ſeeming ſlight, without mortification to my vanity and ſelf-love; my name being a pentateuch name, which, in theſe ſuſpicious and doubtful times, ſavours too ſtrongly of Judàiſm; though, upon the faith of a Chriſtian, I have not the leaſt tendency to it; and I muſt do Mrs. Fitz-Adam (who I own has ſome influence over me) the juſtice to ſay, that ſhe has the utmoſt horror for thoſe ſanguinary rites and ceremonies.

NOTWITHSTANDING all this ill uſage (for every man may be juſtly ſaid to be ill uſed, who is not rewarded according to his own eſtimation of his own merit) which I feel and lament, I cannot however call the preſent age names, and brand it with degeneracy. Nature, as I have already obſerved, being always the ſame, modes only varying. With modes, the ſignification of words alſo varies, and in the courſe of thoſe variations, convey ideas very different from thoſe which they were originally intended to expreſs. I could give numberleſs inſtances of this kind, but at preſent I ſhall content myſelf with this ſingle one.

THE word HONOUR, in its proper ſignification, doubtleſs implies, the united ſentiments of virtue, truth, and juſtice, carried by a generous mind

mind beyond thoſe mere moral obligations which the laws require, or can puniſh the violation of. A TRUE MAN OF HONOUR will not content himſelf with the literal diſcharge of the duties of a man and a citizen; he raiſes and dignifies them into magnanimity. He gives where he may with juſtice refuſe; he forgives where he may with juſtice reſent; and his whole conduct is directed by the noble ſentiments of his own unvitiated heart; ſurer and more ſcrupulous guides than the laws of the land, which being calculated for the generality of mankind, muſt neceſſarily be more a reſtraint upon vices in general, than an invitation and reward of particular virtues. But theſe extenſive and compound notions of HONOUR have been long contracted, and reduced to the ſingle one of perſonal courage. Among the Romans, HONOUR meant no more than contempt of dangers and death in the ſervice, whether juſt or unjuſt, of their country. Their ſucceſſors and conquerors, the Goths and Vandals, who did not deal much in complex ideas, ſimplified thoſe of HONOUR, and reduced them to this plain and ſingle one, of fighting for fighting's ſake, upon any, or all, no matter what, occaſions.

OUR preſent mode of HONOUR is ſomething more compounded, as will appear by the true character which I ſhall now give of a faſhionable MAN of HONOUR.

* A GENTLEMAN, which is now the genteel ſynonymous term for a MAN of HONOUR, muſt, like

* A gentleman, is every man, who with a tolerable ſuit of cloaths, a ſword by his ſide, and a watch and ſnuff-box in his pockets,

like his Gothic anceſtors, be ready for and rather deſirous of ſingle combat. And if by a proper degree of wrongheadedneſs he provokes it, he is only ſo much the more jealous of his HONOUR, and more of a GENTLEMAN.

HE may lie with impunity, if he is neither detected nor accuſed of it: for it is not the lie he tells, but the lie he is told of, that diſhonours him. In that caſe he demonſtrates his veracity by his ſword, or his piſtol, and either kills or is killed with the greateſt HONOUR.

HE may abuſe and ſtarve his own wife, daughters, or ſiſters, and he may ſeduce thoſe of other men, particularly his friends, with inviolate HONOUR, becauſe, as Sir John Brute very juſtly obſerves, *he wears a ſword.*

BY the laws of HONOUR he is not obliged to pay his ſervants or his tradeſmen; for as they are a pack of ſcoundrels, they cannot without inſolence demand their due of a gentleman: but he muſt punctually pay his gaming debts to the ſharpers who have cheated him; for thoſe debts are really debts of HONOUR.

HE lies under one diſagreeable reſtraint; for he muſt not cheat at play, unleſs in a horſe-match; but then he may with great HONOUR defraud in an office, or betray a truſt.

IN public affairs, he may, not only with HONOUR, but even with ſome degree of LUSTRE, be in the ſame ſeſſion a turbulent patriot, oppoſing the beſt meaſures, and a ſervile courtier,

pockets, aſſerts himſelf to be a gentleman, ſwears with energy that he will be treated as ſuch, and that he will cut the throat of any man who preſumes to ſay the contrary.

promoting

promoting the worſt; provided a very lucrative conſideration be known to be the motive of his converſion: for in that caſe the point of HONOUR turns ſingly upon the *quantum*.

FROM theſe premiſes, which the more they are conſidered the truer they will be found, it appears, that there are but two things, which a man of the niceſt HONOUR may not do, which are declining ſingle combat, and cheating at play. Strange! that VIRTUE ſhould be ſo difficult, and HONOUR, its ſuperior, ſo eaſy to attain to.

THE uninformed herd of mankind are governed by words and names, which they implicitly receive without either knowing or aſking their meaning. Even the philoſophical and religious controverſies, for the laſt three or four hundred years, have turned much more upon words and names, unaſcertained and miſunderſtood, than upon things fairly ſtated. The polite world, to ſave time and trouble, receive, adapt, and uſe words, in the ſignification of the day; not having leiſure nor inclination to examine and analyſe them: and thus often miſled by ſounds, and not always ſecured by ſenſe, they are hurried into fatal errors, which they do not give their underſtandings fair play enough to prevent.

IN explaining words, therefore, and bringing them back to their true ſignification, one may ſometimes happen to expoſe and explode thoſe errors, which the abuſe of them both occaſions and protects. May that be the good fortune of this day's paper! How many unthinking and unhappy men really take themſelves to be MEN

of

of HONOUR, upon theſe miſtaken ideas of that word! And how fatal to others, eſpecially to the young and unexperienced, is their example and ſucceſs in the world! I could heartily wiſh that ſome good dramatic poet would exhibit at full length and in lively colours, upon the ſtage, this modiſh character of a MAN of HONOUR, of which I have but ſlightly and haſtily chalked the outlines. Upon ſuch a ſubject I am apt to think that a good poet might be more uſeful than a good preacher, as perhaps his audiences would be more numerous, and his matter more attended to. Beſides,

Segnius irritant animos, demiſſa per aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.

P. S. To prevent miſtakes, I muſt obſerve that there is a great difference between a MAN of HONOUR, and a PERSON of HONOUR. By PERSONS of HONOUR were meant, in the latter end of the laſt century, bad authors and poets of noble birth, who were but juſt not fools enough to prefix their names in great letters to the prologues, epilogues, and ſometimes even the plays with which they entertained the public. But now that our nobility are too generous to interfere in the trade of us poor profeſſed authors, or to eclipſe our performances by the diſtinguiſhed and ſuperior excellency and luſtre of their's; the meaning at preſent of a PERSON of HONOUR, is reduced to the SIMPLE idea of a PERSON of ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.

NUMB.

NUMB. 50. THURSDAY, *December* 13, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi cauſa videndi?
VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a conſtant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing ſome new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I intereſt myſelf, perhaps, to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and have always a thouſand reaſons for not leaving it a ſingle day; yet I cannot help ſtill accoſting my friends, upon their firſt arrival from the country, with the uſual queſtion at this time of the year, "Well, ſir, what brings you to "town?" The anſwer has always varied according to the circumſtances of the perſon aſked: "To ſee the new bridge; to put a ſon to Weſt-"minſter; the inns of court, the army, &c. "To hear the new opera; to look out for a "wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of "the lottery; to print a ſermon; a novel; the "ſtate of the nation, &c. &c. to kiſs hands for "an employment; to be elected fellow of the "Royal Society; to conſult Doctor Ward; to "be witneſs for Mrs. Squires." In ſhort, the reaſons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I muſt obſerve, that the moſt general motive of the men has

has been to buy ſomething they wanted, and of the ladies to buy ſomething they did not want.

THIS year, indeed, that general reaſon has given place to another, which is not only general but univerſal; for now, aſk whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muſcles into a moſt devout gravity, and with an important ſolemnity anſwers you, "To repeal the Jew "bill." This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no leſs warm or univerſal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who aſked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was ſtarving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expreſſed to him my ſurprize that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid ſo little regard to the antiquity of his houſe, or the length of his pedigree; and deſired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately ſwelled with all the pride of his anceſtors, put his arms a kimbow, and anſwered, "To pull down the French king."

BUT the worſt reaſon for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me laſt night at a viſit by a young lady of the moſt graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, "to have her "ſhape altered to the modern faſhion." That is to ſay, to have her breaſts compreſſed by a flat, ſtrait line, which is to extend croſs-wiſe from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, and alſo to deſcend, ſtill in a ſtrait line, in ſuch a manner, that you ſhall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the uſual tapering of the waiſt. I proteſt, when I ſaw

I ſaw the beautiful figure that was to be ſo deformed by the ſtay-maker, I was as much ſhocked, as if I had been told that ſhe was come to deliver up thoſe animated KNOWLS of beauty to the ſurgeon.——I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furniſhes the moſt pregnant and exalted expreſſions of any ſcience in being——And this brings to my mind the only inſtance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us ſuppoſe Mr. Browne ſhould, in any one of the many Elyſiums he has made, ſee the old terraſſes riſe again and maſk his undulating knowls, or ſtraight rows of cut trees obſcure his nobleſt configurations of ſcenery. When lord Burlington ſaw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been deſtroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. "When the Jews ſaw the "ſecond temple, they wept." I own (though no Jew) I did the ſame, when I heard that the moſt beauteous remain of nature's architecture was ſo ſoon to be deſtroyed; and could not help reciting thoſe once admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

No longer ſhall the BODDICE, *aptly lac'd,*
From thy FULL BOSOM *to thy* SLENDER WAIST,
That air and HARMONY *of* SHAPE *expreſs,*
FINE *by* DEGREES, *and* BEAUTIFULLY LESS;
——————*An horſeman's coat ſhall hide,*
Thy TAPER *ſhape and* COMELINESS *of* SIDE.

Obſerve

Obſerve the force of every word; and as a teſtimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expreſſion, COMELINESS of SIDE, the niceſt obſerver of our times, who is now publiſhing a moſt rational Analyſis of Beauty, has choſen for the principal illuſtration of it, a pair of ſtays, ſuch as would fit the ſhape deſcribed by the judicious poet; and has alſo ſhewn by drawings of other ſtays, that every minute deviation from the firſt pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every groſſer alteration a deformity.

I HEAR that an ingenious gentleman is going within theſe few days to publiſh a treatiſe on Deformity. If he mean artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleaſes. A few books of travels will furniſh him with abundant inſtances of head-moulders, face-ſqueezers, noſe-parers, eaſtretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, toothſtainers, breaſt-cutters, foot-ſwathers, &c. &c. all modelled by faſhion, none by taſte. Whenever taſte or ſenſe ſhall interpoſe to amend, by a ſlight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may ſee by a ſingle inſtance how it is likely to be received.

A COUNTRY family, whoſe *reaſon for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That ſkilful artiſt, ſoon diſcovering that a little converſe with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common obſerver obſcured the man, inſtead of drawing him in a green coat with ſpaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog,

Or

Os homini ſublime dedit.

He gave him a ſoul darting with a proper ſpirit through the ruſticity of his features. I met the mother and ſiſters coming down ſtairs the day it was finiſhed, and I found Sir Godfrey in a moſt violent rage above. "Look there," ſays he, pointing to the picture, "There is a fellow! "I have put ſome ſenſe in him, and none of his "family know him."

SIR Godfrey's conſciouſneſs of his own ſkill was ſo well known, that it expoſed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, ſaid to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, "It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had "not been conſulted at the creation." Sir Godfrey threw his eyes ſtrong upon Pope's ſhoulders, and anſwered, "Really I ſhould have made "SOME things better." But the puniſhment for this profaneneſs purſued our Wit ſtill further.

IT is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally uſed by way of oath, was, "God "mend me!" One day, in a diſpute with a hackney coachman, he uſed this expreſſion: ——"Mend YOU! ſays the coachman; it "would not be half the trouble to make a new "one." If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous ſtory, I could heartily wiſh that the ladies would every morning ſeriouſly addreſs to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themſelves properly

to purſue all human means for the due accompliſhment of their prayer. I flatter myſelf that this advice may be palatable, inaſmuch as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeneſs, delivered down to us from the ancients in theſe few words, "Sacrifice "to the Graces." And I hope the ſex will conſider how great a blemiſh it will be to the preſent age, if the painter or hiſtorian ſhould declare to poſterity that the ladies of theſe times were never known to ſacrifice to any god but FASHION.

To conclude the hiſtory of my unhappy viſit. I muſt confeſs I was provoked beyond all patience, reſerve, or good-breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having firſt told the lady ſhe need not have given herſelf the trouble of a *journey to London*, for I would anſwer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somerſetſhire ſtaymaker, were ſufficient to dreſs her in the moſt elegant taſte of the modern faſhion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that ſhe could not poſſibly dreſs out of it.

I am, *as a lover of elegance,*
Your admirer and humble ſervant.

NUMB. 51. THURSDAY, *December* 20, 1753.

Quod medicorum eſt,
Promittant medici: tractant fabrilia fabri.
HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleaſing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may

may be purſued in ſuch a manner as to make the moſt active and varied life a tireſome ſameneſs. To illuſtrate this ſeeming paradox, I ſhall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vaſt ſpirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has ſhewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. The active gentleman, it ſeems, propoſed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from houſe to houſe, and from garden to garden; which indeed they did in ſo expeditious a manner, *not to loſe time*, that they did not allow the leaſt portion of it for the objects they ſaw to make any impreſſion on their memories. In the hotteſt weather they never walked under the ſhade of the plantations they ſo much admired and came on purpoſe to ſee; but croſſed the ſcorching lawn for the neareſt way to the building they would not reſt in, or the water they refuſed to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more obſervation, than a poſt-horſe in his ſtage; and this for the pleaſure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

IN what reſpect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who ſeeks a VARIETY of ACQUAINTANCE? The conſequence muſt be exactly the ſame; viz. uſe and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to ſee one of this turn eagerly following, or boaſting of his acquaintance with, the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the ſeaman, the ſoldier, the muſician, the jockey, would naturally ſuppoſe he was generally talking with thoſe gentle-

men in the ſeveral ſciences they reſpectively excelled in. No. This is the only diſcourſe which he ſtudies to avoid.

BEFORE I endeavour to account for this ſtrange abſurdity, I would juſt obſerve, that the perſons I am ſpeaking of are of a very different character from thoſe who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the ſlighteſt grounds, men of high birth and ſtation, and who always bring to my mind juſtice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never ſaw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the queſtion is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already publiſhed, and dreads the man who is better heard than himſelf on general topics.

IGNORANCE and an IMBECILITY OF ATTENTION, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, are the moſt probable cauſes of this inconſiſtent behaviour. To avoid metaphyſical diſquiſitions, let us try if we can ſet our judgments by compariſon. Men of the weakeſt ſtomachs are very ſolicitous of the greateſt variety of diſhes and the higheſt ſauces, which they conſtantly reject upon taſting, being, as they confeſs, too ſtrong for them, though the objects of their deſire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is alſo obſervable that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themſelves to the fair ſex, they generally purſue with more fervor, and always expreſs themſelves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, ſo long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer proſpect of ſucceſs ſoon diſcovers the difference between natural heat,

heat, and the deluſion of falſe deſire and imaginary paſſion. The ſportſman cannot be more apprehenſive and concerned for the death of the hare he wiſhes to ſave, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accompliſhing his deſires; which if he obtain, I am afraid he will ſing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—— *Such another victory will ruin me.*

——*Animaſque in vulnere ponunt*

was a famous quotation of doctor Bentley's on the ſudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have ſeen this ſubject touched upon by any writer, ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into meaſure.

YE *ſages ſay, who know mankind,*
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave thoſe fields which might produce
Fit game for paſtime or for uſe?
The well-ſtor'd warren they forſake,
And love to beat the barren brake:
Sooner their pleaſures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.
DAMOETAS *ever is afraid*
Leſt merchants ſhould diſcourſe on trade:
And yet of commerce will enquire,
When drinking with a country ſquire.
Of ladies he will aſk how ſoon
They think count Saxe can take a town,
Or whether France or Spain will treat.
But if the brigadier he meet,

He queſtions Him about the ſum
He won or loſt at laſt night's drum.
Or if ſome miniſter of ſtate
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate,
Th' important topic he declines,
To prate of ſoups, ragouts and wines;
Yet he, at Helluo's board, can fix
On no diſcourſe but politics.

ONCE *were the linguiſt, and the bard,*
The objects of his chief regard;
Now with expreſſive ſhrugs and looks
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condeſcend
To toaſt the prebend for his friend:
For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his ſtile for force and ſpirit:
Aſk where he preach'd, or what his text,
Enquire what work he'll publiſh next:
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be eaſy till he gets it.
Wet from the preſs 'tis ſent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:
The title read (for never more is)
Next having writ ex don. authoris,
He ſpends at leaſt the time in finding
A place to ſuit its ſize and binding,
As might have ſerv'd, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.

WHEN *laſt with Atticus I din'd,*
Damœtas there I chanc'd to find,
Who ſtrait addreſs'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teiz'd him near an hour
With the Grand Signior and his pow'r:

Then

Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt ſtill remain'd.
This talk Damœtas could not bear,
For Pollio had himſelf been there;
But from ſome fellow of a college
Would think the ſubjects worth his knowledge.
THE *table now remov'd, again*
Began Damœtas to complain;
" *I knew Eugenius in his prime*
" *The beſt companion of his time:*
" *But ſince he's got to yonder board,*
" *You never hear him ſpeak a word,*
" *But tireſome ſchemes of navigation,*
" *The built of veſſels and their ſtation—*
" *Such ſtuff as ſpoils all converſation.*"
" GOOD *Atticus repeat the verſes,*
" *You lately ſaid were made by Thyrſis.*"
John at that inſtant introduces
This very ſervant of the muſes;
Damœtas ſtarts, and in confuſion,
Curſing the d—d ill-tim'd intruſion,
Whiſpers the ſervant in his ear,
" *John, be ſo good to call a chair;*"
And flies the ſpot, alarm'd with dread,
Leſt Thyrſis ſhould begin to read.
AND *yet, for all he holds this rule,*
Damœtas is in fact no fool:
For he would hardly chuſe a groom
To make his chairs or hang his room;
Nor with th' Upholſterer diſcourſe
About the Glanders in his horſe;
Nor ſend to buy his wife a tête
To Puddle-dock or Billingſgate;
Nor if in labour, ſpleen, or trance,
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;

Nor bid his coachman drive o'nights
To pariſh-church inſtead of White's;
Nor make his party or his betts
With thoſe who never pay their debts;
Nor at deſſert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To ſmell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taſte the Chelſea-china fiddle.

NUMB. 52. THURSDAY, *December* 27, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HAVE been betrayed and ruined by the baſeſt of mankind. My father was a merchant of conſiderable note in this town; but by unavoidable loſſes and misfortunes, he died two years ago, broken-hearted and inſolvent. I was his only child, and the delight of his life. My education, my dreſs and manner of living were ſuch as would hardly have diſcredited a young woman of faſhion. Alas! the dear parent, to whoſe fondneſs I was indebted for every advantage and enjoyment, intended to have given me a conſiderable fortune; but he died, as I have told you, and has left me to lament that I was not a beggar from my cradle,

I WAS ignorant of his circumſtances, and therefore felt not my misfortune in its full force till a month after his death: at which time his creditors entered upon his houſe, ſold all his furniture and effects, and left me nothing but my clothes

clothes and trinkets, which they had no right to take from me.

In the days of my proſperity I had a maid-ſervant, of whom I was extremely fond; and to whom, upon her marriage with a reputable tradeſman, I gave a little portion of fifty pounds, which were left me by a relation. This young woman was lately become a widow; and being left in but indifferent circumſtances, ſhe hired a large houſe near the Exchange, and let lodgings for her ſupport. It was to this woman that I flew for ſhelter; being no more than eighteen years of age, and, as my father uſed often to tell me, too handſome to have friends.

I do not mention this circumſtance, indeed I do not, as any thing to be vain of: Heaven knows that I am humbled by it to the very duſt: I only introduced it as the beſt excuſe I could think of for the unkindneſs of my acquaintance.

I was received by this favourite ſervant with great appearance of gratitude and eſteem. She ſeemed to pity my misfortunes, and to take every opportunity of comforting and obliging me.

Among the gentlemen that lodged at her houſe, there was one whom ſhe uſed to talk of with great pleaſure. One day, after I had lived with her about a week, ſhe told me that this gentleman had a great inclination to be known to me, and that if I had no objection to company, he would drink tea with me that afternoon. She had hardly done ſpeaking, when the gentleman entered the room. I was angry in my heart at this freedom; but his genteel appearance and behaviour ſoon got the better of my reſentment, and made me liſten to his converſation

with more than common attention. To be as ſhort as I can, this firſt viſit made me deſirous of a ſecond, that ſecond of a third, and the third of a thouſand more: all of which he ſeemed as eager to pay as I was willing to receive.

THE houſe was ſo crowded with lodgers, that the miſtreſs of it had only one parlour for herſelf and me; and as ſhe had almoſt conſtant employment at home, my lover had very few opportunities of entertaining me alone. But the preſence of a third perſon did not hinder him from declaring the moſt tender and unalterable love for me, nor did it awe Me from diſcovering how pleaſed and happy I was at the conqueſt I had made.

IN this delightful ſituation near a twelvemonth paſſed away; during which time he would often lament his dependance upon an old uncle, who, he ſaid, would moſt aſſuredly diſinherit him, if he married a woman without a fortune.

I WANTED no better reaſon for this delay; and was waiting for an event that promiſed me the poſſeſſion of all I wiſhed for, when my happineſs was interrupted by the moſt villainous contrivance that ever was heard of.

I HAD walked out one morning to buy ſome ſhades of ſilk, in order to finiſh the covering of a ſettee which I was working for my benefactreſs; and was returning home through a by-court, when, to my inexpreſſible ſurpriſe, I found myſelf ſtopt by two men, who, producing what they called a writ againſt me, hurried me into a coach, and conveyed me, half dead with terror, to a wretched houſe whoſe windows were guarded with iron bars.

As

As ſoon as I had power to ſpeak, I deſired to know by whom and for what crime I was thus cruelly inſulted. They ſhewed me without heſitation their authority: by which it appeared that the woman with whom I lived had ordered me to be arreſted for a debt of thirty pounds, which ſhe had ſworn I owed her for board and lodgings. "It is impoſſible! cried I; ſhe cannot have "ſerved me ſo! There muſt be ſome miſtake in "this! Send for her this moment! I am ſure it "is a miſtake!" "Very poſſible, madam," anſwered one of the fellows with a ſmile; "but "if you would take my advice, it ſhould be to "ſend for a gentleman inſtead of the plaintiff. "A young lady like you, madam, need not ſtay "here for a debt of thirty pounds." "Go where "I ſend you, ſir, ſaid I; tell her what has hap-"ened to me, and bid her haſten to me, if ſhe "would ſave my life." The fellow ſhook his head as he went out, but promiſed to do as I directed. His companion aſked me what I pleaſed to call for, and explained his meaning by telling me I was in a public houſe. I bid him call for what he liked, and charge it to me; he thanked me very civilly, and locking the door after him, left me to myſelf.

I HAD now a little leiſure to reflect upon this adventure; but the more I thought of it, the greater was my perplexity. I remained in this uncomfortable ſuſpence for near an hour, when I heard the door open with ſome precipitation, and ſaw my lover enter the room with an aſtoniſhment not to be imagined. "Good God!" ſaid he, ſnatching me to his arms, "is this an "apartment for my charmer?—That inhuman

"woman!"—"What woman?" ſaid I, interrupting him; "can it be poſſible;"—"She "owns it herſelf," anſwered he; "this pro-"feſſing friend, this grateful ſervant, owns that "ſhe has arreſted you." I was ready to faint at what I heard; but recovering myſelf as well as I could, I enquired into the motives of this woman's cruelty. "Her motive, he replied, was "avarice; I had ſome words with her two days "ago, and threatened her in jeſt that I would "leave her lodgings. She thought me in ear-"neſt; and believing I was ſoon to marry the "angel whom I doated on, ſhe determined to "make what money ſhe could of Me, by ar-"reſting my ſweet girl. She was not miſtaken "when ſhe gueſſed with what haſte I ſhould "diſcharge the debt. Here, ſir," continued he turning to the bailiff, "is the full ſum, and a "gratuity for yourſelf. Come, madam, let us "exchange this deteſted place, for apartments "more worthy of you."

THE coach that brought him to my priſon was at the door. He immediately put me into it, and conducted me to a lace-ſhop upon Ludgate-hill. I remained in the coach while he ſtept into the ſhop, and continued for a minute or two in converſation with the miſtreſs of it; when returning to me with great chearfulneſs, he gave me joy of his ſucceſs, and handed me up ſtairs into pleaſant and convenient apartments. The exact order in which I found every thing in theſe apartments put me upon obſerving that the owner of them was a propheteſs, and knew that I ſhould have need of them that very morning. My lover made no anſwer to my remark, but

ſtraining me in his arms, and almoſt preſſing me to death, he called them my bridal apartments, and bid me welcome to them as ſuch. He then went down to order dinner and a bottle of champaign from the tavern, and returned to me with ſo much love and joy in his looks, that I was charmed with him beyond expreſſion. When dinner was removed, and the ſervant who attended us withdrawn, he ſaid and looked ſo many fond and endearing things, and mingled ſuch careſſes with his words and looks; forcing upon me at the ſame time three or four glaſſes of a wine I was not uſed to, that my heart, warm as it was before with love and gratitude, conſented to his deſires, and in one fatal moment betrayed me to a villain.

I LIVED in this guilty commerce till the effects of it made me apprehenſive of being a mother in a few weeks. I had often preſſed him for the performance of his promiſes; and was now reſolved to be more particularly urgent with him upon that ſubject; but inſtead of liſtening to me as I hoped he would, he called haſtily for his ſword, and took leave of me till the evening.

I EXPECTED his return with the utmoſt impatience. The evening came: another, and another after that; but I neither ſaw him nor heard from him. Upon the fourth day of his leaving me, I received a viſit from the miſtreſs of the houſe, who, to my great aſtoniſhment, addreſſed me in theſe words.

"I THOUGHT, Madam, at your entrance in-
"to this houſe, that you were a married woman.
"The lady who hired the lodgings for you two
"days before, gave me aſſurance that you were
"married."

" married."—" What lady! cried I. You amaze " me! I heard not of theſe lodgings till I had " taken poſſeſſion of them. Be quick and tell me " who was this lady?" " Alas! anſwered my " viſitor, I knew not till this morning that you " were fallen into the ſnares of the worſt of wo- " men, and the moſt artful of men." She ſaw my amazement; but deſiring my attention, pro- ceeded thus. " As for the gentleman (if he de- " ſerves the name of one) you will never ſee him " more." — " How, madam, never ſee him " more!" interrupted I.—My voice failed me as I uttered theſe words; and leaning backwards in my chair, I fainted away. She recovered me from my ſwoon, and then went on. " He has " juſt now ſent his ſervant to diſcharge the " lodgings; of whom when I enquired how " you were to be taken care of in your ap- " proaching hour, his anſwer was, that he had " no commiſſion to ſpeak to ſuch queſtions. " Pray, madam, continued ſhe, is it true that " you were arreſted in the ſtreet the morning of " your entrance into theſe lodgings?" I told her yes. " The ſervant then is honeſt, ſhe replied; " he has given me your whole hiſtory. The " contrivers of that arreſt were the woman " where you lodged, and the villain whom you " truſted. Their deſign was to fling you entirely " into his power, that he might uſe it to your " deſtruction. But do not deſpair, madam," added ſhe, ſeeing me in the utmoſt affliction; " all women are not monſters. I have com- " paſſion upon your youth, and will aſſiſt you in " your diſtreſſes. Theſe apartments are yours, " till you deſire to reſign them: nor ſhall any

"thing be wanting that your ſituation ſhall re-
"quire, or that a lady in happier circumſtances
"would wiſh to be provided with. And here-
"after, if you ſhould chuſe to continue with me,
"and aſſiſt me in my buſineſs, I will look upon
"you as my daughter, and forget every thing
"which has befallen you."

OPPRESSED as I was with grief and ſhame, my heart bounded at this propoſal, I fell upon the neck of my benefactreſs, and bedewed it with my tears; telling her, as well as thoſe tears would permit me, that I was bound to her for ever, and would wiſh for no other happineſs than to love and pleaſe her.

THREE months are paſt ſince I have been the mother of a ſweet boy: in all which time I have never ſeen (and I pray heartily that I never may ſee) his inhuman father. The generous woman, who ſupports me, is even kinder to me than her promiſe. She pays herſelf, ſhe ſays, in the comfortable thought, that ſhe has been an inſtrument in the hand of heaven to ſave me from deſtruction. She told me yeſterday, that the ſtratagem by which this monſter got me into his power, with every particular of his behaviour to me before and after it, is his favourite ſubject in all companies. To deprive him therefore of his principal pleaſure, I have thought proper to take the ſtory out of his hands, by telling it myſelf.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

AMANDA.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

ABUSE, *the neceſſary requiſites for it in an author*, 52.
Abraham Adams, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 287.
Allegory *of* Felicia *and* Bonario, 65 *to* 67.
Alphonſo, *his letter to* Celimena, 249.
Amanda, *her hiſtory*, 320 *to* 327.
Amorous Divines, *why called ſo*, 121.
Ancients, *their boaſting*, 11. *Their ſuperiority over the moderns in expenſive dinners*, 125. *The ſkilfulneſs of their cooks*, ibid. *Unacquainted with the cure of the king's evil*, 149.
April-fool-day, *in danger of loſing its influence by the alteration of the ſtyle*, 59.
Art of not knowing people, *explained*, 287.
Author, *his long-ſuffering, humility and temperance*, 123.

B.

BACON, *Lord, an obſervation of his*, 11.
Bagnio's, *their connection with the theatres*, 54.
Batchelor, *ſtory of an old one*, 51, 52.
Beau-monde, *the inventors of unintelligible writing*, 150, 151.
Bedlam, *a view of it*, 142, 143. *The contemplation of it how humiliating*, 143. *Abuſes of it*, ibid.
Behn, *Mrs. an account of one of her comedies*, 271.
Bentley, *Dr. a quotation of his on the ſudden death of an old bridegroom*, 317.
Birch, *the efficacy of it in reſtraining travelling*, 137, 138.
Boarding-ſchools *for young ladies, recommended to the care of the adminiſtration*, 256.

Bookſellers,

Bookſellers, *the patrons of learning*, 124. *Suſpected of intereſted views*, 125.
Brag-table, *an aſylum againſt the paſſions*, 261.
Breeches-maker's *lady of* Brentford, *her boaſt in the ſtage-coach*, 298.
Bride, *diſappointment of an old one*, 207 *to* 210.
Broken heart, *a diſeaſe not mentioned in the weekly bills*, 191.
Bucks, *what*, 145. *Propoſals for erecting an hoſpital for them*, ibid. *Their brutality to be imputed to the negligence or fondneſs of their parents*, 184.
Burlington, *Earl of, a ſaying of his on the rebuilding of St. Paul's*, 311.

C.

CADMUS, *the inventor of letters*, 150.
Cards, *the abſurdity of fretting at them*, 39, 40. *The playing at them for trifles, innocent and uſeful*, 43, 44.
Carte, *Mr. the hiſtorian, his knowledge of* Somebody, 149.
Celimena, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 247.
Charles the IId, *his zeal for the propagation of wantonneſs*, 262.
Cheheriſtany, *princeſs of the* Genies, *her marriage with the king of* China, 251. *Her reaſonable requeſt*, 251, 252.
Chineſe ornaments, *all of our own invention*. 72.
Church, *cuſtom of going to it in the days of* chriſtianity, 130.
Cibber, *Mr. his attempt to reform the ſtage*, 35. *Ill-treated by a barbarous age*, 36.
Clariſſa, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 185.
Club, *the jollity of one, how diſturbed*, 265.
Confectioner, *a ſaying of one*, 38.
Cooks of the ancients, *their great ſkill*, 125.
Country-races, *detrimental to the nation*, 103, 104.
Country ſeats, *a propoſal to exclude day-light from them*, 228.

Criticiſm, *a diſeaſe*, 199. *Cauſe of it*, 200. *How cured*, 203.
Critics, *their nature and office*, 12.
Cuckold, *a ſaying of one to a lady in the* Park, 50.
Curate of York, *his hiſtory*, 191 *to* 198.

D.

DEAF, dumb and blind, *the advantage of being ſo*, 6.
Demoivre, *his calculation of good huſbands and wives*, 131.
Deſſerts, *our great improvements in them*, 37, 38.
Devil, *let looſe among us by the repeal of the witch act*, 212.
Diſſimulation, *ſometimes a virtue*, 264.
Dodſley, Robert, *his preferment*, 49.
Duel, *a remarkable one in* Moorfields, 292 *to* 295.
Dying, *the folly of it*, 147. *How to prevent it*, 148.

E.

EARS *of perſons of quality, how formed*, 289.
Eating, *how improveable by the encouragement of learning*, 125, 126.
Education, *an unlearned one, the diſadvantages of it*, 122. *Ancient and modern education compared*, 184.
Egyptians, *their deification of vegetables*, 280.
Engliſh, *their behaviour abroad*, 137.
Eaton-ſchool, *a cuſtom of it*, 135.
Exerciſe, *better paint for the ladies than rouge*, 226, 227.

F.

FABLE *of* Modeſty *and* Aſſurance, 13 *to* 16. *Of the old man, the boy, and the aſs*, 79.
Faſhion, *preferred to elegance and grace*, 310.
Felicia *and* Bonario, *an allegory*, 63 *to* 67.
Fitz-Adam, *Mr. his quack advertiſement*, 8. *His advertiſement to the wits*, 10, 11. *His high opinion of himſelf*, 12. *His reſolution never to be perſonal*, 53. *His tenderneſs for the maſters of both theatres*, ib.d. *His averſion to write compliments on himſelf*, 80. *His deficiency in epiſtolary writing*, 80. 81. *His great diſcovery*, 171, 172. *His indulgence to the adminiſtration*, 206. *His diſlike and reconciliation to the*

the marriage-bill, ibid. *His intention of nailing horſe-ſhoes to the threſholds of certain doors in this metropolis, as a charm againſt the witchcrafts of gaming and jacobitiſm*, 216. *His vindication of great people*, 289. *His objections to a hired chariot or poſt-chaiſe*, 296. *His deſire to communicate happineſs to his correſpondents*, 297. *His adventure in the* Windſor *ſtage-coach*, 298. *His great knowledge in affairs of child-birth*, 299. *His good opinion of the preſent times*, 302. *Is glad to be alive in them*, 302, 303. *The great utility of his labours*, 303. *Ingratitude of the public in taking off no more than three thouſand of his papers weekly*, ibid. *Neglected by the miniſters*, ibid. *Invited by no borough or county to repreſent them in parliament*, 304. *His great complaiſance for the times, notwithſtanding their ill uſage of him*, ibid.

Fretters, *women ſo called*, 40. *Their behaviour at an* Aſſemblée *in* Thames-ſtreet, 41 *to* 43.

G.

GARDENING, *the effect of it in this kingdom*, 87. *Its faſhion in the reign of king* William, 88, 89. *How altered by* Kent, 89.

Garrick, *Mr. his refinement on Mr.* Rich, 35. *Adviſed to turn harlequin, and why*, 55.

Gaſcony, *the intendant of, his deſert*, 39.

Gêdoyn, *Abbé, his amour with* Ninon L'Enclos, 177.

Gentleman, *or man of honour, what*, 305, 306.

Germans, *their diſcoveries in medicine*, 149.

Glaſtonbury thorn, *its infallibility*, 57, 58. *Propoſal to regulate the ſtyle by it*, 58.

Good-humour, *the moſt neceſſary virtue of a wife*. 254. *Deſtroyed by controul*, ibid.

Good ſort of men, *what*, 261 *to* 267.

Gonzaga, Lucretia, *her letter to her houſekeeper*, 82.

Gonzales de Caſtro, *his ſtory*, 5, 6.

Goths *and* Vandals, *their ſimplification of their ideas of honour*, 305.

Great men, *their dinners, how exhilarating to authors*, 124.

124. *Lofers by ſhutting their doors againſt learned men, and why*, 125.
Grey Fryars, *of the order of St.* George, *their abſtinence and devotion*, 170.
Growlers, *men ſo called*, 40.

H.

HAPPINESS, *only conſtitutional*, 93. *Difficulty of obtaining it*, 171.
Harlequin, *his indolicacy*, 270, 271.
Hats, *the indecency of ladies wearing them at church*, 186.
Hearty, Francis, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 265.
Heaven open to all men, *title of a book, to what compared* 251.
Henry the IId of France, *his paſſion for the ducheſs of* Valentinois, 175.
Hieroglyphics, *the uncertainty of them in writing*, 150, 151.
High Birth, *the beſt proof of it in a lady's complexion, what*, 258.
Holdfaſt, Prudentia, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz Adam, 256.
Honnêtement, *the expence of appearing ſo*, 111.
Honour, *its proper ſignification*, 304, 305. *Complex ideas of it ſimplified by the* Goths *and* Vandals, 305.
Horſes, Engliſh, *how valuable abroad*, 103.
Huſband, *the head of his wife, how*, 253. *His unfitneſs to govern himſelf*, 254. *How obliged to his wife, for eaſing him of that troubleſome office*, ibid.
Huſbands, *good ones, fewer of them than of good wives*, 131, 132.

I.

JACOBITES, *their zeal and ingenuity*, 154. *A female one dangerous, unleſs ugly or an old maid*, 256.
James the IId, *a ſaying of his to his courtiers at St.* Germain, 47.
James the IIt, *his curing the king's evil*, 149. *Corroborated by the ingenious Mr.* Carte, ibid.
James, *Dr. the efficacy of his powders*, 148.
Jew bill, *anxiety to repeal it*, 310.

Jews, *not to be prayed for at church, and why*, 269.
Indiſcretion, *applied to the conduct of a lady, what*, 246.
Iriſh, *their expoſtulation with the dead*, 147.
Italians, *their forms for writing letters*, 82.
Julio, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 34.

K.

Kent, *Mr. the* Calvin *of our reformation in gardening*, 37.
Kiſang, *Mr. a* Chineſe *upholſterer*, 241.
Kitty, *Miſs, her behaviour to a colonel of the guards under* Weſtminſter-bridge, 247.
Kneller, *Sir* Godfrey, *a ſtory of him*, 312, 313. *His reply to Mr.* Pope, 313.

L.

LADIES, *their purſuit of nature in their dreſs*, 36, 37. *How to be benefited by their encouragement of learning*, 126. *Their undreſſing to go abroad*, 132. *Their ſovereignty over their Huſbands ſerviceable to the ſtate*, 257.
Learning *and* Virtue, *cauſe and effect*, 122.
Letter, *from a country curate on borrowing money of a friend*, 16. *From* Julio, *on our approaches towards nature*, 34. *From* H. S. *on the preſent paſſion for* Chineſe *ornaments*, 67. *From an officer in quarters, requeſting that the paper of the* World *may have ſome religion in it*, 73. *From a clergyman, deſiring it may have* no *religion in it*, ibid. *From* Philologos, *complaining of its inaccuracies*, 73. *From* A. B. *in praiſe of its inaccuracies*, 75. *From* Tom Telltruth, *complaining of the ſtory of Mrs.* Wilſon, 76. *From a lady, commending the ſtory of Mrs.* Wilſon, ibid. *From* Amicus, *requeſting grave papers*, 77. *From* Dourillac, *deſiring light ones*, 78. *From* Lucretia Gonzaga *to her houſekeeper*, 82. *From* Maximilian, *emperor of* Germany, *to* Margaret, *ducheſs of* Savoy, *his daughter*, 84. *From the lady* Anne, *widow of the earls of* Dorſet *and* Pembroke, *to Sir* Joſeph Williamſon, 86. *From* York, *giving an account of the*

the rector of South-green *and his wife*, 94. *From* R. D. *giving the history of a tour to* Paris, 106. *From* J. T. *on romances*, 116. *From* H. M. *on the connection of learning and virtue*, 121. *From* Cosmophilos, *giving advice to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 128. *From* John Softly, *on the proper observation of* Sunday, 129. *From* S. L. *on the nakedness of the ladies*, 131. *From* Eaton-school, *on travelling and playing truant*, 134. *From* P. P. *on the abuses of* Bedlam, 142. *From* J. T. *giving an account of three monasteries lately erected in this town*, 165. *From* R. D. *on the behaviour of his son abroad*, 178. *From* G. D. *at* Rome, *to his father*, 179. *From his governor to the same*, 181. *From* Clarissa, *on the ladies wearing hats at church*, 185. *From* W. S. *on the injustice of her lover*, 187. *From* W. B. *giving the history of his misfortunes*, 191. *From* B. D. *on the malady of criticism*, 199. *From a bride of fifty-six, complaining of her disappointment*, 207. *From* Nic. Limbertongue, *containing his history and qualifications for a correspondent*, 216. *From* Rusticus, *on the art of killing summer in the country*, 224. *From* Mary Truman, *on the miseries of toad-eating*, 229. *From* Samuel Simple, *describing his house in the country*, 239. *From* Celimena, *on the fatal consequences of her paring her stays*, 247. *From* Prudentia Holdfast, *on the undutifulness of her nephews and nieces*, 256. *From* Sophia Shuffle, *on the dangers and temptations of a country life*, 257. *From* Francis Hearty, *on the dulness of his club by the admission of a member of fine breeding*, 265. *From* Philocosmos, 267. *From* J. M. *advising the omission of the prayer for Jews, Turks, and Infidels*, 268. *From* S. W. *upon pantomimes*, 270. *On pride*, 272. *From* W. R. *in vindication of posts*, 279. *From* P. B. *on the ill-breeding of great men*, 285. *From* Abraham Adams, *on the art of not knowing people*, 287. *From* Mary Muzzy, *on the exploits of her family*, 290. *From one of the* Quality of Brentford, 301.

301. *On the various reaſons for coming to town,* 309. *From* Amanda, *containing the hiſtory of her ill uſage,* 320.

Limbertongue, Nic. *his letter and hiſtory,* 216 *to* 223. *Abſtracts from his other letters,* 245 *to* 247.

Little people, *their propenſity to ſpeak evil of dignities,* 290.

Love, *the great cordial of life,* 172. *Old women the proper objects of that paſſion,* ibid.

Louis the XIVth, *his attachment to Madame de* Maintenon, 175, 176.

Luxury of the Romans, *imitated, not equalled, by the preſent age,* 126.

M.

MAN of honour, *a true one, what,* 305.

Maxim, *Lady, her remark on the pantomime of the* Genii, 35.

Maximilian, *Emperor of* Germany, *his character,* 83, 84. *His letter to his daughter,* 84.

Men of ſpirit about town, *what,* 145. *Propoſal for erecting an hoſpital for their confinement,* ibid.

Moderns, *how obliged to Lord* Bacon, 11. *Their baſhfulneſs,* 12. *Superior to the ancients in the art of healing,* 147. *Their infallible method of curing the king's evil,* 148, 149.

Modeſty *of young gentlemen of faſhion,* 7.

Modeſty *and* Aſſurance, *a fable,* 13 *to* 16.

Monaſteries, *three of them erected in this metropolis,* 166, 167.

Money, *the mortification of borrowing it,* 19 *to* 21.

Monro, *Dr. his ſcheme to prevent the contagion of criticiſm,* 201.

Montaigne, *an obſervation of his,* 93.

Morocco, *natives of that country, their regard for horſes,* 104, 105.

Motto's, Greek *and* Latin *ones, ſatisfactory and entertaining to thoſe who do not underſtand them,* 10.

Muzzy, Mary, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 290.

N.

NAKEDNESS of the ladies, *emblematical of their innocence*, 133.
Nature, *our approaches to it*, 34. *In dreſs*, 36, 37. *In gardening*, 37. *In deſſerts*, 37, 38.
Newmarket races, *deſcribed*, 99 *to* 102.
Ninon L'Enclos, *her amours from the age of fifty-ſix to eighty*, 176, 177.

O.

OBEDIENCE of wives, *only a temporary command*, 253.
Old Bachelor, *a ſtory of one*, 51, 52.
Old Women, *the proper objects of ſenſual love*, 172.

P.

PANTOMIMES, *their dignity and innocence*, 55. *Not altogether perfect*, 270. *Wherein faulty*, 270, 271. *More obliged for their beauties to the carpenter than the wit*, 272. *Obſervation of a perſon of quality upon them*, ibid.
Paris, *a tour to it*, 106 *to* 115.
Partheniſſa, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 155. *Her Platonic amour with a captain of dragoons*, 157, 158.
Paulina, Lollia, *her appearance at a ſubſcription maſquerade*, 126.
PERSONS of honour, *different from* men *of honour*, 308.
Perſons of quality, *naturally ſhort-ſighted*, 290. *Miſtakes occaſioned by it*, ibid.
Pierot, *his indelicacy*, 27.
Pompon, *a deſcription of one*, 113.
Pope, *Mr. a ſtory of him*, 313.
Poppæa, *the wife of* Nero, *her warm bath*, 126.
Poſts, *their uſefulneſs to mankind*, 279. *How eſteemed by the ancients*, 280, 281. *Their averſion to drunkards*, 283. *Their cruelties to the blind atoned for by their ſervices to the lame*, ibid.
Powder, *grey, to be uſed only by young ladies*, 113, 114.

Pride, *the ſource of almoſt every guilt and miſery, to* 278.
Play, *the great advantages of it to the ladies,* 261.
Puffing, *the benefit of it,* 7.
Pumpkin, *Sir* Joſiah, *his character and hiſtory,* 291, *to* 295.

Q.

QUALITY, *of* Brentford, 299.
Quiet, *domeſtic, the motive to more of our actions than we care to own,* 109.

R.

RACE-HORSES, *their pedigree how attended to,* 103.
Races *at* Newmarket, *conſidered,* 99 *to* 102.
Rambling, *propoſal for an act againſt it, and what,* 139.
Reproof, *never ſo efficacious as when tempered with good-humour,* 187.
Romances, *the preſent age over-run with them,* 116. *Heroic ones, written above nature,* 117. *Modern ones, written below nature,* 118. *Judicious ones, a pleaſing way of inſtruction,* ibid. *None to be licenſed except ſtampt* Richardſon *or* Fielding, 120.
Rouge, *the conſequence of uſing it,* 115.
Ruſticus, *his letter on the art of killing ſummer in the country,* 224.
Ruzvanſchad, *king of* China, *his marriage with the princeſs* Cheheriſtany, *from the* Perſian *tales,* 251, 252.

S.

SATIRE, *general, bad conſequences of it,* 51.
Scarlet Friars, *of the order of St.* James, *their numbers and characters,* 170.
Seconds, *in a duel, on what conditions to fight,* 295.
Seneca, *an obſervation of his,* 51.

Seneſino, *his puerility in the character of* Alexander, 36. *What happened to him in the opera of* Rinaldo, ibid.

Senſual love, *the proper objects of it, who,* 172.

Serjeant, *his advice to his enſign who was beating him,* 10.

Sevignè, *Madame de, the pattern of eloquent writing,* 81.

Shuffle, Sophia, *her letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 257.

Sign-poſts, *their utility,* 284.

Simple, Samuel, *hiſtory of his wife and country-houſe,* 239 *to* 245.

Simplicity, *the principal excellence in all the performances of art,* 159. *Its effects conſidered in painting,* 160. *In architecture,* 161. *In muſic,* 162. *In writing,* 163. *In dreſs,* 164. *In morals* 165.

Softly, John, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, 129.

Somebody, *how cured by* Somebody *of the king's evil,* 149.

South-green, *rector of, and his wife, their hiſtory,* 94. *to* 99.

Specifics, *unknown to the ancients,* 147.

Spirit, *its ſuperior excellence to matter,* 160.

Stage coach, *vanity of thoſe who travel in it,* 299.

Stuarts, *family of them, for what remarkable,* 214.

Style, new, *the inconveniencies of it,* 58 *to* 62.

Summer, *how to make it endurable in the country,* 224.

Sunday, *the abuſe of it,* 129, 130. *Inſtituted as a day of reſt,* 130. *Intention of it perverted by going to church,* ibid. *Lying in bed the only way of keeping it,* ibid.

T.

TASTE, *a word uſed without ideas,* 67. *How to be applied,* 68. *Common acceptation of it,* 185, 186.

Theatres, *their connexion with the bagnio's,* 54.

Theodore, *king of* Corſica, *his character and hiſtory,* 46.

lady of fashion, 119. *From* C. Y. *on card-playing*, 133. *From* M. C. *on her daughter's want of taste*, 136. *From* C. L. *with his proposal for the wants of all mankind to be publicly known*, 148. *From a correspondent with an advertisement on the card duty*, 149. *From* Mary Tape, *proposing a* Sunday's *assembly*, 150. *From* G. H. *on the wonderful effects of quack medicines in the destruction of rats and mice*, 151. *From* Jack-Love-Box, *on the advantages of gaming*, 162. *From the society of pin-makers, requesting the repeal of the act for pulling down* London-Bridge, 175. *From* Thomas Tamedeer, *on his wife's fondness for her father*, 183. *From* W. B. *on his advertising for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise*, 188. *From* P. Laycock, *on the genteel names of his sisters*, 196. *From* A. Singleton, *proposing an army of ladies*, 203. *From* W. *on the letter* I, 206. *On general satire*, 219. *From* C. D. *on his adventure with his maid*, 229. *From* John Anthony Triftman, *proposing a receptacle for* Suicides, 231. *From* H. M. *on his distemper called Pedigree, and his inclination to kill himself*, 242. *From* Timothy Loiter, *on* One's-self, 261. *From* Nicholas Novel, *on gentility*, 270. *On the levying a tax on the saying of good things*, 294. *From* C. *recommending a tour to* China, *instead of* France, 299. *From* T. Z. *on the vexations of gallantry*, 306. *From* George Meanwell, *on the disagreement of his servants*, 313. *From* C. P. *on the odd humours of her uncle and aunt*, 319. *On thick and thin sculls* 322. *From* Vandyke, *to the right honourable the lady* C. F. 334.

Letters of the Alphabet, *their petition against* E *and* O, 156.

Lomatius, Paul, *his treatise on the artificial beauty of women*, 18 *to* 23.

M.

MANIA, *genteel, what, and its various appearances,* 267.
Meanwell, George, *his letter to Mr.* Fitz-Adam, *on the diſagreement of his ſervants,* 313.
Medicines, *alterative, their ſurprizing power in morals* 81. *Quack ones, their wonderful effects in the deſtruction of rats and mice,* 151 *to* 153.
Metaſtaſio, *his character as a compoſer of* Italian *opera's,* 98.
Modeſty, *falſe, the effect of* double entendres, 281.

N.

NAKEDNESS, *in ladies, Mr.* Fitz-Adam's *proteſt againſt it,* 84.
Nature, *human, its frailty,* 165. *Illuſtrated by a fable,* 166.

O.

ODE *on ſculpture,* 273.
Odes, *the old* Engliſhman, *the modern* Engliſhman, 62 *to* 65.
Old Maids, *their diſlike to* double-entendres, *and why,* 280, 281.
One's-ſelf, *a very impertinent viſitor,* 261 *to* 266.
Opera's Italian, *conſidered* 97. *Thoſe of* Metaſtaſio *particularly recommended,* 99.

P.

PASSIONS, *an expedient for the proper exerciſe of them,* 288.
Play, *deep, a great violation of decorum in the fair ſex,* 212.
Police, *a* French *term, not to be tranſlated into* Engliſh, 207, 208.
Politeneſs, French, *acceptation of it,* 288.
Prigg, *Sir* Harry, *his character, and falſe notions of rural retirement,* 140.
Pythagoras, *his doctrine of the tranſmigration of ſouls, vindicated,* 47.

tions to modern authors, 108. *His adventure with a whimsical vicar, who despised everybody that was unhealthy*, 126. *Is reprimanded for asserting card-playing to be an innocent and useful amusement*, 135. *His visit to Sir* Harry Prigg, 140. *His dissertation on the frailties of human nature*, 165. *His complaint against the* French *hair-cutters*, 172. *His proposal to the government*, 174. *His vindication of a man's cheating in his vocation*, 177. *His dissertation on decorum*, 207. *His reflections on the inhumanity of tormenting dumb creatures*, 214. *His remarks on the force of custom and example among the* French, 226. *Inconveniencies that have attended him on account of his superior wisdom*, 236. *His dissertation upon anger*, 248. *His reflections on the false clamours against the degeneracy of the age*, 254. *His remarks on the genteel* Mania, 267. *His dissertation on* double entendres, 277. *On military dress*, 284. *His plan for the exercise of the passions*, 288. *His fall from his one-horse chair*, 326. *His warning to great men*, 328. *His request to be buried in* Westminster Abbey, 329. *His monument and epitaph*, 330.

French hair-cutters, *detrimental to the sale of the* World, 172.

French politeness, *what*, 228.

G.

GAMING, *a national virtue, and why*, 161.

Genteel, *fatal effects of appearing so*, 267.

Genteel company, *their peculiar taste for* double entendres, 277.

Good things, *a tax proposed on saying them*, 295.

Greatness, *the curses attending it*, 116 *to* 118.

H.

HAPPINESS, *the royal game of it*, 74. *Rules and directions for playing it*, 105.

Health, *the blessings of it*, 126. *The only riches worthy of regard*, 131, 132.

Herodotus, *his obſervation on thick and thin ſcalls*, 323.

Honeſty, *a great help to beauty*, 23. *Obliged to be incog. and why*, 69. *The appearance of it of ſome uſe*, 181. *The practice of it proper for perſons of no vocation*, 182.

Honour, *the import and dignity of the term*, 67. *A lady's honour, what*, 70.

Hoſpitals, *their coſtly building and utility*, 89. *Vanity of their benefactors expoſed*, 90.

I.

I, *the impertinence of that letter*, 206.

Joan, *Princeſs Dowager of* Wales, *her laſt will and teſtament*, 31.

L.

LADIES, *their mechaniſm correſpondent with that of a clock*, 119.

Laſt-day, *a beautiful deſcription of it by a modern poet*, 46.

Legacy, *a remarkable one of a late grocer to his wife*, 30.

Letter *from* A. Z. *propoſing an hoſpital for decayed actors and actreſſes*, 24. *From* Thomas Hearne, *jun. on penances*, 29. *From* L. M. *with the hiſtory of his ſon*, 37. *From* C. B. *on the late earthquake at* Liſbon, 44. *From* T. L. *on the ladies cutting off their hair*, 53. *From* A. W. *on country couſins*, 54. *From* E. P. *recommending* eating *as well as* drinking *of healths*, 57. *On honour and honeſty*, 65. *From* J. T. *on the royal game of happineſs*, 72. *From* Academicus, *with his method of curing the vices*, 78. *From* S. B. *on the nakedneſs of the ladies*, 84. *From* L. L. *on advertiſements*, 85. *From* A. S. *on dreamers*, 88. *On the behaviour of an aunt*, 91, 92. *From* J. T. *with his farther remarks on the royal game of happineſs*, 102. *From* A. B. *on the folly of ambition*, 113. *On the dreſs, voice, and elocution of a modern lady*

46, 47. *A benefit propoſed for his enlargement*, 48. *A ſubſcription for a ſubſidy opened for him at Mr.* Dodſley's, 49.
Tour *to* Paris, 106 *to* 115.
Travelling, *the paſſion for it how to be cured*, 136, 137.
Turvey, Thomas, *his advertiſement*. 268.

V.

VERSES, *on the abſurdity of not converſing with men in the ſciences they profeſs*, 317.
Villa, *a deſcription of one*, 91 *to* 93.
Villiers, *Chevalier de, his paſſion for his mother*, 176. *His cataſtrophe*, 177.
Virtue, *not ſecure of immediate happineſs, and why*, 62, 63. *Inſeparable from learning*, 121.
Viviſying drops, *their amazing effects*, 148.
Voyage, *from* Vauxhall *to* Whitehall *in a dark night under a tilt*, 246, 247.

W.

WARD, *Dr. the efficacy of his drop and pill*, 148.
Welch, *collier, ſtory of one*, 310.
Weſtminſter bridge, *an adventure under it*, 247.
Whim *a better word for taſte*, 68.
Whipping poſt, *the benefit of it*, 283.
Whiſt, *people's behaviour at it cenſured*, 39. *The eſſentials of it*, 259.
White's, *gentlemen there, their ſcheme for the advancement of learning*, 126, 127.
White Fryars, *an order of monks near St.* James's, 168. *Difficulties of being admitted into their ſociety*, ibid. *Their abſtinence, penance, and mortification*, ibid.
Wilſon, *Mrs. her ſtory*, 21 *to* 27. *Concluded*, 27, *to* 33.
Wilmington, *duke of, his deſcent*, 38.
Witch act, *the miſchiefs of its repeal*, 211 *to* 214.

Witchcraft *inſtances of people under its influence*, ibid.
Witches, *by what tokens to know them*, 215. *How to defeat their faſcinations*, ibid.
Wives, *good ones, more numerous than good huſbands*, 131, 132. *Their fitneſs to govern*. 254. *How to keep them in good humour*, ibid.
Women, *ſuperior to men in epiſtulary writing*, 81.
World, *the deſign of the paper ſo called*, 9, 10. *Various opinions concerning it*, 73 to 78. *Supplemental to the laws*, 106.
Writers of modern romances, *their ignorance of life*, 118, 119.

Y.

YOUNG WOMEN, *not the proper objects of ſenſual love*, 172.

The End of the Firſt Volume.